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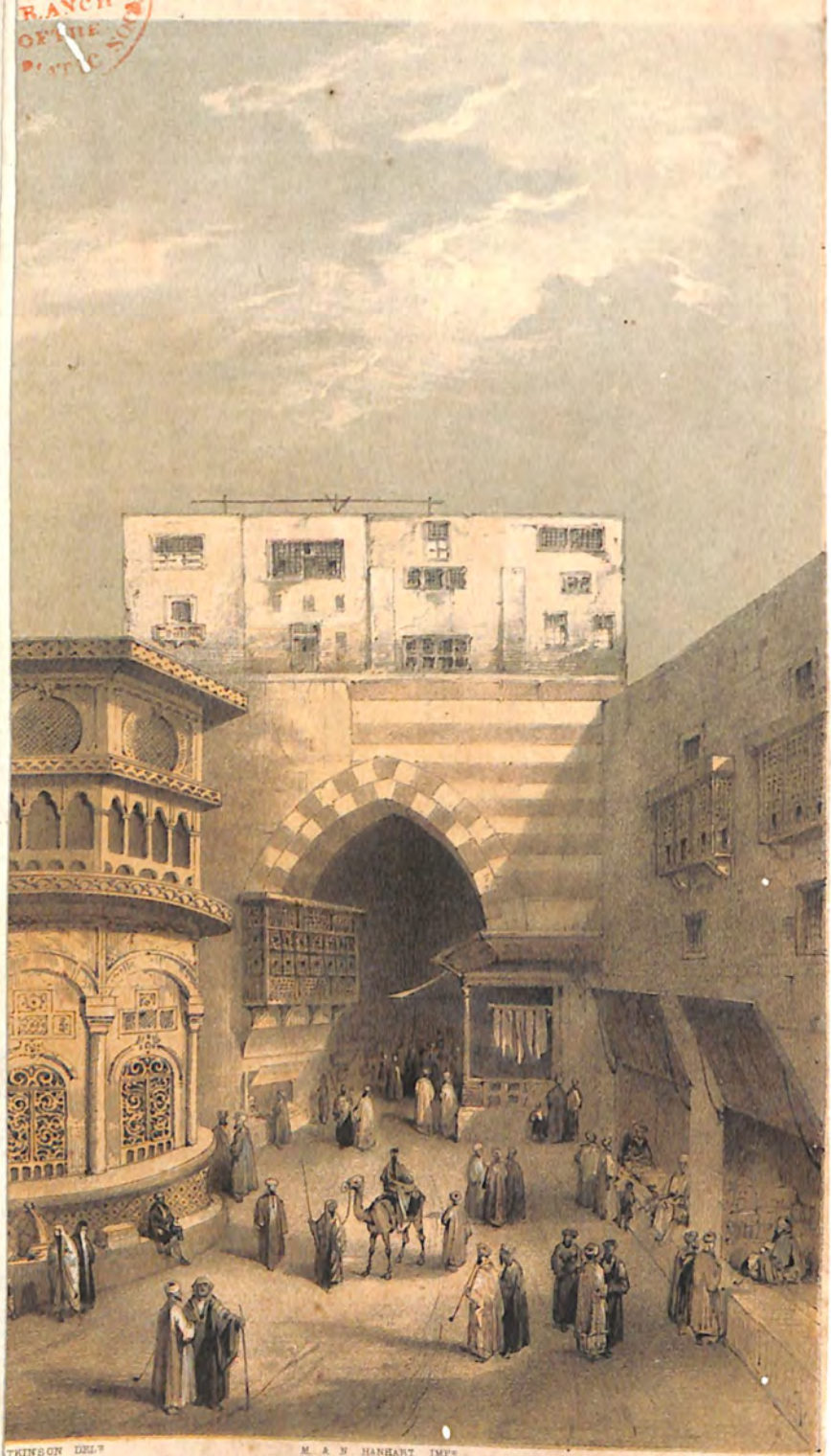


ATKINSON DEL.ᵗ M. & N. HANHART IMP.ˢ J. BRANDARD, LITH.

STREET IN CAIRO.

THE EAST.

10.18

SKETCHES OF TRAVELS

IN

EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND.

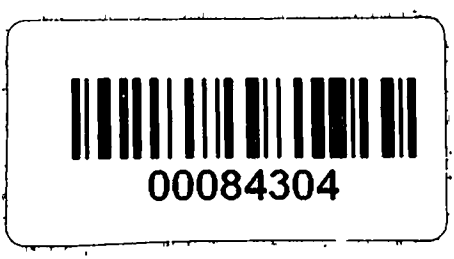
8430

BY THE

Rev. J. A. SPENCER, M.A.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1850.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PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Letters is anxious to say a word or two to his readers, before they do him the honor of venturing upon the perusal of what he has written. It is to forewarn them that they are *not* to expect erudité disquisitions on antiquity, history, chronology, and such like matters; neither must they look here for critical dissertations on science in its various relations to Egyptian or Hebraistic lore. Though the Author has transgressed on one or two occasions, being led away by the deep interest of the subject, he, nevertheless, makes no pretensions to more than ordinary fitness for dealing with the vexatæ quæstiones of scholars; and were he able to add any of his own learned dulness, to the mass already reposing on the shelves of royal and national libraries, he would, under the circumstances under which he wrote, most carefully have eschewed everything of the sort. He begs to assure his readers, that the Letters now made public, were actually written—except in a few instances—as they profess to be, and at the time when they are dated:* they were addressed to one at home,

* It is but proper, however, to state, that on revising the Letters since his return, the Author has added notes here and there from works published since the date of the Letters in the present volume. He has also in his quotations from Mr. Williams's "Holy City," made them conformable to the *second* and enlarged edition of that valuable work: while the Author was in the East the *first* and less complete edition was all that was accessible to him. He has preferred this course, wherever it seemed desirable, even at the risk of being charged with anachronisms.

dearer to him than all else in the wide world, and had most of all in view, her interest and pleasure; and if there be aught of life or value in them to readers in general, it may not improperly be attributed to the fact of the Author's writing on the spot, while the subjects were fresh in his mind and filling all his thoughts.

It has been a pleasing thing to him, to hope, that many a reader will love to hear of those sacred regions, where our Lord walked in the days of His flesh, and will love to know how full of Holy Scripture is the Holy Land; and hence, though originally he wrote for one out of the thousands and tens of thousands of Christ's soldiers and servants, he has trusted that he may be the humble instrument of adding to the knowledge, and confirming the faith, of others, among those who believe in, and adore the Divine Saviour. Nothing doubting, on his own part, that the Word of God is sure and standeth fast forever, he has loved to speak of it, whenever he beheld its holy truths illustrated, enforced or impressed upon the mind and heart; and he shall esteem himself happy indeed, if he has been able to make others partakers of the deep convictions, and the clearer, brighter views of the truth as it is in Jesus, which it was his privilege to enjoy in both Egypt and the Holy Land.

The Author's aim has uniformly been to deal plainly, candidly, and in earnest with everything which came under his observation: he has not hesitated to express a decided opinion on some occasions, where, perhaps, modesty should have taught him to be silent; he has not scrupled to speak out what he believes respecting many of the questions relative to oriental life, manners, customs, principles, &c.; and he would fain hope that, though the following Letters do not pretend to any original research in the great field of geography, history, and antiquities, the reader may, notwithstanding, obtain a tolerable idea from them, of the most important points of interest to the Christian student.

In justice to himself, the Author deems it but right to speak of a matter almost purely personal. When he left home early in the spring of 1848, he had no expectation whatever of proceeding beyond England

and the Continent; neither his time nor his engagements admitting of any protracted absence from the United States; but as various circumstances—which it would not, he trusts, be wrong to term providential—occurred to open the way, and as he was solicited by a dear friend to join him in a projected journey to the East, after some hesitation he yielded consent, and gladly became a pilgrim, with his face set toward the Holy City. Up to that date he had never given any special attention to Egyptian history and learning, and his knowledge of the Arabic was confined to the elements of the language. He felt consequently with great keenness, his own deficiencies in many points, and he well knows that his enjoyment was much marred by want of previous preparation, and his fitness so much the less for undertaking to write anything respecting the East. He hopes that this statement may account for various lacunæ and imperfections which will readily be discovered.

So much for self; it is far more pleasing to turn to something of more consequence. The Author begs to return his sincere thanks to all the friends and brethren who have encouraged him to hope, that these Letters may be acceptable and not unuseful to the public; he would also embrace the present opportunity to acknowledge his obligations, in various ways, to his learned young friend and fellow-voyager, Mr. George W. Pratt, and to give utterance to the hope that he may continue to cultivate oriental studies, for which he has peculiar aptness and capacity.

To J. B. Atkinson, Esq., who, though trained to the severer studies of the law, is a devoted lover and cultivator of art, the Author would particularly express his thanks. The reader will readily understand, how materially Mr. Atkinson's pencil has added charm and beauty to the present volume; and he may gather from these specimens of the artist's talents, what a treat is in store for the public, when that gentleman is prevailed upon to submit his entire portfolio to the admirers and patrons of art.

A word or two in conclusion may be allowed the Author. He ventures to offer these Letters to the public, without much apprehension as

to their fate; for he is well convinced that they will meet with all the indulgence which they deserve; and will speedily find their true level in the estimation of the reading community. If it be found that they contain nothing of interest or value to the Christian public in general, and that they ought never to have been dragged forth, through the unwise partiality of friends, from the privacy of their original destination, the writer of them will yield to no one in wishing that they may speedily sink into neglect and oblivion; but if it be true, as he believes and trusts, that they are not unworthy attention, as coming from one who has spoken honestly and straight-forwardly; as being free from exaggeration, affectation, or a captious spirit; and as treating of matters deeply important and interesting to all; then he will not doubt, that even a new book on the East will be received with indulgent favor; and he will have the satisfaction of knowing, that he has not lived and written altogether in vain.

New York, *December 20th.* 1840.

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EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND.

LETTER I.

Alexandria.

Voyage from Malta.—Arrival.—First Impressions.—Contrasts.—The Modern City.—Glimpses of Oriental Life.—Remnants of the Past.—Pompey's Pillar.—The Obelisks.—Recollections of by-gone Ages.

ALEXANDRIA, Dec. 18th, 1848.

MY DEAR S.,

WE are at last in the land of Egypt. Our journeyings thus far have been prospered, and we have been brought in safety to a point in our wanderings to which we had looked forward with intense interest. You may recollect that in my last letter I informed you of the arrival of Mr. P. and myself at Valetta, in the island of Malta. We spent about a week there very pleasantly, and not unprofitably, in examining the numerous objects of interest which this noted isle contains, and particularly in visiting the inlet or cove on the north-westerly shore, known as St. Paul's Bay, and most firmly believed by the Maltese to be the very locality of the Apostle's shipwreck and preservation. A portion of our time was occupied in making preparations for Oriental travel, and in procuring various articles which it is needful to get before passing away entirely from European comforts and civilization. Our multifarious arrangements having been effected,

and an active Maltese servant secured, we bade adieu to Malta and its hospitalities on the 9th inst., and turned our thoughts and wishes towards Egypt and its mysterious wonders. We embarked in a French government steamer, the *Ægyptus*, a large and well-furnished vessel, the captain of which spoke English with fluency, and was very attentive to the wants of his passengers. We were favored with beautiful weather, though rather a rough sea and its usual disagreeable consequences. Among our fellow-voyagers were Ahmed Bey and Ismaël Bey, two sons of Ibrahim Pasha, whose recent death had obliged them to leave the military schools in Paris, in order to be present at the settlement of their father's affairs. They were young men of about twenty and twenty-two years of age; short, and almost squat figures, small, inexpressive eyes, and altogether as unintellectual looking persons as one could well imagine: their costume, too, half French half Turkish, was in the worst possible taste. Certainly this would hardly be worth mentioning, had not Ibrahim Pasha's name led us to expect something at least tolerably respectable; and their connection with the family of Mohammed Ali induced us to suppose that there might be some sparks of that genius which has given the late Pasha of Egypt a position of no mean importance in history. But there was nothing of the sort in their manners, speech, or personal appearance; and though I would not deny the possibility of their possessing abilities of a high order, I am sorry to say that there was not the slightest indication of such being the case in anything which transpired on board the Ægyptus.

Towards evening, on the 13th, we were off our destined port, but, in the judgment of one of the lank-looking Arab pilots who here hold sway, we were too late to enter. Our captain, however, was a spirited fellow, and being intimately acquainted with the navigation of the Mediterranean in general, and the entrance to Alexandria in particular, he

very coolly left the pilots to their peculiar notions on nautical subjects, and carried the Ægyptus into the harbor without molestation or difficulty, and anchored in his usual place, not far from several other large steam-vessels, both English and Turkish. The next morning, our eyes were for the first time greeted with a distant view of what remains of the once great and splendid city founded by the Macedonian conqueror, and rendered renowned by the earlier Ptolemies. From the water there is not much to strike the attention of the traveller. The pasha's showy but useless men-of-war lying in the harbor, the lofty pharos, the windmills on the neighboring hills, the large white palace and harîm, the few minarets in the city, and the singular mixture of European and Egyptian style, if so it may be termed, of the edifices in sight, do not impress one much with either the greatness or attractiveness of Alexandria; nor indeed does an actual acquaintance with the city, as it now exists, give one a more favorable or pleasing opinion of its real state and condition. On the contrary, I think, whether it be that the imagination becomes too much excited, or whether the policy of Mohammed Ali has been productive of more injury than advantage, it cannot well be denied that the present city, which bears the name of one of this world's mighty heroes, disappoints, annoys, and almost disgusts the traveller. Such at least is the general impression which some days' residence in Alexandria is apt to produce upon the mind; an impression which, I am sorry to say, in my own case, nothing that occurred tended materially to alter, notwithstanding the many acts of kindness shown us by individuals who, though Alexandrines, I am proud to call my friends.

The scene at landing was unique to a European or American eye. Hardly had the steamer obtained *pratique* before we were surrounded by fifty or a hundred boats, containing a motley collection of dark-skinned, turbaned, half-naked, and half-savage looking fellows, each one shouting and gesticulat-

ing with all his might, and calling aloud to any one and every one in a medley of tongues, partly in English, a little in French, with a few words of Italian, or German, or something else. To a spectator unacquainted with the habits of these people, it would appear that they were quarrelling very furiously, and liable at any moment to come to blows, so eager are they, so active and energetic in endeavoring to recommend their boats, and só full of liveliness and noisy good humor in pushing and jumping about and getting hold of the luggage of travellers. Happily we were relieved of the annoyance of personal attendance upon our multifarious collection of luggage, since our Maltese servant, an active fellow by the way, had been to Egypt before, and spoke Arabic sufficiently well to manage all such matters as these;* and we were at liberty to observe and—so ill-natured are mankind—to be amused with the perplexities of our fellow-passengers. Such a Babel of tongues, such a chaos of luggage strewed over the steamer's deck, such fuming and fretting, such running hither and thither, hunting up stray carpet-bags or small parcels, calling out almost in frenzy for a missing trunk or portmanteau, rousing the ire of the French sailors and servants, seizing hold of some bare-legged Arab who is making off with part of the luggage, and at last giving up all in desperation, determined to take one's chance and let bags and baggage go as they may,—such an odd scene of confusion I do not know that I ever witnessed. After a while, however, we made our way through the noisy crowd, and depositing ourselves in the midst of a boat full of articles which we had brought with us, we were rowed along, at a slow pace, through the merchant vessels, a large number of which were lying at anchor in the harbor, and in fifteen minutes' time were set down in front of a dirty white-colored

* The striking affinity between the dialect of the Maltese and the Arabic has engaged the attention of several eminent scholars, and deserves further investigation.

building termed the Custom-house. Our luggage was placed in very large baskets, and these put on the heads of women, who act as porters in Alexandria, and indeed throughout Egypt perform labor of a kind and severity which would appear incredible to females in our more favored land. The examination of luggage is really quite a farce, since a few piastres serve at once as a convincing proof to the officers that you have nothing contraband in your possession.

The day before, it appears, rain had fallen in Alexandria, a fact of which we were made painfully aware, by the pools of clayey, slippery mud and filth, through which we had to make our way, and into which several of our bags and portmanteaus were deposited, until the pasha's officers had received their accustomed fee for passing our luggage. The donkey boys, too, beset us, and almost *per force*, shoved one of these much abused quadrupeds between our legs: "Berry good donkey, master," shouted a one-eyed, two-thirds-naked boy in my ears, as I was waiting a moment for my companion; "donkey, sir; ride donkey?" exclaimed a chorus of a dozen, who had gathered round in hopes of a customer; and really, had I not known with whom I had to deal, I should have been mounted on two or three donkeys one after another, without any consent on my part, or contrary entirely to my own volition: but as the hotel had a sort of half-omnibus, half-cart in waiting, to convey passengers, we got into it, and after a short ride through several narrow and dirty lanes, we were set down in the large Frank Square, in front of the "European Hotel."

It is not my purpose in these occasional letters which I hope to send you, my dear S., to enter into details respecting many of the facts and statistics, which several valuable writers on Egyptian life, manners and history, have given with great care and accuracy. My highest ambition is, to convey to you the impression made upon my mind by what I have seen and heard, in this land so full of strange things, and so

crowded with mysterious monuments of long-forgotten ages. I have endeavored, and I shall endeavor, to look at everything which is presented before me with care, as far as may be apart from prejudice, and with the distinct recollection, that God rules in the affairs of men, according to His good pleasure; and to the best of my ability I shall try to place before you the present condition of things, and the actual, veritable life, manners, customs, habits, &c., of the people among whom I am now sojourning. I do not hope to approach the sparkling brilliancy of some of those who have written on Eastern life, and amused and astonished the world with their vividly-drawn sketches of scenes, almost too romantic for belief by sober-minded people: my desires are more humble, and I have the consciousness of knowing—a proud consciousness it is too—that my want of brilliancy will not, in your estimation, or in that of those whose good opinion I prize, detract from the correctness or value of that which I may write. Truth, in its purity and completeness, is ever the end aimed at by the Christian man; and, though I dare not for a moment pretend, that I am, or shall be, able to present the whole truth in all its bearings, in respect to Egypt and the East generally; I am sure that I have no temptation to deviate from it to the right hand or to the left. I know that I have not the slightest inclination to sacrifice truth to smartness of expression, or glitter or piquancy of narrative. Influenced by such desires and intentions, I trust to make you, my dear S., in some measure a participator in the enjoyment and advantages which have fallen to my lot in the present visit to the East: and while I beg you to pardon me for having dwelt so long upon this point, I promise you, that, with this understanding as to my purpose and expectations, I will here dismiss the subject entirely.

Alexandria, or as the Arabs term it, *El-Iskandirieh*, as it now exists, is not, you know, a very large city. It has gone through many and various changes, since the period

when the son of Philip fixed upon this spot to found a city in, which might rival the whole world. The modern town cannot boast much, either in extent or beauty; and, while it owes very much of its present importance and improvement on former days* to the genius and policy of Mohammed Ali, it still appears to our eyes as a mere remnant of departed glory and grandeur, and, as it were, in a condition than which nothing could well be worse. It is curious to contrast the language of the ancient geographer Strabo† with the representations of modern travellers: the former, in his great work on Geography, says: "The site of the city has the form of a (Macedonian) mantle, whose two longest sides are bathed by water to the extent of nearly thirty stadia (i. e. 3¾ miles), and its breadth is seven or eight stadia (i. e. a mile), with the sea on one side, and the lake (Mareotis) on the other. The whole is intersected with spacious streets, through which horses and chariots pass freely; but two are of greater breadth than the rest, being upwards of a *plethrum* (=101 feet) wide, and these intersect each other at right angles. Its temples, grand public buildings, and palaces, occupy a fourth or a third of the whole extent; for every successive king, aspiring to the honor of embellishing these consecrated monuments, added something of his own to what already existed. All these parts are not only connected with each other, but with the port and the buildings that stand outside of it."‡ Few of those who have visited Alexandria within

* The population of Alexandria had become reduced as low as 6000, it is said, and some of the early travellers term it a petty, mean village; but under the late pasha, the number of inhabitants is estimated to have risen as high as 80,000, including about 20,000 engaged in military and naval service. According to Wilkinson, the inhabitants are of a mixed race, from the coast of Barbary, and all parts of Egypt, with Turks, Albanians, Syrians, Greeks, Jews, Copts, and Armenians, independent of Frank settlers. The aspect and general appearance of the city, it is asserted, have also materially improved.

† Strabo, *Geogr.* lib. xvii. p. 793, Paris ed. 1620.

‡ According to Pliny (*Nat. Hist.*, v. 10), the circumference of ancient Alexandria was fifteen miles, and its population more than 300,000, besides, at least, an

the last twenty years, can bring themselves to imagine, that it once deserved so high epithets, or was really the great and magnificent city which the ancients would lead us to suppose. Hardly one but what speaks of it in terms of deep disappointment; and probably, among the places of which we read, and concerning which the imagination becomes excited, and aroused, by pondering over the glory and renown of other days, there is none which more effectually dampens, if not destroys all enthusiasm, than the present city of Alexandria. It needs not that I quote the words of others to prove what they felt; it may suffice that I declare, and this without any intention of undervaluing a city, whose position is of the first importance to commerce with the far East, that I was vexed at having expected too much, and sadly out of humor with the reality, as it opened itself to my wondering eyes.

But not to dwell upon general remarks, which, I fear, convey no very clear idea, permit me to enter a little more into particulars. Frequently have I perambulated the city in every direction, sometimes on foot, but more generally on the back of a donkey. In many respects Alexandria has lost its oriental aspect, and can hardly be said to give one a very good idea of an Eastern city. The influence of European habits and customs, and the effects produced by intercourse with the French and English are quite evident; and it is not unlikely that in the course of time, and by the force of

equal number of slaves. The Romans, too, appeared to have considered it as second only to their own proud capital, and as late as the period when it was taken by the Saracens, A.D. 640, it still retained its original wealth and splendor. "I have taken," says 'Amr, in his letter to the khalif, "the great city of the west. It is impossible for me to enumerate the variety of its riches and beauty; I shall content myself with observing, that it contains 4000 palaces, 4000 baths, 400 theatres, or places of amusement, 12,000 shops for the sale of vegetable food, and 40,000 tributary Jews." Its importance was almost annihilated, you will recollect, by the discovery of the cape of Good Hope, in 1497, and the enterprise and skill of the Portuguese; but, singularly enough, it bids fair to resume its ancient greatness, now that England must needs take it in the way to her vast East India possessions.

that almost necessity of a free and uninterrupted passage for England to her East India possessions, by way of Alexandria, Suez, and the Red Sea, the change will become still more marked, and according to our ideas, the improvement in the city still more important. But as it now is, there is something very melancholy and unpleasant to one accustomed to clean and paved streets, to broad avenues regularly swept and washed, and lighted at night with gas, to elegant edifices for both private and public use, and to the numerous conveniences which mark the refined state of society in the west of Europe. In Alexandria the streets are unpaved, and consequently either very dirty or muddy; the soil is of such a character, that either of these conditions is excessively annoying, though our experience lies principally in the latter, since an unusual quantity of rain had recently fallen, and the streets and lanes of the city were not a little muddy and disagreeable. In general there are no broad streets or avenues, most of the passages from one part of the city to the other being narrow, crooked, and arranged with an apparently total disregard of public convenience. As may be supposed, the mud reposes quietly, until it is dried up by the influence of the sun and wind, and the continual trampling and scattering of it by the barefooted fellahín; and the dust blows about to the infinite annoyance of everybody, until a fall of rain converts it into a thick, clayey, and very adhesive mixture. At night it is impossible to go out without a servant and a lantern; and, save here and there an occasional glimmer of a light in some Frank residence, the city is shrouded in darkness and a gloom, which I can hardly characterize in any other way than as oppressive and disagreeable in the extreme. If we except the Frank quarter, or that part where the consuls and most of the foreigners reside, it is astonishing to notice what an air of miserable desolation—the term is not too strong—many portions of the city present: half-finished houses, portions of walls, and heaps of stones and dirt, lying

in confused masses; wretched hovels, most of them roofless, and destitute of every convenience which can minister to the wants of life; and to render the picture complete, half-clad, filthy and degraded people, men, women and children, with their little stock in the way of fowls, goats or donkeys, all occupying some favorite corner of their unique habitation, and all apparently on an equality;—these and such like, are the things which strike a visitor from a country like ours, where civilization, refinement, and the general diffusion of the comforts and blessings of life are our proudest boast and inestimable privilege.

That portion of the city which is more peculiarly Arabic, cannot well be termed otherwise than a labyrinth of lanes, narrow passages, and winding thoroughfares. With singular ill taste and worse judgment, under a hot sun, the houses are mostly whitewashed, rarely have any windows in front, and present an aspect at once repulsive and melancholy. In the lanes and streets where the bazaars are situated, the scene ofttimes has a lively, and, in many respects, a peculiarly oriental appearance. Everything is open to the street, and in a little shop, slightly elevated above the passer-by, surrounded by his goods, such as they may chance to be, and smoking his pipe, the master or shopkeeper sits. With listless indolence he waits for customers, who now and then assemble, Turks, Arabs, Greeks, Copts, and foreigners of all nations, and commence a long, prosy, and noisy discussion, cheapening the goods, haggling about the price, and now and then getting up a quarrel, remarkable rather for words than anything else. At the same time crowds of persons are passing, many on foot, some on donkeys, mules and horses; the boys who drive the donkeys shouting to the people to take care: now a train of camels with immense loads move slowly along, and cause everybody and everything to give place; now a file of Egyptian soldiers, in their white cotton clothes and bright-red tarbúshes, stroll carelessly towards their barracks; now a

person of consequence, preceded by his groom snapping a large whip, rides by; now some veiled object, hid in silks, and astride an ass, occasionally with a child sitting in front, ambles quietly through the crowd, with her attendant driver or groom; and so, with one thing after another, the noisy, bustling, but in effect idle and inefficient, Arabs spend their time, day after day and year after year, without ambition, and, it would seem, well-nigh without hope.

I do not feel that at this point in my wanderings I have seen sufficient of Egyptian life and manners, to speak at all accurately of the curious and interesting scenes which pass daily before one's eyes. Particulars I shall reserve to a later period, when I hope to give as clearly a written description of matters which will interest you as my opportunities will admit; but I cannot forbear at this time saying a word or two in respect to the fellahín, or common people of Egypt. At first sight, it would appear that nothing could be worse than their condition; scantily clad, at best, and ofttimes nearly destitute of rags to cover their nakedness, squatting down at the corners and on the sunny sides of the streets, or lying at full length on the ground; children frequently perfectly naked, and, without exception, as filthy as neglect and superstition can render them; the men with a pipe, when they can get one, the women with a child astride their shoulder and another in their arms, or carrying some heavy burden on their head; all these, with their dark skins, naked legs and arms, and other peculiarities which I need not mention, strike the attention with a force hardly to be expressed in words, and certainly give one the impression that the modern Egyptians are degraded to the lowest point possible in the social scale. But it would not be quite fair to take an extreme view of the matter: degraded and oppressed they certainly are, ignorant and superstitious to a degree almost incredible, and deprived of nearly every comfort and enjoyment which we regard as essential to happiness, yet nevertheless, you

would be astonished, I was, at their light-heartedness, their patient endurance of fatigue and want, their noisy merriment, the affecting care and tenderness of mothers for their offspring, their contentedness with scanty fare, and such like qualities, which, although they do not prove anything in respect to their condition when estimated by the scale of western civilization and refinement, certainly go far to show that as they have never known, so they can hardly be said to feel, the want of what we are accustomed to regard as the essentials of life. After all, however, I must acknowledge that the scenes here to be witnessed are distressing, and far from pleasant to one who is disposed to think highly of cleanliness and its accompaniments. It is no uncommon thing, as I have said, to see children entirely naked in the streets and outskirts of the town, and both men and women are frequently so insufficiently clad (I mean according to our ideas) as to shock our notions of decency, and particularly of modesty; one, however, soon becomes accustomed to all this, as well as other things: but what is really disgusting, and all the more so from its prevalence and its connection with one of their ridiculous superstitions, I mean that of the *evil eye*, is the abominable and filthy condition of the children's persons generally, and their eyes in particular. Ophthalmia is lamentably prevalent throughout Egypt, especially among the natives, a fact which might surprise one unacquainted with the causes which tend to promote the spread of so serious an infliction; but all wonder ceases when a little experience has made one familiar with that which I would fain describe in terms adequate to the reality. Hardly a child have I seen who has not had his eyes covered, nay, literally filled with flies, feasting on the acrid humor which the sores produce, and remaining as long as they please, without an effort on the part of mother or child to drive them away. Hour after hour they sit, or lie, or play listlessly about in the sun, never pretending to wash the eyes, one of the best

possible remedies, but rather studiously abstaining from this simple and wholesome process; and thus they go on, year after year, sometimes fairly weathering through flies, sores, exposure, filth and everything, and blessed with the use of one or both eyes, but very generally either losing the sight entirely, or deprived of one eye, or becoming partially blind for life. My pity was strongly excited for the poor children, as I gazed upon them; but I confess a feeling of strong indignation was aroused at the thought of the senseless and pernicious superstition which has had so much to do with promoting this shameful neglect of one of the greatest blessings of Almighty God. On a future occasion, however, I hope to be able to speak more particularly of this and some other prevalent superstitions of the Mohammedans of Egypt.

It is doubtless somewhat unreasonable to hope that, from these rather rambling remarks and statements, you will understand that Alexandria is but the shadow of what it once was; but the fact is even so; and knowing, as we do, what glory, greatness and magnificence it once possessed, it may seem astonishing that there are so few marked traces of former grandeur at present existing. Here and there we do see, it is true, the scant remains of what are thought, or concluded to be, portions of ancient palaces or edifices renowned in history; now and then, amid the heaps of rubbish, are found broken columns, beautifully wrought capitals, fragments of an archway, pieces of stones and ancient brick, indicating at some unknown period in the past the number, extent and beauty of the buildings which formerly adorned the capital of the Ptolemies;* but who can tell anything

* "Wherever an excavation is made, an arch, a pillar, or a rich cornice, indicates that a splendid structure had once occupied the ground, though these relics can supply no information as to the object, the date, the name, or the founder. For miles, the suburbs are covered with the ruins of the ancient town. Heaps of brick and mortar, mixed with broken shafts and mutilated capitals, cover immense vaults, which, serving as reservoirs of water, are replenished on every overflow of the Nile. Perhaps much of this devastation, as well as of the igno-

worth knowing about them? and who is able to point out with any certainty, or identify with any probability, what may yet exist of the splendid temples, the gorgeous palaces, the spacious baths, or the noble halls of learning of ancient Alexandria? Who can stand in the midst of this mass of utter ruin and desolation on every side, without meditating, for the moment at least, upon the instructive lessons and warnings of the past? I shall not venture, then, to dwell upon such things as these, but will, with your permission, my dear S., occupy a small space with some account of several visits which we made to two or three monuments of antiquity which have escaped the destroying hand of time.

A short ride of about a mile and a half in a southerly direction from our hotel, brought us outside of the city walls and fortifications, and in full view of the pillar which custom and tradition have combined to call by the name of Pompey, and for a long time to associate with the name of the great rival of Julius Cæsar. It is situate on an eminence, considerably above the road and neighboring Turkish burying-ground, and is quite alone, apart from any edifice, standing in silent, nay, almost gloomy grandeur. As all the donkey-boys in Alexandria know where it is, and have got the impression that every Frank must see this and the obelisks as a matter of course, they whipped up their obstinate little brutes with right good-will and a plentiful supply of noise, and we soon found ourselves at the base of the pillar, and at liberty to examine it at our leisure, and with as much patience as the troublesome and malicious children, who lie in wait for visitors, would allow. Few, I imagine, will be surprised to learn that the absurd practice of scribbling names on celebrated objects

rance which prevails respecting it, may be attributed to the effects of that fatal earthquake (A.D. 365) which swallowed up 50,000 of the inhabitants, and threw down the loftiest of their edifices. But on such subjects all inquiry is vain; for the traveller finds that the degraded beings who now occupy the wrecks of this superb metropolis, are equally indifferent and ill-informed as to every event which preceded their own times."—Russell's "*Ancient and Modern Egypt*," p. 176.

and in noted localities, which seems to characterize the Anglo-Saxon race, is here displayed in a scandalous manner, and between the black paint, tar and other substances used on the base, and even the capital, the column is disfigured and sadly marred. If Mr. "G. Button," "Wm. Thompson," "E. Scott," and others, could but know what annoyance their silly proceedings have caused travellers and admirers of art, they would probably have paused ere they disgraced themselves by daubing their names in great staring black and white letters on Pompey's Pillar.

The foundation on which the pedestal is placed is of rough stones cemented together, and was no doubt at one time covered from view. The pedestal itself is of hard, reddish granite, much worn by the weather on one or two sides, and evidently not from the same quarry with the shaft which has been raised upon it. The same remark applies to the capital, which appears to be of inferior workmanship and quality, and together with the pedestal is thought to be of a different epoch by Dr. Clarke, Wilkinson and others. The shaft is certainly a very noble and imposing one, rising aloft, in one solid block, more than seventy feet, elegantly proportioned and beautifully wrought.* The material is what is termed the red syenite or Egyptian granite, and not porphyry, as Russell, in his "Ancient Egypt," asserts on insufficient authority. Rarely, if ever, have I seen a column of victory which, even though this is at present in a lone and desolate position, shows more nobly or more strikingly; and perhaps no existing monument of the kind excites more varied emotions, or impresses the mind more forcibly with a conviction of the emptiness of warlike renown, than this, with which

* According to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the total height of the column is 98 ft. 9 inches, the shaft is 73 ft., the circumference 29 ft. 8 inches, and the diameter at the top of the capital 16 ft. 6 inches. Mrs. Poole, following the measurements of Mr. Lane, her brother, gives the shaft of the column as 68 ft. in height and 9 ft. in diameter at the bottom, and the total height 95 ft. Other writers, quoted by Dr. Russell, speak of Pompey's Pillar as much higher.

the world has become familiar in connection with the name of one of Rome's greatest of generals.

We spent considerable time in looking at Pompey's Pillar from various points of view, and particularly in searching for the inscription, which formerly might have been comparatively quite legible, but is now certainly difficult to be found—probably ere long it will have become entirely erased. It was not till a second visit, and on narrow inspection, that we succeeded in detecting some parts of the words which are given by Wilkinson as the inscription which denoted the uses to which the column was appropriated, and the date of its erection on its present site. By the aid of a ladder, and chalking out the letters, Mr. Salt and the distinguished scholar just named were enabled, a few years ago, to make a complete copy of the inscription, which is on the side facing the old port, or Eunostus portus, and between the base and the shaft. It is as follows:

ΤΟΝ ΤΙΜΙΩΤΑΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΑ
ΤΟΝ ΠΟΛΙΟΥΧΟΝ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΕΙΑC
ΔΙΟΚΛΗΤΙΑΝΟΝ ΤΟΝ ΑΝΙΚΗΤΟΝ
ΠΟΥΒΛΙΟC ΕΠΑΡΧΟC ΑΙΓΥΠΤΟΥ
ΕΠΑΓΑΘΩ?

Other writers, it is but fair to mention, have read the inscription differently. M. Quatremère, as quoted by Dr. Russell, ascertained that there was, in the time of Diocletian, a prefect whose name was Pompeius, who, it is thought, erected or dedicated this column to the glory of his victorious master. Dr. Clarke traced the Greek characters so as to substitute Hadrian instead of Diocletian, and discovered that the name of the prefect was Posthumus rather than Pompeius. Some have inferred, from its Arabic title, *Amúd es-Sowari*, that the column is connected with Severus, and some have even attributed it to Julius Cæsar. It is most likely, however, that Sir Gardner Wilkinson is correct in this, as well as other things in relation to ancient Egypt; he, you will ob-

serve, gives the name—the least legible word in the whole inscription—as "Publius" instead of Pompey; and expresses, in regard to its erection, the opinion that "this column silently records the capture of Alexandria by the arms of Diocletian in A.D. 296, when the rebellion of Achilleus had obliged him to lay siege to the revolted city."*

Considering this question, then, settled, as far as it ever will be, I hope it may not be improper to express a sort of half-lurking regret that the name of Pompey is deprived of all honor in connection with this noble column, and something of a wish that in this, and a few other cases, tradition might triumph over learning, or rather might be found to accord with sound learning and the rules of evidence. Custom and habit are very strong, and we may be sure that this column, though it has no connection with Pompey the Great, or most probably with any one else of the same name,† will not be called Publius's or Diocletian's Pillar; and we shall still hear of it, as we have been accustomed to do even from childhood, and still read of it, under the title of the best one of the first triumvirate. Equally true is the remark in regard to the Obelisks, commonly known as Cleopatra's Needles, since, while in fact they do not appear to have any connection whatever with a female of that name, they have somehow or other got the present *soubriquet*, and most probably will retain it, in spite of learning and demonstrative evidence that they belong to some old Egyptian monarch who lived more than three thousand years ago.

It was a part of our day's excursion to visit these celebrated obelisks. Leaving Pompey's Pillar, and returning by nearly the same road, and passing several gardens of palms, oranges

* See Gibbon's "*Decline and Fall*," &c., vol. i. p. 205, Am. Ed.

† Tischendorff quotes the opinion of Von Prokesch, who thinks that Pompey may have breathed forth his mighty soul at the foot of this pillar; and that in this way it has received his name, as has the grave of Themistocles the renown of his, on the shores of the Pirœus.—"*Travels in the East*," p. 10, note.

and citrons, and some rather pleasant-looking villas, we crossed the great square towards the new harbor. They lie at only a short distance from the Frank quarter, and though not quite so desolate as Pompey's column, so far as human beings are concerned, they are even more depressing and saddening in their effect upon the mind, by the misery, degradation and filth in close vicinity. We rode by a number of the mud huts by the road side, and saw enough of their wretched and debased inmates, and the heaps of mingled filth and ruins of various kinds, to fill us at once with astonishment approaching to disgust. It was a relief to us to find Mr. and Mrs. B., fellow New Yorkers, engaged in the same occupation with ourselves, that of "sight-seeing;" and I believe I am not going too far in saying, that there has already sprung up an intimacy between us, which promises to result in many days and weeks of most pleasant and genial intercourse. The standing obelisk is close to the water's edge, and in the immediate proximity of the remains of an old Roman tower. It rises aloft to the height of nearly seventy feet, is about eight feet in width at the bottom, tapering off gradually to less than five feet at the point, where a pyramidical pinnacle, if I may so phrase it, completes the obelisk; and to one unacquainted with the hieroglyphics, with which each of the four faces is covered, it presents a mysterious and almost solemn aspect. The material out of which the obelisks were cut is the red granite of Syene, which is exceedingly hard and durable, but does not appear to admit a very fine polish. There are three lines of hieroglyphics on each side, reaching from the topmost point to the bottom of the obelisk; the central one is much the earliest, and fixes the date of the king in whose reign it was originally wrought out and erected at the place whence it was brought to Alexandria. As a matter of curiosity, I measured one of the ovals of the central line of hieroglyphics, and found it to be four feet in length, by about two-thirds of that amount in width, a fact which may

help to give you some idea of the size and imposing appearance of these stately blocks of granite, and the sculptured story of other days which they tell. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, whose authority is especially high in all these matters, informs us that the ovals in the centre are those of Thothmes III., a monarch whose reign he dates about B.C. 1495, or nearly the period of the Exodus of the children of Israel. "In the lateral lines," he goes on to say, "are the ovals of Remeses the Great, the supposed Sesostris (B.C. 1355), and additional columns of hieroglyphics at the angles of the lower part, present that of a later king, apparently Osirei II. (B.C. 1255), the third successor of the great Remeses."* It appears further, that these obelisks stood originally at Heliopolis, a city at no great distance from Cairo, and were brought to Alexandria by one of the Cæsars, to grace that noble capital of the Ptolemies.

At a short distance, and nearly covered with sand and dirt, lies the other obelisk; the base and about half of the lower portion are completely covered, and probably a part of the obelisk is under the high sea-wall which incloses the great harbor. It has suffered much injury from various causes, but principally from being exposed to the influence of the weather, and the careless ignorance and folly of the natives, as well as some of the tribe of travellers, a class of persons who are not always either the best informed or the most attentive to leave unharmed the valuable remains of a past age. The prostrate obelisk answers in all important respects to its counterpart, which stands near by, and so needs no special description. I may mention, however, but certainly with no invidious feeling, that the obelisk which now lies on the ground, exposed to every chance of injury, was many years ago presented by Mohammed Ali to the English government. So far as appears, it might have been removed without incurring any great expense, and would have formed a grand ornament

* "*Hand Book for Egypt*," p. 91.

for some conspicuous position in London. It is both more ancient, and perhaps of more durable material, than the obelisk of Luxor, which adorns the Place de la Concorde in Paris, and which was brought thither at an expense of time, labor and money, which quite shames the public spirit of any other civilized nation. Lord Nugent* is one of the English travellers, who deeply regrets what he considers culpable negligence on the part of his country: Sir Gardner Wilkinson, however, is of opinion, that the obelisk is too much injured and defaced to be worth the expense of transportation, and declares that the project has been wisely abandoned.

There is something very impressive in the sight of such immense blocks of stone, cut out of quarries nearly eight hundred miles distant, and transported and erected with a care and skill, which utterly exceed the power of the present race of inhabitants. Modern times are much given to boasting, and certainly some very surprising exhibitions of mechanical skill have been presented to the admiration of the world; but I am sure that nothing is so astonishing, and yet so little known, as the means by which the genius of ancient Egyptian architects accomplished the works which we now see, and seeing, cannot help admiring and wondering at. What machines must they have had; what energy to direct, what capacity to combine, what knowledge of natural philosophy, to apply to their proper end the means and facilities of labor! and how surprising does it seem, that we know absolutely almost nothing, save what is inferred from their remains, of what this mighty people were capable of doing, and, of course, of teaching to the world at large!

Yesterday being the Lord's day, I was happy to have the opportunity of attending divine service, in the small building in the outskirts, at present in use for the English congregation. The attendance was small, so much so as to be discouraging, I should think, to the reverend brother who occupies

* "*Lands Classical and Sacred*," vol. i. p. 64.

this field of labor, and quite disproportioned to the large number of English at the hotels, in waiting to proceed to India. It may not be out of place to mention here, that the pasha was prevailed upon, not only to allow the thing itself, but also to give the ground on which to erect a church to the worship of Almighty God our Saviour: this liberality, it is mortifying to say, has not been met by a corresponding spirit, on the part of those most nearly concerned in improving this opening for the cause of Christian truth. Some funds were gathered, an excellent plan fixed upon, the walls raised to a certain height, and materials in abundance collected; but all has been brought to a stand-still for want of money: the government at home, the residents, the hundreds and thousands continually passing to and fro, look upon it with apathy, or only momentary interest. The walls, unroofed and unprotected, are silently going to decay; and it may be that in years to come this too will be added to the heaps of ruins in close proximity. Though not a native of Britain's rocky isle, I could not but feel that it was a disgrace upon the name and language (which latter is our birthright as well as England's), to suffer this to stand before the eyes of Mohammedan bigots and infidels, as a lasting monument of the real estimation, in which those called Christians hold Christian verity, purity and excellence.

"O pudor!
O magna Carthago, probrosis
Altior Italiæ ruinis!"*

I have already exceeded the limit which I had proposed to this letter, and I fear also the patience of you, my dear S., my most patient of readers. Much as I should like to say more, I shall not trespass upon your kindness further at this time: pleasant as it might be, and much as I am tempted to impose upon you many of the recollections which crowd upon the mind, in this ancient see of Alexandria, where St. Mark,

* Horat. *Carm.* iii. 5. 38.

and a long and illustrious line of successors, ruled over and fed with food convenient the Church of God, and where, alas, for ages, heresy and Mohammedan imposture have triumphed over the truth, as it is in Jesus; where, too, the bigoted fanatic, Omar, condemned to the flames the world-renowned Alexandrian library,* to his everlasting infamy, and our unutterable loss; desirable as I might esteem it to tell you of our visit to the bath of Cleopatra, or to the Catacombs near the sea-shore, those remarkable subterranean burying-places, on which so much speculation has been bestowed; Alexander's tomb, as it is termed, a spot which it seems difficult to persuade oneself is the resting-place of the Macedonian conqueror's ashes; the vicinity of the city, where the pasha's fortifications astonish one by their extent, and, if I may say so, their inutility, and where the broad plains present an appearance both interesting and painful,—interesting by the peculiarities of oriental scenery, and painful in consequence of the manifest degradations of the cultivators of the soil;—pleasant as all these things might possibly be, nevertheless I spare you, and only beg that you will grant me your usual kind indulgence for the future.

* Egypt was conquered by Omar in the year 640; the Alexandrian library consisted of 700,000 vols., which were ordered to be distributed for heating the public baths, for which purpose they answered during six months. Gibbon and some other writers question the truth of this statement, and the modern Mohammedans deny it strenuously; but the weight of testimony fixes this act of Vandalism where it is usually placed, and as has been justly said, "the Caliph Omar will forever bear the odium of having devoted to destruction that library, whose numerous volumes are said to have sufficed for six months for the use of the 4000 baths of this immense city." Milman's note upon Gibbon (vol. iii. p. 522) is well worth consulting.

LETTER II.

The Nile and the Pyramids.

Mahmûdieh Canal.—Importance.—Petty Steamers.—Scenery.—Atfeh.—Discomforts.—First View of the Nile.—Scenery peculiarly Oriental.—Arrival at Cairo in the Night.—The Metropolis.—Start for the Pyramids.—Masr el Atikeh.—Mosque of 'Amr.—Tradition.—Island of Rhoda.—Pyramids from East Bank of the Nile.—Gizeh.—Plain between River and Pyramids.—Effect of Gradual Approach.—Immense Masses of Stone.—Ascent.—Prospect from the Summit.—Visit to the Interior.—Narrow, Dark Passages.—"King's Chamber."—Sarcophagus.—Perhaps Discoveries yet to be made.—"Queen's Chamber."—Very Hot and Dusty Inside.—Evening Walk.—Vast Necropolis of Royal Memphis.

CAIRO, Dec. 23d, 1848.

MY DEAR S.,

IT is with the deepest pleasure that I again embrace the opportunity of writing to you. So much has occurred, and so many are the objects of interest which I have seen and visited since my last letter was sent, that I hardly know where to begin in telling my story, and very much fear that I may miss speaking of such things as would be most agreeable to you and other dear friends at home. I shall try, however, to relate accurately, and as briefly as possible, the various matters of interest or importance connected with the last week's wanderings. Bear with me if I become tedious, or seem to tell a mere traveller's tales; for, be assured, in a land like this, and amid scenes so varied, so deeply interesting, so surprising, so wonderfully strange, it is well-nigh impossible to relate sober truth, which shall not wear the air, in part, of romantic fiction.

We left Alexandria on the afternoon of the 8th inst., and after a short ride, took our places on board a small barge or

vessel, which is towed by one or two steam-tugs, on the Mahmúdieh canal. This important water communication between the sea-port of Lower Egypt and the Nile, is one of the most valuable of Mohammed Ali's works; and though its history has several of the offensive features connected with the despotism under which Egypt groans,* still no one can fail to see and feel its value and consequence to the country at large. Alexandria, you will recollect, is situate on the western side of the Delta, at a distance of some fifty miles from the nearest, i. e. the Rosetta mouth of the Nile, and about the same distance from the point where it is now connected, by means of this canal, with the great river of Egypt. Of course as the entire resources of Egypt are dependent upon the Nile, that mighty fertilizer, without which the whole country would be but a barren desert, it is of the first importance to bring into as close connection as possible, a sea-port which abounds in facilities and extent of commerce, and the broad stream which is almost adored by the peasantry of Egypt: on the whole, too, though canals have their disadvantages, it may be doubted whether, in the present condition of this country, that mode of communication was not the best for all parties which could have been adopted.† Usually, it

* The Mahmúdieh Canal was begun in 1819; more than 300,000 men were employed to dig it, of whom no less than 20,000 are said to have perished in consequence of ill-treatment, hunger, accident, over-working, and plague: less than a year, some say only six months, were required to finish it; it was opened in Jan., 1820, and named after the then Sultan Mahmúd. Its length is nearly 50 miles, and its breadth varies from 80 to 90 feet. Its cost is estimated at $1,500,000. But, after all, we are assured that the work is not well done, and far from durable and satisfactory.

† "An old canal existed on this line, which brought water from the Nile, and had been used, in the time of the Venetians, for carrying goods to Alexandria. It was called the canal of Fooah, and existed, though nearly dry, in Savary's time, A. D. 1777. The spot where it entered the walls of Alexandria may still be seen, at the salient angle to the west of Pompey's Pillar; and it was probably the same that of old went towards the Kibōtos. There was also a canal on a part of this line which left the Nile at Rahmanéch, supposed by some to have been the old Canopic branch."—"*Hand Book for Egypt*," p. 107.

has been the custom for travellers to take a boat, which is dragged by horses when there is no wind, until the Nile is reached, and then the wind, or the labor of the men, is employed to complete the voyage to Cairo: but at present, since the overland travel to and from India has increased very much, and is on the increase, the "Transit Company," under the direction of the pasha, agree to convey passengers for a stipulated sum, by means of steamboats, from Alexandria to the metropolis of Egypt. It was in one of this company's vessels that we took passage, along with a noisy and rather riotous party of cadets, on their way to India, and were tugged by two small steamers ahead, attached to our barge or boat by a large rope, until we arrived at the point where the canal joins the river, when we were transferred to another small steamer for the remainder of the voyage.

The scenery along the Mahmúdieh canal is, on the whole, rather uninteresting and monotonous. The villages scattered here and there present so strange an aspect, with their mud walls and heaps of dirt; the fellahín appear to be so miserable, and suffering from destitution and want of all those things which strike a European or American as essential to happiness and comfort; the almost unvaried and uniform prospect of broad plains, diversified occasionally with small hills of sand, and far away in the distance, on either side, the boundless barren desert, are so little calculated to please the eye or satisfy the imagination, that, could you behold the scene, you would not be surprised that I desire to pass rapidly over it, and invite your attention to other things: at the same time, I confess that there are now and then spots of brightness and even beauty; the verdant fields of grain, the occasional orange grove, the gardens abounding in vegetables and flowers, the stately palms, the acacias or locusts, the picturesque country residence or villa of some wealthy citizen, are reliefs to the general tediousness of the canal-passage, which delight all the more from their infrequency, and help to make one forget

how deplorably governed—so far as the prosperity and welfare of the people at large are concerned—is this land, blessed in so high a degree with a fertile soil, a lovely climate, and means and resources for wealth of which the present race appear to have no conception.

About midnight we arrived at Atfeh, a small, dirty village of no great consequence, where the canal joins the Nile by means of two locks. At this season, the boats have to descend to the level of the river, some four feet or more below the water of the canal; but during the inundation, of course the Nile runs into the canal, and fills it to a much greater depth than it is at present. I ought to have mentioned above, too, that the cisterns and reservoirs at Alexandria are supplied with the Nile water by means of the Mahmúdieh canal: this fact, added to that of the continual drain on the canal by lowering vessels to the river, and raising them to the canal through the locks, tends materially to interfere with its capabilities for navigation, and at the period called the low Nile, the canal is very shallow, and will hardly admit the passage of heavy boats. Considerable delay, and a great deal of noise, shouting and barking of dogs, occurred in passing the locks, transhipping the luggage and disposing of the passengers, in one of the most contemptibly little and inconvenient steamers which it has ever been my lot to be on board of; but delay is so common, inactivity so almost universal, and steam navigation so comparatively recent in this part of the world, that I am not sure that it is right to complain; but whether it be or no, it would be of little or no use. The Egyptians have a way of their own of doing everything, and that way, as you may imagine, is usually the worst of all ways which could be devised; and notwithstanding the influence of Europeans, particularly English and French, is very great, still it will take several generations before the skill and enterprise of Christian nations will be able to accomplish

much among the present Arabs, or change the notions of an obstinate and ignorant people.

The first view of the Nile must, under any circumstances, be interesting. It is so intimately connected with ancient history, particularly of that people whose monuments have excited so much wonder and astonishment for ages, and it is in itself a river so marvellous for its length, size, periodical inundations, and many valuable qualities, that hardly any one can gaze upon it for the first time without emotion, or glide over its broad bosom without a crowd of recollections of the mysterious past. I well remember feeling almost awe-struck, as I stood in the scant light shed by the stars at this early hour of the morning, and looked out upon the Nile,

——"coloratis amnis devexus ab Indis,"*

gliding by with its yellowish clay-colored waters, ever moving onward toward the Mediterranean, ever flowing, as it has done for thousands of years, towards that broad deep blue sea, where its stream is mingled and lost in the vast volume of waters. Albeit not much given to the romantic vein, I could not resist the influence of the scene, nor abstain from musing over the past history and present condition of a people whose annals run back into hoar antiquity. I do not envy the man who can visit such a land as this, and be for days on the Nile, and yet feel no glow of enthusiasm, indulge in no solemn reflection, and derive no profit from the natural and monumental wonders with which Egypt abounds. Happy shall I esteem myself, if the thoughts which on this occasion crowded upon me be of advantage to myself, and lead me to realize more deeply than I now do, the truths of Holy Writ, and more especially the overruling hand of Divine Providence, which has more than once or twice been manifested in the history of this land. It would be unfair to you, however, my dear S., to impose upon you that which, though I could not

* Virg. *Georg.* iv. 293.

help feeling it, will nevertheless hardly bear repeating, or can scarcely claim to be worth recording. Hence, I leave you to imagine, if you will, what a pilgrim from the far off land of the West would naturally and properly feel in these deeply interesting regions of the East, and particularly when he first is privileged to sail over the broad waters of the Nile, that mighty and only river of Egypt.

In consequence of the strength of the current, which usually runs at the rate of nearly three miles an hour, the progress of a steamboat is necessarily slow and labored; and as the channel frequently shifts its place, and banks of sand are deposited in those spots where deep water formerly stood, the navigation of the Nile is neither very easy nor very safe, for vessels proceeding at a rapid rate. Not seldom does the experience of the oldest and best informed pilot fail him, and it often happens that boats get aground, and remain some time in a position, the most annoying possible for a traveller. It was our lot narrowly to escape the shoals, and after a tedious and very comfortless passage, to reach the point of destination at a late hour in the night of the 19th, or rather, early on the 20th inst. The scenery along the river, from Atfeh to Búlak, a distance of about a hundred and twenty miles, is interesting, more from its peculiarly oriental character, than from any variety or striking characteristics which it possesses. The mud huts of the peasantry, the groves of palms, the fertile fields of grain at this wintry season, the uniformly degraded appearance of the people, combined with their lightheartedness and cheerful submission to a state of things which we should consider intolerable, are all peculiar to the East, and consequently full of interest to a stranger. One can hardly fail, too, to be struck with the evident richness of the country, and its capacity to furnish not only means of support, but even wealth to its inhabitants, were not the oppressive hand of the despot laid upon everything within his grasp, and the curse of monopoly spread over the whole land. As

you sail along, you see the active boatmen of the Nile, busily engaged in their occupation, singing and shouting, and spending much labor in accomplishing little work, as is usual in Egypt. On the low banks of the river, or some shoal place, you notice flocks of various sorts of birds—pigeons, ducks, herons, &c., and now and then a vulture or a falcon-kite will sail slowly by, or hover for a few moments overhead, as if waiting for its accustomed prey. Occasionally, too, the white dôme of some Mohammedan saint's tomb will strike the eye, as one of the few picturesque objects in Egyptian scenery; and the creaking of the sákieh, or water-wheel, by which the water of the river is raised to a sufficient level to irrigate the fields, or the tedious process of accomplishing the same end by means of the shadúf, or bucket, at the end of a pole, moving on a pivot, and having a weight at the opposite end, very similar to the machinery of the old-fashioned country wells,* gives note of the industry of the agricultural population, and insensibly turns the thoughts upon what *might* be the happiness of Egypt and its people, were Mohammedan bigotry and intolerance rooted out, and the civilization and refinement

* The "sákieh" mainly consists of a vertical wheel, which raises the water in earthen pots attached to cords, and forming a continuous series; a second vertical wheel fixed to the same axis, with cogs; and a large horizontal cogged wheel, which, being turned by a pair of cows or bulls, or by a single beast, puts in motion the two former wheels and the pots. The construction of this machine is of a very rude kind; and its motion produces a disagreeable creaking noise. The "shadúf" consists of two posts or pillars of wood, or of mud and canes or rushes, about five feet in height and less than three feet apart, with a horizontal piece of wood extending from top to top, to which is suspended a slender lever, formed of a branch of a tree, having, at one end, a weight chiefly composed of mud, and at the other, suspended to two long palm sticks, a vessel in the form of a bowl, made of basket work, or of a hoop and a piece of woollen stuff or leather: with this vessel the water is thrown up to the height of about eight feet, into a trough hollowed out for its reception. In the southern parts of Upper Egypt, four or five shadúfs are required, when the river is at the lowest, to raise the water to the level of the fields. There are many shadúfs with two levers, &c., which are worked by two men. The operation is extremely laborious.—Lane's, "*Modern Egyptians*," vol. ii. pp. 30, 31.

of Christianity prevalent throughout the land. But, it needs not that I dwell here upon the Nile and its scenery, as I hope, by and by, to have a more fitting opportunity during our projected voyage up the river to Thebes and the Cataracts: it may be, too, that I shall be able to speak more intelligibly and accurately than at present, when everything is so novel, as hardly to be distinct in my recollection, and so strange and even mysterious as to cause me not a little perplexity.

Usually, in ascending the Nile to Cairo, the pyramids are visible for many miles before reaching Búlak, the port of the metropolis. Towards evening, on the 19th, we looked with no common interest in the direction where they are situate, but our eyes were not gratified with a view of these imposing monuments of antiquity, and we had to restrain our impatience till another day. It would be but little beside the truth, did I say the same of Cairo itself; for, so late was the hour of arrival, so dark was the night, and so impossible is it to see aught of an oriental city, except when the sun shines, or some grand illumination takes place, that we left the steamer, and rode into the city, with no more perception of where we were going, than if we had been set ashore at any petty village along the Nile. It was rather vexatious, but it could not be helped, and we consoled ourselves with the prospect of enjoyment on the morrow, when we purposed exploring the city somewhat at large, and, as soon as might be, paying our long thought of visit to the pyramids.

Cairo, or *El-Kahireh*, the "city of victory," is one of the most interesting, and purely oriental cities to be met with in the East. In size and extent, in the number of its population, in its importance as the metropolis of Egypt, it holds the first rank; and in those peculiarities which distinguish it from European cities, or such places as Alexandria, partly Arabic and partly Frank, it presents to the traveller a field for observation, which can hardly be found anywhere else. As you will notice, we have been here but a few days; and

during that time, we have been busy in making arrangements for our trip up the Nile: hence we have given but a small share of our time and attention to the city, where we are sojourning. We have been several times to the bazaars; have ridden and walked through the streets or lanes on various occasions; have been struck with similar scenes, which have been alluded to when speaking of Alexandria, as the crowds in the streets, the mingling in one confused mass of men, women, children, horses, donkeys, camels, dogs, beggars, &c.; have admired in the distance the lofty and many elegant minarets, the surrounding scenery as one rides to Búlak, or walks in the neighborhood of Cairo, and the singularly ornamental Saracenic architecture, as it appears scattered here and there throughout the city and its environs; but we have not as yet devoted ourselves to a regular survey of the objects of curiosity and interest; nor do I think it will be in our power at present. The lateness of the season makes it incumbent on us to hasten our departure for Upper Egypt, while there is a prospect of having northerly winds, which blow at this season with some regularity; and as we hope to have a few weeks to spare on our return, we have nearly concluded to give Cairo the go-by for the present, and endeavor to satisfy our curiosity at a later period. Such being the case, my dear S., I shall not pretend to say now what I purposed, respecting the metropolis of Egypt, but shall reserve everything like a lengthened or connected description of the city and its inhabitants, till after we have ascended the Nile, and seen something of the wondrous remains of ancient Egypt.

I have not found it difficult to come to this conclusion, nor perhaps is it a fit subject of regret; but you will believe me, that I could not reconcile my mind to omit the Pyramids, even though I did not expect to satisfy myself with one or two visits to these mighty monuments of other days. So intimately are they associated with all our recollections of everything we have read or heard of Egypt, so strange have

they seemed, so mysterious their uses, so vast their size, so far back into antiquity does their history reach, that almost the first thing we did on arising, the morning after arriving in Cairo, was to look out of the window for the Pyramids, and to gaze at them in the distance with mingled emotions, utterly beyond our power to express. The first day, too, that we could spare, we determined to devote to visiting the Pyramids, and looking with our own eyes upon those vast monuments, of which we had many a time read and thought, and which we had seen pictured by the hand of Art, in many different ways; and, in order to render our visit as safe and pleasant as possible, we took care to secure the services of the janissary or kawwás of the American Consulate, as well as to embrace the opportunity of going to Gízeh, in company with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. B., who were fellow-passengers with us from Alexandria to Cairo.

Very early on the morning of the 22d, our party assembled for the expedition, and after the usual bustle and confusion, set off in good style for the point on the Nile where it is necessary to cross. On the whole it was rather an imposing cavalcade. In front rode our kawwás, a fine-looking Arab, with his double-barrelled gun hanging across his shoulders, and wielding his silver-headed cane, or staff of office, with a vigor and importance which had a manifest effect upon the natives all the way through; next came the servants, or dragomans, who acted as interpreters, dressed in the picturesque costume of Syria and Turkey; then followed the lady and gentlemen of the party; and lastly, the servants with the provisions, tent, &c., and the numerous volunteers and extra hangers-on, who usually force their attendance upon all such expeditions. As we rode forth in the first bright rays of the morning sun, and emerged from the gate of Cairo on the south, dashing along on our donkeys, and making our presence known, not to say felt, by many an unlucky passer-by in the streets, our appearance was rather grand and im-

pressive; and I am sure, from the looks of several dark-visaged Turks or Mohammedans, that we received some of the many maledictions and curses which they bestow in mutters upon the "dogs of Christians" that ride through their streets with so much consequence, and whom, unlike it was in other days, they dare not revile openly or treat with contumely and violence; but, as you may suppose, their half-uttered abuse excites much more of pity than of anger, and hardly at all disturbed our equanimity. On we rode, in high spirits, and anticipating no little enjoyment from our visit to the Pyramids. About 8 o'clock we came to Old Cairo, Masr el Atíkeh, distant some three miles from Cairo. It was founded A.D. 638, by the celebrated 'Amr, the general of the khalif Omar, and it was here that he erected that mosk which goes by his name, and which, according to tradition, is connected with the rise and fall of Mohammedanism. As the story was told me, 'Amr exclaimed, on building this edifice, "With this mosk the religion of El-Islám rises, and with its fall perishes the faith of our holy prophet!" Curiously enough, the notion is quite prevalent among the people that this is a true prophecy; and as the dilapidated and almost ruinous condition of the building meets their eyes, the feeling of danger stares them in the face, and the conviction more or less forcibly impresses itself upon their minds, that the cross is destined ere long to triumph over the crescent. May that day speedily arrive! Originally the name of the town was Fostat, but after the founding of Cairo in 971, and its elevation to the post of metropolis of the country, Fostat received the name of "Old Masr," or Old Cairo, as Europeans term it. It is a wretched-looking town, and evidently in a state of the lowest depression: ruined houses, old buildings, idle and listless inhabitants, and other signs of decay, give Masr el Atíkeh a distressing appearance, and we were not at all sorry to escape from it, and turn our attention to a more enlivening prospect.

For some little time we rode along the bank of the Nile, opposite the beautiful island of Rhoda, where, according to Arab tradition, the daughter of Pharaoh came to bathe, and saw the ark of bulrushes in which was the infant Moses, whom she saved from the ruin which had been denounced against the male offspring of the oppressed Hebrews. In this same island is the celebrated garden of Ibrahim Pasha, which has become quite well known as indicative of the skill and taste of Mr. Trail, an English gardener and botanist; and here, too, the inhabitants of Cairo love to resort for parties of pleasure and the enjoyment of rural scenery. At the southerly point of Rhoda is the important Nilometer, by means of which the daily rise of the Nile is ascertained and proclaimed during the season of inundation, and directly beyond it is the usual place of ferryage for those intending to visit the Pyramids. At this point, as we stood upon the lofty banks, waiting for the termination of the wordy contest between our dragoman and the boatmen of the river, we had our first clear view of the Pyramids. They do not appear to be more than a mile or two distant, and, as is generally remarked, they disappoint one's previously-formed notions of their extent and height. Looked at from this point, I certainly could hardly believe that the Great Pyramid was almost 500 feet in height, and more than 740 feet broad at its base; and indeed, throughout the remainder of our ride, while these massive edifices were in full view, which was for more than two hours, I was quite unable to realize the truth, as it is established by the measurement of scientific men, and with difficulty persuaded myself that these were really the vast monuments of other days with which our thoughts had become familiar, and which we were so anxious to inspect. What may be the precise reason why the Pyramids appear so much smaller and less imposing than we imagine they ought to be, it is not very easy to say; the common explanation, though hardly satisfactory, is this,—that those great

masses of stone stand wholly alone, on the edge of the desert, and without a solitary object with which the eye is familiar to serve as a contrast or comparison; and hence the spectator is readily deceived, his imagination leading him to expect more than the reality warrants, and his eye being unaccustomed to judge of heights and distances, except by comparison with well-known objects. But however this may be, there can be little doubt about the fact itself, which is noticed by nearly every writer whom I have read in connection with the Pyramids.

The village of Gízeh, from which the Pyramids usually take their name, is at present of no importance, and presents nothing worthy of a visitor's attention. Once, it appears, it occupied a position of considerable consequence, and was rather distinguished for some features which are now utterly lost. Wilkinson mentions that the custom of hatching eggs in ovens, which we know was practised in the times of the Pharaohs, is still in vogue, and to those interested in such a sight, it might be an inducement to spend a few hours in Gízeh. For ourselves, however, we preferred getting away from the importunate beggars, the crowds of donkeys, camels, water-carriers, children, loads of vegetables, and so on, and as soon as was practicable, we arranged our party in its usual order and rode briskly forward. The path winds over an extensive plain, across broad fields of grain and ploughed lands: now we pass a small village with its grove of palms, its mud cottages, its heaps of rubbish and filth, its pigeon or dove-cotes, its unattractive and generally repulsive-looking inhabitants; now we have to cross some half-filled canal; anon we approach the tents of some Arabs of the desert; and frequently are beset by children demanding *bakhshish*, or annoyed by the furious barking of a pack of lean, wolfish-looking dogs: all this time the Pyramids are distinctly in view, and though you are certainly drawing nearer to them at every step, you are astonished to find that they are miles distant,

and that you must ride on for some two hours before you can actually reach their base. It is not a little curious to notice how gradually the precise appearance of the Pyramids unfolds itself to one's view. As first seen from the river, about six miles distant, they seem to be mere masses of stone, built up in the shape with which we are familiar, and presenting no special characteristics on which the eye rests ;* a nearer approach shows their outline and color more exactly ; and when within a mile, the layers of stone, the rough and broken sides of the Great Pyramid, and the partially smooth surface of the Second Pyramid, are distinctly visible. During this part of the ride, too, when on the sandy plain which has to be crossed before reaching the usual resting-place, one begins to comprehend the actual state of things, and looks upon the broad and elevated rocky basis on which the Pyramids stand, the heaps of sand and stones scattered about, the small pyramids, the tombs excavated in the side of the rocks, and other features of the scene, with feelings of unbounded surprise and almost inexpressible interest.

Leaving our servants to arrange the tent on the plain below, our first impulse was to mount over the heaps of sand and rubbish to the point where the Pyramids begin actually to rise, which is more than a hundred feet above the highest level of the Nile's inundations. As you will suppose, we were soon surrounded by the Bedawín, who live in the vicinity, and seemed, as it were, to rise out of the ground at our approach ; ere long, too, we experienced the oppressiveness of their attentions in our behalf, and learned pretty thoroughly the meaning of the word *bakhshish*, which was repeated at

* M. le Vicomte de Chateaubriand appears to have possessed more acute powers of vision than belong to most of travellers, for he professes to have seen and distinguished their peculiarities from the Citadel in Cairo ! "Though I was four leagues (=10 or 12 miles) distant from the Pyramids," are his words, "I seemed to be quite close to them. I could perfectly distinguish, with my naked eye, the courses of stones and the head of the Sphinx rising above the sand."—"*Travels in Greece, Palestine, Egypt*, &c.," p. 410, N. Y. 1814.

almost every breath, and enforced with a persevering action, which must be seen and felt in order to be understood. But notwithstanding this annoyance, from which there was no escape, we could not restrain our astonishment, when we drew near the Great Pyramid, beheld the immense blocks of stone, and looked up from one corner at the towering mass which rose to such a height above us. It is only in this position, when you are standing close by, when you see the layers of stone, examine and measure their length, breadth and thickness, look along the sides, or upward toward the summit, notice the diminutive appearance of some smaller pyramids near the base, and see how very insignificant seem objects like oneself, that the imagination becomes satisfied that the reality is in no wise inferior to what it expected in these mighty monuments.* For myself, I can but say, that though I had supposed a far different scene would meet the eye, and had pictured to myself something quite unlike the reality, I now felt all the effects which grandeur in nature or art produces upon

* For the benefit of Londoners it has been said that the Great Pyramid covers the same space as Lincoln's Inn Fields (=about 550,000 square feet,) and is more than sixty feet higher than St. Paul's Cathedral, which is sufficiently near to serve for a comparison. You, as a New Yorker, will perhaps be better able to comprehend the vast size and extent of the Great Pyramid by comparing it with some well-known objects in our metropolis: suppose, then, that you are standing by the N. W. corner of the Park; you walk down Broadway till you come to the lower side of Park Place; thence across in a straight line, just leaving out the Fountain, to Chatham street, and continuing till you take in the American Bible House, the range of buildings and hotels, &c., near by; thence turning northwardly in a straight line to the corner of Chambers street and the Park, on Centre street; and thence to the point of starting,—a space of about 12 acres in extent. As you stand here, just think of all this being one solid mass of stone, as a base for a pyramid! all the public buildings, the City Hall, offices, walks, trees, and so on, covered entirely! Next take a look at St. Paul's, with its spire piercing the clouds, and imagine, if you can, that from this vast stony basis, which you see before you, rises aloft a mighty structure, considerably more than twice as high as that neighboring spire. Is not that a conception worthy of some old Pharaoh, to fill a space more than equal to the entire area of the Park with stone, and to pile it up into the air to a point twice the height of the highest tower or spire in our great city!

the mind; and it is not too much to say—though rather common-place—that I was overwhelmed with the sight, and lost in wonder and surprise. What immense labor, what an amount of toil for hundreds of thousands, what astonishing skill and ingenuity must have been exerted in their erection! How strange does it seem to look at the Pyramids and turn the thoughts back to four thousand years ago, when they were built by the proud oppressors whose names they bear!

> "Instead of useful works, like Nature's, great,
> Enormous, cruel wonders crushed the land:
> And round a tyrant's tomb, who none deserved,
> For one vile carcass perished countless lives:"*—

and what a multitude of recollections come thick and fast upon the mind when one thinks that the father of the faithful beheld these masses of stone; the children of Israel saw them; the myriads of pilgrims of all nations, ages and climes, gazed upon them; the invader and conqueror, the Persian, the Greek, the Roman, the Saracen, the Turk, the Gaul, the Anglo-Saxon, have looked upon them, and looking, have felt their own weakness and insignificance; for here the Pyramids stand, in gloomy grandeur, frowning upon the pigmies of a day who come to gaze awhile at them and then go away to die—here they remain, the lasting evidences of death's triumph over the race of man, and the puerile attempt of royal despots to provide for themselves mausoleums of imperishable renown. What a lesson do they teach of the vanity and worthlessness of this world's greatness and glory!

The ascent of the Great Pyramid is a far more serious matter than I had anticipated: in the distance, the angle of the face, which is 52°, does not appear so great as it really is, and one imagines, from the look of things, that it is rather easy than otherwise to climb up the respective layers of stone to the summit; but the nearer one approaches, the more steep

* Thompson's "*Liberty.*"

appear the sides, the larger the blocks of stone, the greater the height; and when a stand is taken at the base, and the spectator sees the task before him in all its magnitude and difficulty—such as it is,—I do not wonder that he feels, as I did, some disinclination to attempt it. For myself, I must say, that, recollecting how I had suffered in clambering up the sides of Mount Vesuvius, I was not without apprehension of what might possibly be the consequences of the toil necessary to mount to the top of the Pyramid, and I stood for some time in doubt whether to make a trial or not. The other gentlemen of the party started first, each with three of the Bedawín for assistants, in climbing up from one layer of stone to another; and after hesitating awhile, I, too, began the ascent. Three Arabs accompanied me; one took hold of an arm, another of another, and a third helped me up when the stones were very large, and I found it hard to pick my way. The northeast corner is usually the point of starting, and in consequence of the fractures of the corners and sides of the stones, which have been made at various times, and the frequency of the ascent, the north side is decidedly the best and easiest to climb up. It was slow work, however, and very difficult and trying to me, as you may suppose when you know that the stones are four and five feet thick, and afford but a narrow resting-place for the feet, as you gradually get higher and higher. Many persons who are good climbers go up alone, but I assure you, that I could hardly have done it without the aid of the Arabs, nor without occasionally stopping to rest and recover breath. Practice has rendered these people so agile, that it is no uncommon thing for one of the Bedawín to go up to the top of the Pyramid in five minutes; others, too, have done it in ten and twelve minutes; it took me, however, better than half an hour to reach the summit, with, at the same time, excessive fatigue, and feeling very hot and uncomfortable. But, of course, my feelings do not form any criterion for persons in general, who can

ascend the Pyramids with little difficulty, and scarcely any fatigue. Invalids, however, and bad climbers—ladies in particular,—not infrèquently find, that the pleasure of standing on the summit, and beholding the scene there spread out to the view, barely compensates for the toil of the ascent.

There is something rather surprising in the fact, that the top of the Great Pyramid, which, from the bottom, appears only partially broken off, presents, when you are really there, a broad surface of between thirty and forty feet. In former times, it appears that the platform was much less; and, we are told that, in the earliest ages the Pyramid was complete and finished up to the very apex; but, as is well known, the vast structures here situate were used by the Saracen conquerors as quarries, from which to obtain stone for the edifices of Cairo, and consequently, not only the casing-stones, which the Great Pyramid is said to have once possessed, and which are partially remaining on the second, have been carried off, but also many blocks have been rolled down from the top, breaking and crushing the sides and corners of most of the layers in their descent, as well as diminishing the vertical height of the Pyramids. We spent nearly an hour in this elevated position, and were not a little interested in the extensive and varied prospect spread out before us in every direction. The atmosphere was not so clear and transparent as is usual in this fine climate, and I found the thermometer had risen to 77°; but nevertheless, Cairo, with its towering Citadel and tapering minarets, was distinctly visible; and in the distance, the range of the Mokattam hills, and the quarries of Masarah, from whence the stone used in building the Pyramids was brought, added interest and variety to the scene; a short way to the east, the Nile flowed along in still majesty, and the green and fertile fields, with occasional villages here and there, contrasted most strikingly with the barren Libyan desert, reaching away for miles and miles beyond the eye's range, and presenting a most cheerless aspect.

Nearer by, the large and rather fine bridges, built by the Saracens over the canals which lead from the Nile to irrigate the country, formed a prominent feature; and almost at one's side, the Second Pyramid, the Third, and the many smaller ones scattered around, together with that mysterious idol, the Sphinx, engaged our attention, and afforded abundant food for serious reflection. In many respects the view was pleasing, and in all instructive; yet, though I felt the force of what was before our eyes, and acknowledged the deep interest attaching to these mighty monuments, and the eventful and important history of this land, my mind was filled with mournful emotions, and I gazed long and steadfastly at a scene, which it is out of my power adequately to describe. Death, death, ruin and decay—these formed the prominent characteristics; death, without hope of renewal—ruin and decay, without expectation of re-enlivening power and energy. The tombs of the dead, the ruins of once mighty cities, the scant remains of former greatness and glory, the degraded descendants of a mighty people, all were about me and before my eyes; and the words of the prophet seemed to write themselves deeper than ever in my memory:—

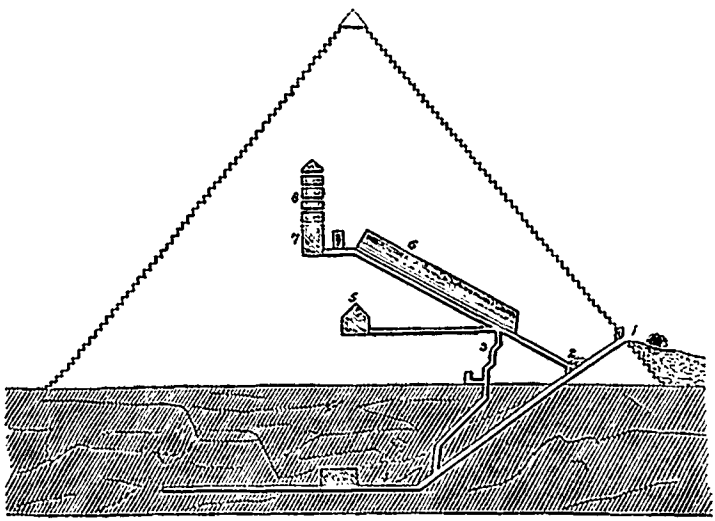
"The sword shall come upon Egypt,
And great pain shall be in Ethiopia,
When the slain shall fall in Egypt,
And they shall take away her multitude,
And her foundations shall be broken down.
* * * *
Thus saith the LORD,
They also that uphold Egypt shall fall;
And the pride of her power shall come down;
From Migdol to Syene, shall they fall in it by the sword,
Saith the Lord GOD,
And they shall be desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate,
And her cities shall be in the midst of the cities that are wasted.
And they shall know that I am the LORD,
When I have set a fire in Egypt,
And when all her helpers shall be destroyed."*

* Ezek. xxx. 4, 6-8.

Like many hundreds of other visitors of all nations,* we too inscribed our initials on one of the immense blocks of stone which are found at this great elevation, and which fill one with wonder how they were ever raised to such a height. As we were all Americans, too, we hoisted the stars and stripes, and one of the party taking the lead, three as hearty cheers were sent forth as ever were heard on any occasion; the Bedawín, who had attended us to the top, and were probably not unacquainted with similar outbursts of national feeling, joined in with the cheering very lustily; but hardly had they got through with this tribute to America, before they raised the Arab cry of *bakhshish! bakhshish!* All such claims, however, we made it a principle to resist, and to give them all that they deserved, and something more, at the last moment of our stay; for if a person once begins to give, there is no cessation to the clamor and confusion which they make in pressing upon him, and annoying him beyond expression. Taking this course as the best in every way which a traveller can adopt, we prepared to descend to the level below, where we had left Mrs. B., who had declined venturing to make the ascent. I will confess to you, my dear S., that I had more apprehension of coming down than of going up. At an elevation of between four and five hundred feet, and look-

* When Chateaubriand was in Egypt, in 1806, he was prevented by circumstances from visiting the Pyramids; nevertheless he thought that he might as well figure in good company there as anybody else; so, as he says, "I requested M. Caffe, on the first opportunity, to inscribe my name, according to custom, on these prodigious tombs: for I like to fulfil all the little duties of a pious traveller." His friend, M. Caffe, it appears, did not relish exactly this injunction, and very quietly omitted putting the learned Frenchman's name on the summit of the Great Pyramid; but subsequently the piety of the Viscount met with some one who regarded it more highly than M. Caffe appears to have done; his name was cut into the rock or stone of the Pyramid, and there it remained until a countryman of the parties seems to have blushed at the ridiculousness of the whole proceeding, and so wrote under the name of Chateaubriand, "*M. le Vicomte n'était pas ici.*" I was sorry not to be able to find this amusing specimen of the history of past years during our visit to the Pyramids. Possibly it has been entirely erased.—See Chateaubriand's "*Travels*," &c., p. 412, N. Y. 1814.

ing down the side of a structure varying not much more than 35° from the perpendicular, I had some fears lest I might be seized with dizziness, and run a serious risk in consequence; but happily my fears were unfounded, and I descended in safety and comparative comfort, save a certain amount of lameness and stiffness, arising more from a previous bad fall from a donkey than from any exertion on the present occasion.



*A Section of the Great Pyramid.**

After a pleasant dinner-party in our tent, we set off to visit the interior of the Great Pyramid, attended by the sheikh of the village, his treasurer and janissary, and a person holding

* 1. Entrance on north side.
2. Forced Entrance to the passage leading to the King's Chamber.
3. The Well.
4. Continuation of passage under ground.
5. Queen's Chamber.
6. Grand Gallery.
7. King's Chamber.
8. Entresols, or chambers above.

the rank of governor or director of the Bedawín, besides our usual troop of the wild children of the desert, who had elected themselves our attendants and guardians. The old Turk, who was of the party of volunteers, seeing a Frank lady was in the case, was excessively polite, and declared that though he had not for twenty years past visited the interior of the Pyramid, he would certainly do so on this occasion: his veracity, I fear, is not above suspicion, since this sort of speech is no uncommon thing in the East; and it sometimes happens that a man repeats a lie so frequently, as that at last he gets to believe it to be true himself. The entrance is on the north side, about fifty feet above the base, but easily reached by means of the large sloping heap of stone and rubbish which has gradually been here collected during the many operations connected with opening the Pyramid. The prospect before one at this point is not a little singular, and not very inviting; for all that is visible is a narrow low passage, inclining downwards till lost to the view, and evidently not large enough to be passed through except by stooping almost double; and as it is clear that no light can penetrate, and candles must be used, the imagination may very easily take fright and conjure up phantoms of terror connected with being inside of a vast stone tomb, in the dark, and at the mercy of the wild Bedawín who accompany travellers to light them on their way and aid them in the difficult places. The masonry over the entrance is noticed by Sir Gardner Wilkinson as very singular: two large blocks resting against each other form a sort of pointed arch, and serve to take off the superincumbent weight from the roof of the passage; they also manifest very clearly the care and skill, as well as the advanced state of architectural knowledge possessed and exercised by the ancient Egyptians. At the right hand, just beside the entrance, is a tablet covered with hieroglyphics, done by Prof. Lepsius in honor of the king of Prussia and queen of England,—a most singular addition to the Pyramid, and one which Lord Nugent

and others severely and justly criticise, as in bad taste and quite out of place.* It took some time to arrange the preliminaries necessary before entering, to see that a sufficient number of candles were ready, to pick out our attendants, to insist upon only just so many going in with us, &c.; and then, one after another, stooping with our faces toward the opening, and walking backwards, as well as we were able, we went slowly in. The direction of this and all the passages is in a due north and south line, and we proceeded downward at an angle of 27° for about eighty feet, sometimes slipping over the smooth stones under our feet, and very soon feeling the change in the temperature and the annoyance of the dust, which is here rather abundant. At this point we noticed the forced passage which has been made by those who opened the Pyramid, and were unable to remove a granite block which closed the entrance to the upper passage; and as they could not enter at the proper point where this passage joins the lower, they forced a way into it by hollowing out the roofing, and cutting away the upper part of the side of the lower passage. This circumstance obliges one to climb up a few rough steps, when he finds himself in a passage

* "In one corner of this pediment Prof. Lepsius has, if it may be allowed to say so of so learned and able a man, with a somewhat questionable taste, carved out a tablet, and adorned it with a long, and doubtless very correct, hieroglyphic inscription, in honor of his sovereign, king William of Prussia, and of Victoria, queen of England, strikingly inappropriate in that place—an anachronism both in character and composition—illegible to the great mass of mankind—and to the few learned who can read it, a counterfeit, proclaiming itself to be such;—a line added to the Iliad in commemoration of Waterloo."—"*Lands Classical and Sacred*," vol. i. p. 119.

Dr. Wilson also speaks rather tartly of this addition to the Great Pyramid: "Whatever may be thought of the taste in which this bedaubery originated, more especially as associated with the name of one of the first of Egyptian antiquarians, and his generous regal patron, I have no hesitation in saying that were all gentlemen obliged to produce appropriate and intelligent hieroglyphics, according to the ancient form and style and language, as in this instance, when they scribble on the monuments of Egypt, we should have but seldom occasion to complain of their officiousness."—"*Lands of the Bible*," vol. i. p. 83.

ascending at precisely the same angle as that by which he has come thus far, has descended. The second or upper passage is of the same dimensions as the first, which continues its course downwards to a subterranean chamber in the solid, rocky basis of the Pyramid; but it wants the finish and polish of the first passage: its length is rather more than a hundred feet. Here we came to the entrance of the "Grand Gallery," as it has been termed, the entrance to "the Well," which communicates with the lower or first passage, being on our right hand, and another passage branching off horizontally, and leading to what is called the "Queen's Chamber," being directly before us. It was at this point that our gallant friend the Turk gave out, and puffing and sweating with heat and fatigue, he bestowed his malediction upon Frank curiosity, and as soon as possible made his way out again into the open air. We, however, continued our ascent, at the same angle of 27°, through the "Grand Gallery," which is a wide and lofty opening, extending to a considerable length, until we came to a horizontal passage, which, as Wilkinson says, was once closed by four portcullises of granite, sliding in grooves of the same kind of stone; they served to conceal and stop the entrance to the "King's Chamber."

This is the principal apartment in the Great Pyramid, and, I assure you, has an imposing effect upon the mind, as well from its size,* as from the consideration, that here we may be, and probably are, standing in the very burial chamber of the king who built this mausoleum for his own remains. We spent some time in gazing at the strange scene which the half-lighted chamber presented, with its medley of occupants, the wild and bright black-eyed Bedowin, the turbaned Turk, and the fair-faced Anglo-Saxons; and the Arab pertinacity in beg-

* The length of the King's Chamber is 34 ft. 4 in.; its breadth 17 ft. 7 in.; its height 19 ft. 2 in. The roof is flat, and formed of nine long blocks of granite, which extend from side to side. The side-walls are also of granite blocks in six regular courses, admirably united at the joints, and perfectly even and polished.

ging, and the occasional shouts with which they favored us, both to show the power of their lungs, and the reverberating capacity of the apartment, were very singular, in such a place, and under circumstances calculated to produce the deepest emotion. The sarcophagus interested me much more than I had expected, and I took some pains to measure it with precision, because of the question respecting the means by which, and the time when, it was introduced: the result of my measurement was as follows: length outside, 7 feet 5 inches; breadth, 3 feet 2½ inches; height, 3 feet 3 inches. It is of the red granite, and has no hieroglyphics upon it, and no cover. Whatever it may have contained in former days, it is now empty; and here it stands, a strange monument of the instability of kingly power, since all this vast structure, as is supposed, was built to contain the perishing dust of a monarch, whose remains have long since, we know not when, been carried off, and scattered to the four winds of heaven. The sarcophagus has been much injured by the culpable conduct of visitors, who are usually desirous to carry away some relic of the Pyramid, and who have not scrupled to break off pieces from one of the corners, to an extent which, if continued, will ere long destroy it entirely. We hardly had time to reflect much upon the perplexing questions which present themselves in connection with the sarcophagus and the King's chamber, in general; but we could not fail to be as much struck as every one has been with the fact, that there is an entire absence of hieroglyphics where, above all places, we we should have expected to have found them. May it not be, after all, that the secret of the Pyramid has not yet been discovered? Is it not possible, that where so much skill and care has been displayed in everything, to keep out intruders, and to conceal from all eyes some sacred spot or object, that there is yet something to be discovered, which will throw light upon points, even to the present day much debated, and far from being satisfactorily ascertained? I am, by no means,

skeptically inclined; but I profess to you, my dear S., that I am not wholly satisfied on the subject of the Great Pyramid: perhaps time will reveal what is now hidden from the wise and learned laborers in the field of Egyptian history and antiquities.

Descending from the "King's Chamber," through the "Grand Gallery," we came to the horizontal passage, noticed above, as leading to the apartment called the "Queen's Chamber:" this passage is less than four feet in height, and three feet five inches wide, a fact which, as you perceive, obliges one to stoop and creep along, in a manner extremely disagreeable, especially when it is continued for a hundred feet or more. Between the dust and heat, I found this the most unpleasant part of our visit to the interior of the Pyramid, and was far from sorry when permitted to stand upright once more in the "Queen's Chamber." It is not a large apartment, and its roof is formed of long blocks of stone, resting against each other, as over the entrance of the Pyramid. The stones in the side-walls are finely fitted or joined together, and the chamber wears the appearance of having been hewn out of the solid rock, which, however, is not the case. Perhaps the most striking thing in connection with this apartment is the fact, that it is directly under the apex of the Pyramid, whereas we should have expected this to be true of the "King's Chamber," in preference every way. At this point, according to Wilkinson, one stands seventy-two feet above the level of the ground, four hundred and eight feet below the original summit, and seventy-one feet below the floor of the "King's Chamber."

There are other things in the interior of the Great Pyramid, which we did not attempt to see, partly from the want of means, and partly from the difficulty, not unattended with danger, connected with them. I refer to the entresols or chambers discovered by Col. Vyse, above the "King's Chamber," and which are reached by means of a ladder, or

some wooden steps, now partly decayed; and also the tortuous and irregular passage, termed "the Well," which reaches down to the passage first entered from the outside. It is nearly two hundred feet deep, and, according to Wilkinson, was used by the workmen as a way of egress, after they had closed the lower end of the upper passage with the block of granite above spoken of; though this seems to be hardly a sufficient explanation of the original purpose of forming this passage. Leaving these, as well as the portion still lower down, which was excavated by Col. Vyse, but with no particular result, as not offering special inducements to us or other ordinary travellers, I beg to refer you, should you feel curious on the subject of the Pyramids, to the elaborate volumes of Col. Vyse, the excellent work of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the useful compend of Dr. Russell, or the learned treatise of Champollion-Figeac, entitled "*Egypte Ancienne.*" All these writers go into detail, and bring to bear an amount and variety of learning and acuteness, far beyond anything to which I can have the slightest pretension, or which would be consistent with the object intended by these familiar letters.

On emerging from the interior we found ourselves in a profuse perspiration, produced by the warmth of the atmosphere inside, and the exertion necessary to make one's way up and down through narrow, close passages, filled with persons, and almost suffocating the visitor by the clouds of dust there stirred up. As we purposed spending the night in our tent on the plain below, we retired to it to rest and refresh ourselves with a cup of tea, which was the more delightful because of a lady's presiding over our repast, and adding, by her presence, to the enjoyment of a scene so novel and so interesting in every respect. Subsequently we walked forth, just as the sun was setting, and beheld, in the soft rays of twilight and approaching evening, the impressive sight which is presented by the Pyramids, the multitude of tombs on every side, and the Sphinx, that most striking image, which

rivals in interest the vast structures near which it stands. Perhaps no collection of monuments in the wide world has so many claims upon the traveller as this, for none can equal it in antiquity, in impressiveness, in gloomy grandeur. If, as I stood upon the summit of the Great Pyramid, I was struck with feelings such as I have alluded to, how much more forcibly were my thoughts now directed in the same channel; for here, under our feet, all is ruin and decay, all manifest the triumph of death and the mutability of human affairs. The whole plain is filled with the marks and proofs of death; the Pyramids, as is thought, and with great probability, were mausoleums; the rocky sides of the elevation on which they stand abound in excavations for tombs, and hundreds of pits or burial-places have been dug in the vicinity of the Pyramids; and beside all these, the sands of the great desert have swept over everything, covering many objects entirely from sight, and lying in heaps and great masses in every direction as far as the eye can reach. Truly, this were a fit place to muse over the past, and musing, to lay up in store lessons of sound wisdom and instruction; truly, this were the place to burst forth in the words of the accomplished and ill-fated Raleigh,—"O eloquent, just and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none have dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world have flattered, thou only hast cast out and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, HIC JACET."

The great length to which my rather discursive remarks have extended, warns me of the necessity of drawing to a close; but as I have alluded to some questions of great interest in connection with the Pyramids in general, and have as yet had neither time nor space to say aught about the Great Sphinx, and the Second and Third Pyramids, I will, with your permission, stop here, and resume the subject in another Letter.

LETTER III.

The Pyramids and their Builders.

The Second Pyramid.—The Pyramid of Mycerinus.—The Sphinx.—Its Position and Appearance.—Its Former Glory.—Mystical Import of the Sphinx.—Object of the Pyramids.—Historical Abstract.—Statements of Herodotus, Diodorus, Strabo, Pliny.—Early Christian Travellers.—Date of the Pyramids.—Who Built the Pyramids?—Intended uses of these Structures.—Exciting Scene on Leaving the Pyramids.

CAIRO, Dec. 26th, 1848.

MY DEAR S.,

THE Great Pyramid of Cheops, or Suphis, usually engrosses the attention of the traveller so entirely, and has besides so many superior claims on the score of antiquity, grandeur and solidity of architecture, that not infrequently the Second and Third Pyramids are but cursorily glanced at, and but rarely inspected with care and particularity. Few persons venture to ascend the Pyramid of Cephrenes, for though it is not so high as the Great Pyramid, it is much more difficult to ascend, and indeed presents considerable danger in coming down. The reason is this: the Pyramid of Cheops, though asserted to have had an outer casing which rendered it smooth and even from the apex to the base, has now no remains of such covering, and the visitor easily and quite safely climbs up the different layers which project one beyond another from the top downwards; but the Second Pyramid has a large part of its casing still left, and the voyager is compelled to make his way up by getting a foothold in such places as he can, where the stones have been broken or cut into. Generally speaking, this part of the matter is

not very difficult or dangerous, for he forgets or does not notice the space he has gone over, and the angle at which he has been mounting upward for some hundreds of feet; when, however, he stands on the summit, and looking downward, sees the smooth facing of the Pyramid, and the plain spread out below, and while engaged in finding places for his feet, in getting down, he beholds the dizzy height at which he is placed, you will not wonder that an uncomfortable feeling forces itself upon him, or that sometimes he loses his presence of mind, and is in imminent danger of being precipitated down the side of the Pyramid. As there was little to be gained by running any risk of this sort, I did not venture upon the ascent of the Second Pyramid; nor did we think it worth while to go into the interior; for after the Great Pyramid, everything appears indifferent by comparison, and substantially the same remarks would apply to the interior of this and the Third Pyramid, as to that which we took some care to examine. A sloping passage, cased with granite, and a long horizontal passage hewn through the rock, lead into one main chamber, similar in form to the "Queen's Chamber" in the Great Pyramid, and containing a plain granite sarcophagus. It appears that this, like the other Pyramids, had been opened by the khalifs, and re-closed. The enterprising and persevering Belzoni deserves the credit which he has obtained, of opening the Pyramid of Cephrenes, amid difficulties and discouragements which would have broken down the energies of any less sanguine antiquarian than himself;* this was in the year 1816: Col. Vyse succeeded in laying open the Third Pyramid in the year 1836; the Great Pyramid was opened, according to Arab writers, by the khalif Mamún, son of the celebrated Harún er Rashid, of the "Arabian Nights'" memory; this was about A.D. 820.

* Dr. Russell, in his "*Ancient and Modern Egypt*," pp. 103–110, gives a very interesting and full account of the labors of Belzoni in entering and exploring the Second Pyramid: it is well worth reading.

The Pyramid of Mycerinus, or Mencheres, offers little to interest the visitor, compared with the two larger ones which overshadow it, and make it appear quite small and insignificant: its height is considerably less than half that of the others, though it seems to have been excellently well-built, and from being cased or covered with the red syenite granite, to have presented an elegant appearance: its interior hardly compensates one for the trouble of creeping through the narrow entrance, which is almost closed by masses of stone. Col. Vyse found in the interior the sarcophagus of its founder; but unfortunately it was lost at sea, on its way to England: the mummy-case, or wooden coffin, with the name of the king, Mencheres or Mycerinus, which is contained within it, is, however, in the British Museum. We spent only a short time in examining this one of the three greater Pyramids; and gave but a passing look at the multitude of tombs and mummy pits, and the several smaller Pyramids which have been erected in the immediate vicinity of those of Cheops and Mycerinus: they are in no wise important, in themselves considered, unless perhaps from the singular desire which seems to have been present with so many to erect, in this particular locality, mausoleums for their mortal remains, and to sleep in the midst of the vast necropolis of royal Memphis.

The Great Sphinx is one of the most striking and interesting monuments in the vicinity of the ancient capital of Egypt, and well deserves its place by the side of the Great Pyramid. It faces the traveller as he approaches by the route by which we came, that is, from the east, and though overshadowed by the Pyramids, not far from which it stands,* it wears so massive and so imposing an appearance, that it may well

* The Sphinx is about 1700 ft. due east of the Second Pyramid, and about 1000 ft. south-easterly of the S. E. corner of the Great Pyramid. Champollion-Figeac gives its dimensions as follows:—Length, 128 ft.; circumference of the head round the forehead, 88 ft. 7 in.; height from the belly to the top of the head, 55 ft. 9 in.

claim attention, and may well increase his wonder at the mighty remains which have survived the lapse of thousands of years. Cut out of the solid rocky basis on which the Pyramids are built, and looking forth toward the rising sun over the broad plain between it and the range of hills in the distance, even now, almost covered with the sand of the desert, and disfigured and injured by the hand of violence, it is an image of striking impressiveness, and I doubt not was reverenced and worshipped by the early Egyptians with the deepest solemnity. It was in the early morning, after a night spent in our tent on the plain below, that I made a second visit to the Sphinx. The rays of the sun shone brilliantly upon the mutilated face of the image, and disclosed to view features which I had not noticed before, and which seemed to me to give it sternness of character, and yet a dignity and force which must have been peculiarly effective in the worship of a people given to mysticism and superstition. Even now, as I have said, when only the head and upright portion of the Sphinx are distinctly visible, and with difficulty the back of the leonine part can be traced out behind,—even in its present condition, injured as it has been by the nose being broken off, and much of the ornament of the head being removed, it is an image which no one can pass by unheeded; how much more grand and impressive must it have been in its palmy days, when the face was so renowned for its gracefulness and admirable proportions as to excite the astonishment of an ancient writer; when, being wholly uncovered and exposed to view, the worshipper beheld the vast proportions of the Sphinx; the huge legs stretched out fifty feet in front of the body, which is in a recumbent posture; the altar of sacrifice, the three tablets of granite, forming a sort of sanctuary or temple, and the small lion couching in front of this edifice with its eyes fixed on the Sphinx, all placed between the projecting forelegs; the massive breast, neck and

head of a man, measuring from the belly of the lion to the highest point of the head, sixty-three feet, and the expansive lion's back, reaching out to the vast length of nearly a hundred and fifty feet—how grand, striking, and forceful must it have appeared in the days of its glory and renown!*

It needs not here, my dear S., that I venture upon the question which has been discussed with much learning, as to the design of the Sphinx; doubtless there was some déep meaning intended to be couched under this union of man and beast, and their respective qualities; but precisely what it is, is difficult to say, or which of the numerous theories of distinguished scholars is the more probable, it is hard to pronounce; perhaps, after all, the discussion is of no great value, since I believe it may be said, that Egyptian theology is involved in even deeper darkness, than that which has long enveloped the history and literature of the land of the Pharaohs; and there can be little doubt, after what the labors of the indefatigable Caviglia brought to light, that the Sphinx was a local deity, and was treated with divine honor and worship by the ancient Egyptians. Instead of wearying you with abstruse speculation, permit me to quote, as a relief to the dryness of what has gone before, the celebrated Dr. Young's version of one of the Greek exvotos or dedica-

* Lord Lindsay, in his interesting "*Letters on Egypt*," &c., (p. 51,) gives a more poetic and fanciful view of the Sphinx. His notion is, that the human head and bust are those of a woman, and he indulges in something of a rhapsody thereupon:—"Her attitude bespeaks the calm repose of conscious strength, her expression of countenance benevolence—the *tout ensemble*, strange, mysterious beauty, awful in its stillness. A monster she is indeed, but not one to tremble at,—you stand before her in awe and reverence, as before the wise but benevolent Simurgh; and oh, if one could but give her a tongue, what histories she would tell, what wisdom reveal to us!" I am sorry to interfere with Lord L.'s poetry, but there can be no doubt that, as Mr. Layard ("*Nineveh*," &c., vol. ii. p. 170) asserts, "It is well known that the Egyptian Sphinx is always male." The Great Sphinx, too, appears to have been a sculptured representation of one of the early Pharaohs.

tory inscriptions, found sculptured on the left paw of the Sphinx :—

"Thy form stupendous here the gods have placed,
Sparing each spot of harvest-bearing land;
And with this mighty work of art have graced
A rocky isle, encumber'd once with sand;
And near the Pyramids have bid thee stand:
Not that fierce Sphinx that Thebes erewhile laid waste,
But great Latona's servant, mild and bland;
Watching that Prince beloved, who fills the throne
Of Egypt's plains, and calls the Nile his own:
That heavenly monarch who his foes defies,
Like Vulcan powerful, and like Pallas wise." ARRIAN.

The allusion which has been made to the recondite meaning which was probably intended by idols like the Sphinx, naturally suggests the more important and more interesting questions, which have been raised in regard to the Pyramids. I fear that I may be trespassing upon your patience, as well as deceiving myself, by the thought, that you will take an interest in a discussion, which, so far as one can see, will never be brought to a precise and satisfactory conclusion: yet, nevertheless, as I have purposely omitted to speak of several matters, not only interesting in themselves, but of considerable importance in connection with the history of past ages, I must beg your indulgence for a page or two, while I endeavor to give a brief outline of the questions at issue on the subject of the Pyramids, and a rapid sketch of the more probable opinions as to their uses and history.

It is a singular fact in regard to these imposing monuments, that there are few points on which ancient writers agree with the moderns, or the moderns with themselves; or, if this be thought too strong language, there can be no doubt that it is a strange thing how many and various opinions and theories have been started, and how little satisfaction is, after all, derived from the researches of many learned and able men, in this interesting field.* The ancient writers, commencing

* It is not a little curious, and may be of service, to place side by side the

with Herodotus, have related the traditions which were current in their days, and have furnished some facts of a rather curious nature, and made several statements which it seems impossible to reconcile with truth. The "father of history" (B.C. 443) enters into a long and, on the whole, sensible account of the Pyramids. He informs us that the First or Great Pyramid was erected by a despotic and profligate monarch, named Cheops, that the time occupied was twenty years, and the number of men employed 400,000: he goes on to explain the probable mode in which the immense stones of the Pyramid were elevated to their proper position, expressly declaring that none of them were of less dimensions than thirty feet, and that the whole structure was finished from the top downwards. He concludes his statements respecting the Great Pyramid with a rather ridiculous story, which one might think was something of a jest of the interpreter at his expense, viz., that the outer surface of the Pyramid contained

measurements which have been made of the Great Pyramid at different periods, and it may possibly serve to justify the expressions used above; inasmuch as there is here no room for mere speculation, but simply the determining a certain number of feet and inches: now mark the result.

	Perpendicular Height.	Length of Sides.
Herodotus says	800 ft.	800 ft.
Strabo "	625 "	600 "
Diodorus "	600 "	700 "
Pliny "	725 "	883 "
Thevenot " present height	520 "	612 "
Niebuhr " " "	440 "	710 "
Greaves " " "	444 "	648 "
Davison " " "	461 "	746 "
Champollion-Figeac "	456 "	763 "
Sir G. Wilkinson " "	461 "	732 "
Col. Vyse " "	451 "	746 "

The two distinguished scholars last quoted are undoubtedly worthy of implicit confidence; but even these differ by ten and twelve feet, one from the other. Is it not possible to have the Pyramids measured so accurately as that we can be certain on this point? I would suggest, also, that perhaps the ancient writers do not speak of the perpendicular height of the Great Pyramid, but of the inclined height, i. e., the distance from the base along the side up to the apex.

a long record, in Egyptian characters, of the sums expended in the progress of the work, for the radishes, onions and garlic consumed by the workmen. Truly, a most unique appropriation of the face of so grand a monument. Of the Second and Third Pyramids, Herodotus speaks in brief terms, asserting, that though the body of Cheops is said to be deposited in the Great Pyramid, the Pyramid of Cephrenes had no chambers inside, and, of course, no passages similar to those in his brother's burial place: the mausoleum of Mycerinus, he relates, was considerably smaller than that of his father Cheops, and was in part constructed of Ethiopian stones. He gives the size of these vast structures as follows, having declared that he had measured them: Height of the Great Pyramid, eight hundred feet; length of its sides, eight hundred feet. The Second Pyramid, he states, is less than that of his brother's, and not so high by forty feet. The Third Pyramid he makes three hundred feet in height.

It is not necessary that I detain you with an abstract of the historical statements made by Diodorus, Strabo and Pliny, for, substantially, they agree with what has been drawn from Herodotus. Diodorus (B.C. 59) gives the name of the founder of the Great Pyramid as Chembis or Chemmis, and its height as six hundred, and its breadth seven hundred feet. Strabo (B.C. 30) speaks of the opening near the centre of the First Pyramid, closed by a stone which can be removed, and gives the height six hundred and twenty-five feet, and the breadth six hundred feet. He also mentions the fragments of stone scattered about, resembling lentils and barley, which he supposes may be the petrified remains of the workmen's food. Pliny, (A.D. 70) stigmatizing the Pyramids as an idle and silly display of royal wealth, mentions "the Well" in the interior of the Great Pyramid, relates some foolish stories of the means used in the construction of such vast edifices, and gives the height of the first as seven hundred and twenty-five, and its breadth eight hundred and eighty-three feet.

Some of the early Christian travellers have related the traditions which prevailed in their days, which are more curious than profitable. Bernard the Wise (A.D. 867) speaks of "Babylon of Egypt, where once reigned King Pharaoh, under whom Joseph built the seven granaries still remaining." Benjamin of Tudela, a Jewish traveller, (A.D. 1168) says, "the Pyramids, which are seen here, (at Old Mizraim) are constructed by magic; and in no other country or other place, is anything equal to them. They are composed of stones and cement, and are very substantial." Sir John Maundeville, (A.D. 1322) who abounds in marvellous stories, devotes a whole paragraph to the Pyramids: "Now I will speak of another thing that is beyond Babylon, above the Nile, toward the desert, between Africa and Egypt; that is, of the granaries of Joseph, that he caused to be made, to keep the grains against the dear years. They are made of stone, well made by masons' craft; two of them are marvellously great and high, the others are not so great. And each granary has a gate to enter within, a little above the earth; for the land is wasted and fallen since the granaries were made. Within they are full of serpents; and above the granaries without are many writings in divers languages. And some men say that they are sepulchres of great lords that were formerly; but that is not true, for all the common rumor and speech of the people there, both far and near, is that they are the granaries of Joseph; and so find they in their writings and chronicles. On the other side, if they were sepulchres, they would not be empty within; for you may well know, that tombs and sepulchres are not made of such magnitude or elevation; wherefore it is not credible that they are tombs or sepulchres."*

It is a relief to turn from such garrulity to the writings of those learned and careful laborers in the field of Egyptian

* See "*Early Travels in Palestine*," one of Bohn's "Antiquarian Library." It will be observed that the Editor, Mr. Wright, has modernized the spelling, which takes away somewhat from the quaintness and pith of the mediæval writers.

history and literature, which the last half-century has produced. I need but mention the names of such men as Hamilton, Belzoni, Richardson, Rosselini, the French savans, Wilkinson, Vyse, Osburn, Lane, Lepsius, &c., to call to your recollection the pleasure and improvement drawn from their productions, and to induce you to refer to their elaborate volumes for the particulars which I cannot now pretend to give. All that I shall attempt on this occasion will be, to give you a brief abstract of the more probable opinions which have at times prevailed, or still hold sway, in respect to 1) the date and founders of the Pyramids, and 2) their intended uses.

1. The question as to the date and founders of the Pyramids opens at once, as you perceive, a vast field of inquiry, and if treated properly, and at all fully, involves the necessity of entering into that very perplexing, but very important branch of human learning, ancient chronology; I shall not, however, presume here to do more than allude to some things which perhaps I may be able at a later day to discuss more at large. Following the chronological table given by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the Great Pyramid was built about B.C. 2123; the Second, B.C. 2083; the Third, B.C. 2043. The same high authority makes Abraham to have visited Egypt B.C. 1920, and the Exodus to have taken place B.C. 1491. Eratosthenes, as quoted by Syncellus in his Chronicle, gives the date of Saophis or Suphis (the same as Cheops in Herodotus) as B.C. 1853; Suphis II. (Cephrenes) B.C. 1824; Moscheres (Mycerinus) B.C. 1797. Dr. Hales, in his "New Analysis of Chronology," states that the First Pyramid was begun about B.C. 2095; that Abraham visited Egypt B.C. 2077; and that the Exodus occurred B.C. 1648. A learned young friend of mine, Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole, at present a resident of Cairo, places the reign of Suphis I., builder of the Great Pyramid, B.C. 2350, and dates the Exodus B.C. 1652.* Townsend (who, with many divines of note, follows

* See "*Literary Gazette*," No. 1702. Lond., Sept. 1st, 1849.

Ussher, or the ordinary Bible chronology,) gives the date of Joseph's death B.C. 1635, and expresses the opinion that the Pyramids were built, or rather commenced, about forty years subsequently, i. e., B.C. 1595. Rollin also follows Ussher's scheme, and gives the date of the pyramid builders as B.C. 1204, i. e., about three hundred years after the Exodus. Dr. Richardson, as quoted by Col. Vyse, dates them as low as B.C. 1032. A later school, more particularly the German, is disposed to give them even greater antiquity than is done by any of the writers above quoted. Böckh, as quoted by Dr. Nolan, (in his learned "Egyptian Chronology Analyzed") makes Suphis I. to have been of the fourth dynasty, B.C. 4904; Suphis II. B.C. 4842; Mencheres, B.C. 4776. Chevalier Bunsen, who is understood to agree with Lepsius in all important matters, is of opinion that there are existing Egyptian monuments (the Pyramids are among the oldest, if not *the* oldest,) which date back more than B.C. 3000.* Mr. Gliddon† (in his "Otia Ægyptiaca," 1849,) speaks rather vaguely, but has no hesitation in carrying back the date of the Pyramids to more than 5000 years ago, or to about B.C. 3500. Champollion-Figeac‡ places the invasion of the Hyksos, or Shepherd-Kings, about B.C. 2000, and quotes from Manetho's list of Egyptian Dynasties the era of Suphis, Sensaouphis and Mencheres, about B.C. 5000—4800. The result then is as follows:—

The highest date claimed is	(about) B.C.	4900.
The lowest date assigned is	" "	1200.
The most probable date is	" "	2100.

* Bunsen's "*Egypt's Place*," &c., vol. i. p. xxviii. Introd.

† "All the Memphite pyramids existed and were ancient 2000 years before Christ. All the pyramids in Lower Egypt are 4000 years old, and taking the pyramid of Moeris, according to Lepsius' letters, built between 2151 and 2194 before Christ, as the last of this series, the remainder will successively recede to above 5000 years ago."—Gliddon's "*Otia Ægyptica*," p. 25.

‡ This learned writer speaks of "une peuplade de Barbares; l'histoire les a nommés *Pasteurs* et *Hyksos*. Ils furent ses maîtres pendant près de trois siècles,

All this is certainly dry enough, and hardly to be excused on any plea, unless you will tolerate it on the ground of its giving you a glimpse, at least, of the difficulties and uncertainties attendant upon ancient chronology in general, and that of Egypt in particular. It will be more interesting, I hope, to spend a few moments in endeavoring to ascertain who were the builders, or were concerned in the building of the Pyramids.

Here, too, the opinions of the learned are various, and not very satisfactory. Some writers of eminence suppose, that the Jews were compelled to labor in the erection of the Pyramids. Josephus, in speaking of the various modes in which the Egyptians oppressed the Israelites, expressly declares that the Pharaohs of that period, "who knew not Joseph" and his services, "set them also to build pyramids."* Perizonius, (1711) in his "History of Egypt," quotes the statement of Josephus, just given; and though doubting, on the whole, the great antiquity of these buildings, is of opinion that they were constructed by the Hebrews.† Dr. Clarke (1801) inclines strongly to the view, that the Jews, though chiefly employed upon brick constructions, were occupied in the erection of the Pyramids of Memphis: he has, besides, a notion peculiar to himself, so far as I know, viz., that the Great Pyramid was the tomb of Joseph, and that it was opened at the Exodus, that his bones might be carried up to Judea. In Calmet's "Dictionary of the Holy Bible," several pages are devoted to the advocacy of the theory now under consideration: a degree of acuteness is displayed, but the arguments adduced are far from convincing.‡ The learned and reverend Henry Browne, in his "Ordo Sæclorum," (1844) is the latest writer, I believe, who takes this view of the question. "That the

et ce fut d'un de ces chefs étrangers que Joseph, fils de Jacob, fut le premier ministre;" &c.—"*Egypte Ancienne*," p. 42.

* Joseph. "*Antiq.*" ii. 9. † See Vyse's "*Pyramids*," vol. ii. p. 236.

‡ Calmet's "*Dictionary*," p. 374. . Am. Ed. 1843.

Israelites were the persons employed in building the Pyramids, the Jews themselves at a later period believed, and it is a supposition to which one is naturally led by the very terms in which their bondage is described in Scripture." "The *truth* is, doubtless, that the Pyramids were raised by the labor of the Israelites in the time of their oppression: but in the national version of the story, the oppressed became the oppressors; the Israelites, under the name of Hyksos, were represented as a godless race of shepherds, who caused these vast monuments of their tyranny to be reared by the labor of the Egyptians." The same author thinks, that the name *Suphis* or *Saophis*, is, in reality, the very name *Joseph;* and that when his memory became odious to the Egyptians, they set him forth as "an invading tyrant, at the head of a horde of godless shepherds (Salatis), and withal, as the builder of the Great Pyramid (Suphis or Cheops)."* I do not know how these sentiments may strike your mind, or whether you will be able to see any force in the arguments used, to support the opinion of the Jews' connection with the erection of the Pyramids: for my own part, I cannot accede to this view, for several reasons, but principally the deficiency of everything like proof in its support. I am much disposed to prefer the more commonly adopted view, that the Pyramids were erected by the Shepherd Kings, during the time of their rule in Egypt. This would accord very well with the great antiquity of these vast monuments, and would serve, in some measure, at least, to explain the reason why "every shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians."† If it be true, as is generally agreed at the present day, that Egypt was overrun by a foreign tribe, known in history as the Hyksos or Shepherd Kings; and if it be true that they established their power, maintained their supremacy for some hundreds of years, (Dr. Hales says 260 years,) and treated their conquered subjects with severity amounting to actual tyranny, the supposition does not, certainly, seem im-

* Browne's "*Ordo Sæclorum*," pp. 587, 594, 595. † Gen. xlvi. 34.

probable, that they might have been the founders of the Pyramids, and that they might have hit on this plan as an excellent one for breaking down the spirit of the people, and for preventing any sudden or violent outbreak. Now you will observe, that I have ventured to think, that about B.C. 2100 is the most probable date of the Pyramids; if this be so, Abraham (according to Dr. Hales's Chronology), appears to have visited Egypt about B.C. 2077; and the Shepherd dynasty to have been expelled by the efforts of the native kings, who probably retained all along their dominion in the Thebaid, about B.C. 1900: Joseph—following the same learned author—was appointed governor or regent under one of the Pharaohs, who were native kings, B.C. 1872, and his father and family came and settled in the land of Goshen, only a few years subsequently. The recent expulsion of the Hyksos was fresh in the memories of the people, and those mighty masses, the Pyramids, were striking mementos to their minds, of foreign invasion and oppression. Hence, on this hypothesis, we can understand the significancy of that expression, that shepherds were regarded as an abomination by the Egyptians; not, probably, all shepherds, for the Egyptians themselves had flocks and herds, but shepherds who came from abroad, and towards whom, having no natural affinity, they entertained invincible repugnance and hatred. I am well aware, that very much of what I have stated as most probable on this subject, is yet unsubstantiated by proof; but as it is most likely, that for many years to come we shall be under the guidance of theories and great names, instead of clear and satisfactory evidence, I hope that you will agree with me in looking upon this hypothesis as, all things considered, quite as reasonable as any other. Sir Gardner Wilkinson expresses himself on these points, with a candor and fairness worthy of all praise: let me quote his words:—"I have supposed the date of the Great Pyramid, or the reign of Suphis, to be about B.C. 2120; but this is a conjecture

which remains to be confirmed or refuted by future discoveries. At all events, the opinion of those who conclude from the Pyramids not being mentioned in the Bible, and by Homer, that they did not exist before the Exodus, nor at the time of the poet, is totally inadmissible; and we may, with equal readiness, reject the assertion of those who pretend that the Jews aided in their construction. With regard to the opinion that those kings were foreigners, arguments may be found both to refute and support it. The style of architecture, the sculptures in the tombs, and the scenes they represent, are all Egyptian; and there are no subjects relating to another race, or to customs differing from those of the country. On the other hand, the aversion stated by Herodotus to have been felt by the Egyptians for the memory of their founders, if really true, would accord with the oppression of foreign tyrants. Other strangers who ruled in Egypt employed native architects and sculptors; and it is remarkable that, with the exception of the Sphinx, Campbell's tomb, and a few others, the Pyramids and the monuments about them, are confined to nearly the same period. But, however strong the last may appear in favor of a foreign dynasty, it must be remembered that all the tombs of Beni Hassan were, in like manner, made within the short period of two or three reigns; and many other cemeteries seem to have been used for a limited time, both at Thebes and other places."*

2. It is a question of considerable interest as to what were the intended uses of the Pyramids; and here too there is nearly as much disagreement as in respect to the date and founders of these massive monuments. It has been conjectured by a writer of eminence, as quoted by Dr. Russell, that inasmuch as the entrance to the Pyramids is on the north side, near the centre, and the angle of inclination is in every case about 27°, there must have been intended by this some special connection with the science of astronomy, to which

* "*Hand Book for Egypt*," p. 197.

we know the ancient priests of Egypt were greatly addicted. Weight seems to be added to this opinion by the fact that the Pyramids uniformly face the four cardinal points, which could hardly have been the effect of chance, and almost demonstrates the advance in science of the ancient Egyptians. A recent French writer* has devoted a good deal of learning to the advocacy of the theory, that the Pyramids were erected for the purpose of preventing the encroachments of the sands of the desert on this side of the valley of the Nile: by the kindness of a friend and fellow-voyager I have been permitted to peruse this volume, but though interesting, it is not to my mind at all convincing. Mr. Agnew, an English scholar, in the year 1838, broached a novel theory; he supposed that the Egyptians were so scientific as to have attained to a knowledge of squaring the circle, and that they "sought in the appropriate figure of the Pyramid to perpetuate a portion of their geometrical science." Dr. Shaw, and some few others, think that these vast erections were used for the purpose of worshipping in them the deity which was typified in the outward form of the Pyramid, that is, that they were temples rather than anything else. Not to dwell upon other theories, I may mention that the one most usually adopted, and which has the least difficulties connected with it, is that which is derived from the ancients, and which makes them to have been built for tombs or sepulchres. While I am not thoroughly convinced on the point, I must confess that this is, on the whole, the most probable supposition; it is not unlikely too, that they may have subserved another, or other purposes, and thus, though primarily intended as tombs, may still have been used for scientific purposes. Such is the opinion of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, than whom there is no higher authority. "I do not presume (he says) to explain the real object for which the Pyramids were built, but feel persuaded that they served for tombs, and were also intended for astronomical

* M. de Persigny, "*De la destination des Pyramides*," &c. 1845.

purposes. For though it is in vain to look for the pole-star in latitude 30°, at the bottom of a passage descending at an angle of 27°, or to imagine that a *closed* passage, or that a Pyramid covered with a smooth inaccessible casing, were intended for an observatory, yet the form of the exterior might lead to many useful calculations. They stand exactly due north and south, and while the direction of the faces, east and west, might serve to fix the return of a certain period of the year, the shadow cast by the sun at the time of its coinciding with their slope, might be observed for a similar purpose."* Such is doubtless the most sober and judicious opinion in the present state of our knowledge respecting Egypt and its wonders; and here I am disposed to leave the whole subject, begging, however, as a relief to the dry and dull manner with which I have imposed upon you in this discussion, to quote the words of a wise and good man in reference to these mausoleums of the Pharaohs:—"For the Pyramids no reason has ever been given, adequate to the cost and labor of the work. The narrowness of the chambers proves that it could afford no retreat from enemies, and treasures might have been reposited at far less expense with equal security. It seems to have been erected only in compliance with that hunger of imagination which preys incessantly upon life, and must be always appeased by some employment. Those who have already all that they can enjoy, must enlarge their desires. He that has built for use till use is supplied, must begin to build for variety, and extend his plan to the utmost power of human performance, that he may not soon be reduced to form another wish. I consider this mighty structure as a monument of the insufficiency of human enjoyments. A king whose power is unlimited, and whose treasures surmount all real and imaginary wants, is compelled to solace, by the erection of a Pyramid, the satiety of dominion and tastelessness of pleasures, and to amuse the

* "*Hand Book for Egypt*," p. 185.

tediousness of declining life, by seeing thousands laboring without end, and one stone, for no purpose, laid upon another. Whoever thou art, that, not content with a moderate condition, imaginest happiness in royal magnificence, and dreamest that command or riches can feed the appetite of novelty with perpetual gratifications, survey the Pyramids, and confess thy folly!"*

But a truce to this long discussion. I shall not soon venture to trespass upon you in a similar way; and I feel that at this joyous season, when you at home are celebrating the Christmas holidays, it is too great a tax to impose upon any one to ask him to wade through the deep and dark waters of doubt and mystery which, as it were, encompass the whole land of Egypt. Let me tell you of other things, which, though more common-place, are not, I trust, less interesting. The evening and night of the 22d ult. were spent in our tent, over which waved the beautiful flag of our country. A regular watch was established, and save some slight disturbance produced by the braying of a donkey, and the everlasting chatter of the Arabs, who were awake and seated round a fire, the night passed quietly.† We arose the next morning very early, and beheld a most gorgeous sunrise, clear, bright, unclouded, and shedding a new glory upon those vast structures which the rays of the sun have illumined day by day for thousands of years. On breaking up our encampment, we had rather an amusing, but somewhat vexatious scene. Mr. and Mrs. B., who, I am sorry to say, will not proceed up the Nile this season, were going to visit, on the 23d, the Pyramids of Sakkara and that neighborhood, and consequently wished not only to retain the services of the janis-

* Dr. Johnson's "*Rasselas*," ch. xxxii.

† I found it rather cool, almost cold, in the night; the thermometer at 5 P. M. stood at 67°; in the middle of the night, 50°; and the next morning at 7, 52°. This, I believe, is about the usual range: Mr. Lane remarks, (vol. i. p. 12) that "a penetrating cold is felt in Egypt when the thermometer of Fahrenheit is below 60°."

sary of the American consulate, but to get off as early as possible, so as to return to Cairo the same day. A party of at least fifty wild Arabs gathered around in expectation of that greatest of all delights to a Bedawy, getting of bakhshish. Every fellow whom you had looked at, or rapped over the knuckles, or driven off, or almost trampled under foot in your vexation, came for bakhshish; the black eyes flashed with eagerness; the boy with his goolel or water-jug, the one who had lent a helping-hand in the ascent or forced himself upon you when visiting the interior, the old and the young, the sheikh of the village near by, and the naked vagabond, all pressed forward and cried the well-known Arab cry, "bakhshish, bakhshish!" The boys and half-grown men, at one side, significantly drew their fingers across their mouths, and then snapped them like the lash of a whip, pointing furtively to the sheikh, and implored us not to give their bakhshish into his hands, since, in that case, poor fellows, they stood very little chance of ever seeing a para of it in their own possession. While our friend the janissary remained, things went on pretty well, and the clamor was kept within due bounds; he whirled his staff of office about without regard to whom he struck, and with hearty good-will, and through him we paid every man at least five times as much as he deserved. Mr. and Mrs. B. bade us good-morning, and preceded by the janissary, rode off towards Sakhara; and then you should have seen what a storm of noise and confusion was stirred up! they crowded round us by dozens, not a single one satisfied, and all excited to a degree beyond what is usual even among Arabs; they shouted for more, more! laid their hands upon the heads of our donkeys, and seemed disposed to proceed to extremities. Happily we did not lose our presence of mind, but we did become indignant, and springing on the backs of our trusty steeds, we warned them to clear the road, and flinging aside every fellow who stood in the way, we dashed forward over the sands towards Gízeh.

The insatiable troop followed us a long way; but by degrees they tired out, and we were left in peace to return to Cairo. We reached the city about mid-day, without accident, and highly gratified with our visit to the Pyramids. Would that I could persuade myself that my imperfect description was capable of conveying to you a moiety of the pleasure which I have myself enjoyed; but I fear greatly it will be otherwise, and can only beseech you to receive what I have written, not for its intrinsic value, but rather in proportion to the deep and true regard which I know you entertain for one who, an exile and wanderer,

——"drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

LETTER IV.

Life on The Nile.

Romance of Life on the Nile.—Our Boat, the "Ibis."—Description of it.—The Reis, Pilot and Crew.—Their Characters and Habits.—Dragoman and Servants.—A Day Described.—Adventure with Dogs on Shore.—Other Adventures and Exploits.—Characteristics of this Sort of Life.

ON THE NILE, Lat. 25°, Jan. 25th, 1849.

MY DEAR S.,

WE have now been several weeks on the Nile. Much of novelty and interest, and not a little of romance, attaches to life such as this, gliding day after day over the broad surface of a mighty river, and passing through scenes unrivalled in the history of the world. The complete change from one's ordinary habits, and the deprivation of most of the refined comforts of civilized life, are not without their attractiveness; while the freedom, and entire absence of all restraint, and all control, save what one's fancy may dictate, or one's sense of propriety require, have a charm which it is not easy to express in words. The dreamy stillness of the atmosphere, the air of repose spread over all surrounding objects, the picturesque villages amid the groves of stately palms, the fields of grain, rich in verdure of exquisite beauty, the clear transparency of the azure skies, the magnificent brilliancy and splendor of the starry vault of heaven, and such-like characteristics of oriental life and scenery, are full of delightful variety, and of those pleasures which are peculiarly the reward of travel. To most of persons, young persons especially, the romance of a boat life on the Nile outweighs all considerations of its

tediousness, monotony, and tendency to produce ennui; and, indeed, I am not surprised that such should be the case; for the rules of society in our advanced stage of civilization, are imagined, or found to be so full of restraint upon the exuberance of youth, and the enthusiasm of early life, that any state of things which tends to remove this burdensome control, and permits the free and unrestrained enjoyment of what one's fancy, or taste, or inclination suggests, is apt to be hailed with the brightest anticipations of pleasure. You will not wonder, then, if I frankly confess the truth, that we, too, had our share of enthusiasm, and could not resist the influence of romantic expectations: we, too, in the dim and shadowy future, beheld many adventures in store for us; many wonders to be enjoyed, not inferior to the glowing stories of the "Thousand-and-one Nights;" and many grand and strange scenes, of which we had as yet formed no sort of clear conception. Bear with me for a while, and I will tell you, most honestly, what has been our experience.

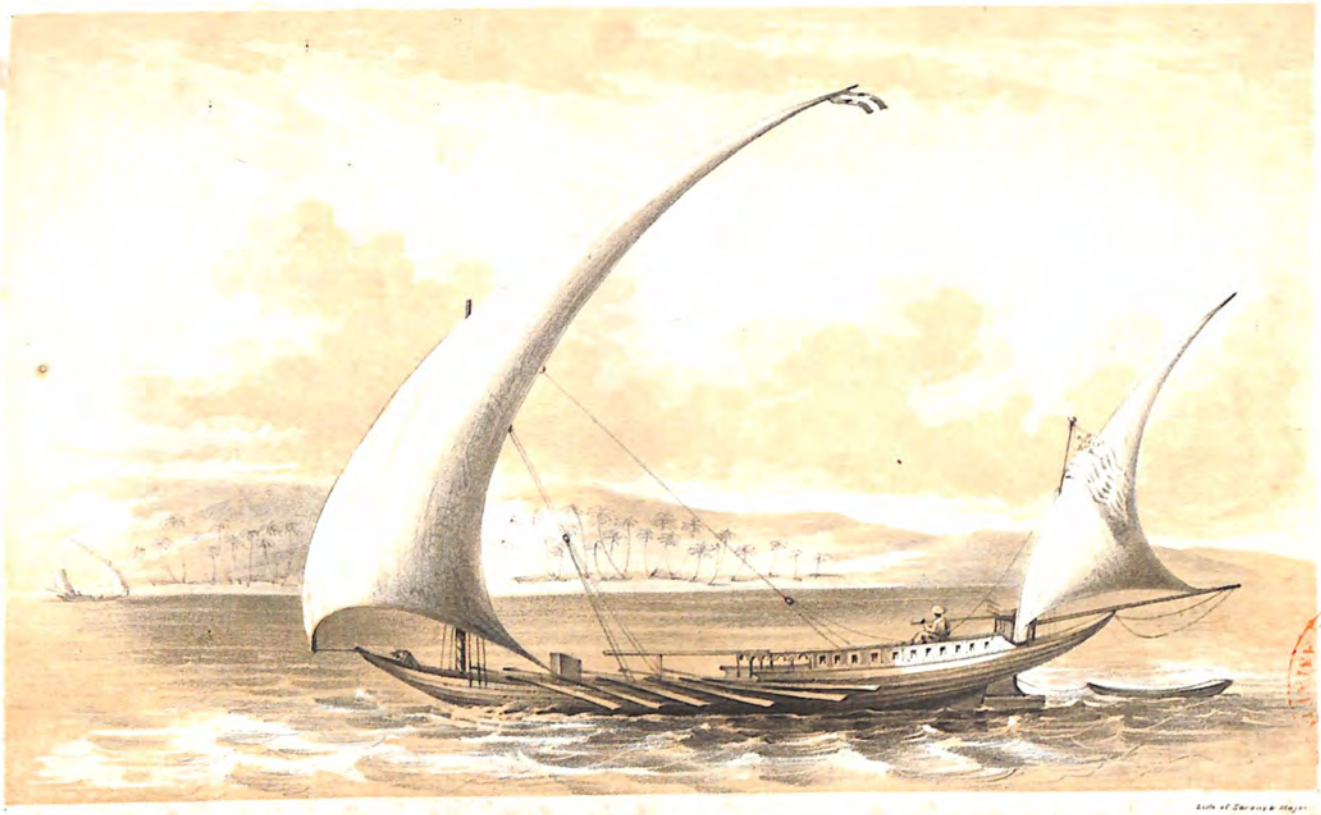
Our boat, which is one of the best on the river, we have named the "Ibis;" her burden is 220 ardebbs (=nearly 30 tons), and her rig of the style usual in the Mediterranean and Archipelago, viz., one large triangular sail near the bow, and another much smaller one placed at the stern, near the rudder, together with oars fitted to the sides, principally for use in descending the river. About half the length of the boat is devoted to the cabin and the uses of the party on board: before the cabin entrance is a sort of alcove, with cushions to sit or lean upon—one of the pleasantest spots on board; next we enter the cabin proper, which is about six and a half feet high, by nine broad, and seven long, with divans on each side to lounge upon in the day-time, and repose oneself during the long evening and night. After this principal apartment, which serves for our dining-room, our place of reading or writing, or anything else we choose, comes a second division of the space devoted to our use, with a narrow passage be-

tween; on one side a berth for sleeping in, and on the other a convenient pantry. Behind these is still another apartment, which may, when needed, be used for sleeping in; but as we do not require it for that purpose, we have made it a general store-room for books, luggage of various sorts, bedding, &c. Over the deck, directly in front of the cabin, there is an awning, which renders the seats in the alcove, if so I may term it, all the more cool and delightful, and gives us an opportunity to have our carpets spread, to take coffee, to offer our visitors pipes and refreshments, or to lay half at length, supported on an arm or by a cushion, gazing at the shore and its many picturesque objects, as they pass slowly before the eyes. The remainder of the forepart of the vessel is occupied by the cook's apparatus, the small space where the crew gather in a group to eat, where they sleep, &c., and the slightly elevated spot, just by the bow, where usually the reis sits cross-legged on his carpet, and at stated hours says his prayers, with his face scrupulously turned towards Mecca. The roof of the cabin serves, in some measure, as an upper deck, and here the pilot holds sway, an officer of special importance on a boat which navigates the Nile, since the channel is continually changing, and it requires incessant watch to avoid the shoals and sand-banks; on this upper deck, too, are kept various articles, needful to the boat's supplies, as a kaffas for fowls, turkeys, &c. Our flag-staff is directly over the stern, and from it float, in all their beauty, the stars and stripes; and at the end of the long yard is our private signal, by which it can be known to any countrymen who follow us up the river, what party is on board the "Ibis," we having, according to custom, left with the consul a description of the signal which distinguishes our boat. The entire length of the "Ibis" is rather more than sixty feet, its greatest breadth ten feet, and it draws between three and four feet water. But you will, I suspect, obtain a more definite idea of what I have been attempting to describe, by looking at the spirited

sketch of our boat, which my friend, Mr. Atkinson, made for me one day, while we were at anchor near Kineh. It is, I can assure you, very life-like, indeed.

I trust you will excuse this dry detail, as in some degree necessary to render at all clear our position, and the mode of life in which we indulge: habit has rendered us so accustomed to our boat and its accommodations, that it seems almost like home, and one is gradually led to enlarge upon the topic as he would in speaking of home, though that is often of interest to no one else so much as himself. The "Ibis," however, has other and more striking points: she is manned by a reis, pilot and ten men. Sherkawy, our reis, is of the Barabra or Nubian race, and is really one of the best-looking men that I have met with in the East. He has a decidedly good face, high projecting forehead, bright-black eyes, very dark skin, good teeth, and regular features; he is about five feet ten inches in height, rather spare in person, and when occasion offers, displays great muscular power. In general he sits on the small elevated space near the bow, keeping a good look out, and issuing his orders or exhortations with vigor and decision: sometimes he mounts the upper deck, and holds a conference with the pilot, a grim-visaged, one-eyed Palinurus, who rarely changes his position or utters a word. At stated hours the reis spreads his carpet for prayer,* and goes through the required Mohammedan worship with scrupulous exactness, and with an evident devotedness, which has excited in me much regret and compassion, seeing that he knows not the pure faith of the Gospel. On the whole, while it is hardly possible to find one of his class free from the vices for which his countrymen are celebrated,

* "Mohammed obliged his followers to pray five times every twenty-four hours, at certain times; viz. 1. In the morning, before sunrise: 2. When noon is past, and the sun begins to decline from the meridian: 3. In the afternoon, before sunset: 4. In the evening, after sunset, and before day be shut in: and 5. After the day is shut in, and before the first watch of the night."—Sale's "*Koran*," *Prel. Disc.* p. 76.



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I candidly believe that our friend Sherkawy is one of the few fair and honorable men who command boats on the Nile.

Our crew is a rather nondescript set; some are Arabs, and of a lighter or tawny hue, others are Nubians, and almost coal black, with features which render it difficult to distinguish them from negroes, besides being very like to them in other respects. They are a light-hearted, good-natured race, agreeing excellently well together, and working with good-will and a patient endurance which is rather remarkable, but as I have before noticed, without accomplishing any great amount after all. Full of merriment and noise, like all partially civilized nations, they are extravagantly fond of amusements, however simple and childish, as they might appear to us; they work with a song, they are pleased with a rude strain of music, of the plainest character; they laugh excessively at jests of the most ridiculous and pointless description, and, day after day, the same song, the same jest, the same monotonous music, please them just as much as ever. If a rope is to be pulled, an oar to be handled, a pole to be used, the boat to be dragged by means of a long tow-line, they do all with a simple song, in which is a strange mixture of religion and profanity,* now calling upon Allah and Mohammed, now bursting out into some buffoonery or indecency, now laughing, now shouting and gesticulating, with an excitement amounting almost to fury, till the end sought is obtained, when a sigh of satisfaction is heard, followed by a pious exclamation, and generally a low laugh of gratified contentment. And thus they live, willing to work, and working with cheerfulness, and, in general, ready obedience; yet, by no means free from the vices of obstinacy, deceit and falsehood; they make no pretensions to religious character; not one of them knows how to read (the reis included); and I have never seen a single individual take the trouble to go through

* See some curious illustrations of this feature in Egyptian character in Mr. Lane's chapter on "Music," &c.—"*Modern Egyptians*," &c., vol. ii. p. 69–104.

with his prayers, on any occasion since we have been on board. Honest we have thus far found them, but not always truth-telling, and not always to be relied on, where their fears of punishment or their desires of gain interpose. With care and decision there is no difficulty in managing them, especially if the custom of giving *bakhshish* be judiciously adhered to, so that they shall not receive presents without having worked for them, nor having labored with unusual diligence, shall fail of obtaining the desired reward.

Besides the crew, we have our dragoman, Maltese cook, and native servant, each important in his way, and quite necessary to the establishment. Antonio, our dragoman, is of Syrian origin, a Christian and, I believe, a man of good principle. He understands and speaks accurately the Arabic, Turkish and modern Greek, and acts as our interpreter on occasions where either of those languages is to be employed. Quick-tempered, active, diligent, and well-informed, we have found him abundantly capable to discharge any duty within his province; and being, withal, possessed of great physical power, which he does not scruple to use when need requires, he manages matters excellently with the reis and crew, as well as the various and motley company that we fall in with by the way. Our Maltese servant we brought with us from Valetta; he furnishes us with a variety of articles from his *cuisine*, some of which are very good, and some extremely indifferent; he is very much like those of his countrymen whom I have met with, simple, good-natured, and easy-tempered, but tinctured with the vices which seem inherent in the natives of that rocky isle; under a strict master he would do very well, but he requires close looking after and watching, and we have had occasion now and then to be dissatisfied with his deportment. Our Arab boy is an idle, good-natured, good-for-nothing young fellow, who does odds and ends about the boat, helps the cook, &c., and like the natives of Egypt

in general, requires to be watched and made to know that he has a master.

These are particulars hardly worth relating, and certainly of little consequence in themselves; but as illustrative of life on the Nile, and the multifarious preparation required for a journey of this sort, may not be deemed quite out of place. In truth, it is rather a serious matter to get entirely ready for some two months' absence in a boat, where you are compelled to furnish yourself with everything, down to the smallest, with stores of all kind, just as one would supply his house, with beds and bedding, articles of comfort or pleasure, &c. The larger part of these arrangements fell upon me, as it happened, and I assure you I got not a little confused in the midst of bread, potatoes, tea, coffee, salt, pepper, pickles, butter, dried fruits, crackers, and fifty other things which go to make up stores for a voyage: had I not been so highly favored as to have the aid of my very kind friend Mrs. Lieder, in providing not only things to eat, but the nameless variety of articles for the uses of the cabin as well as the kitchen, I fear I should have made some strange blunders, and our trip been wanting in many of the comforts which we have possessed. But not to dwell upon these, as comparatively insignificant matters, let me endeavor to give you an idea of how we live, by describing a day on the Nile, and by telling you of some of our adventures and exploits. Possibly I may succeed in imparting to you some of the enjoyment which has fallen to our lot in ascending the great river of Egypt.

We usually rise between six and seven o'clock, which at this season, in this latitude, is about sunrise; ablutions are performed in rather primitive style on the deck in front of the cabin; breakfast is at eight o'clock, when we can succeed in getting milk in time from a neighboring village. After this, those of us who smoke take a pipe, and in imitation of the Turks, enjoy the exciting effect produced by tobacco; but as this weed, in all its shapes, is my aversion, I

follow my taste in any way that fancy may suggest. At one time a book has charms, at another I prefer using a pen, or perhaps a pencil; again, feeling the want of exercise, I pace the deck; or being too indolent for walking, I stretch myself out on a carpet or diwán, and gaze idly at the passing scene on shore, in musing mood over home and its pleasures. When the wind fails or blows in a contrary direction, the men attach themselves to a long rope and drag the boat by main force, though of course very slowly, against the strong current which sets constantly towards the Mediterranean. At such times, if we feel in the humor, we go ashore with a gun, and occasionally find some game to add variety to our table; or if we fail in that, we have a delightful stroll along the banks of the river, or penetrate somewhat into the interior for a mile or so, to an out-of-the-way village, where our presence stirs up not only the men, women and children, who come out of their mud huts to look at the stranger, but what is considerably worse, the lean and hungry dogs, who bark furiously, and are ready to rush upon one the moment he is off his guard.

One day I went ashore entirely alone, and walking along much faster than the men who were dragging the boat, I got considerably ahead of it. Just here was a small village situate in a grove of palms, as usual. While looking around for some birds worth shooting at, I saw three wolfish-looking dogs rush out of a mud hut, and fasten upon a boy who was passing quietly along: he shouted out lustily, and soon obtained relief. The moment after, the dogs spied me through the trees, and set off at the top of their speed in pursuit of new game. Fortunately I had a double-barrelled gun with me, and standing perfectly still, I waited their approach, determined to settle the matter very speedily with them: on they rushed, till within about five feet of my person, when, finding that matters were becoming serious, I fired a charge of shot into one of them, and he rolled over and over, howling

dreadfully, while his companions slunk off as quick as possible. But this was by no means the end of my adventure. In a few minutes, as I was walking along, I heard a great noise and shouting behind me, and soon became aware that the entire population of the village was in pursuit. Certainly I had not calculated for this result, but I put a bold face upon the matter, and facing the crowd of some fifty or a hundred people, I distinctly warned them off by pointing to my gun, and bringing it to bear for use if required: there I stood for quite a long time, and listened to a diatribe from a most impassioned speaker, who gesticulated furiously, and evidently demanded satisfaction for the loss of the dog. As my knowledge of Arabic is not extensive, and as it is difficult even for a good scholar to keep up with the Arabs, who can talk faster, it is said, and as I now believe, than anybody else in the world, you may be sure that I caught only here and there the meaning, and am not able to give an abstract of so animated a speech. Not to be behind-hand with them, I made a reply, not quite so lengthy as my opponent's oration, but I flatter myself more to the point; I insisted upon the fact that the dog was shot in self-defence, that consequently it was no fault of mine, and that if it were necessary I should defend myself in the same way against the assaults of man or dog. All this was delivered in excellent English, and listened to with commendable gravity by the major part of the audience; but as I did not exactly fancy standing alone against so great a force, I entrenched myself behind a large boat drawn up on the shore, and waited the motions of the villagers. For a while things looked rather threatening and uncomfortable, for one man against a hundred; but after two or three more speeches were made, some consultations had, and a good deal of hesitation shown as to the course they should adopt, the affair was ended by their drawing off and leaving me to walk back and rejoin our boat.

About five o'clock dinner is served up, in no particular

style, as you will easily imagine, but usually consisting of the various articles which can be obtained in this part of the country. Beef is a meat we can very seldom get, as the pasha has forbidden the slaughtering of animals so valuable, and at present so scarce, as the buffalo breed of oxen, &c.: hence, as sheep and goats are numerous, mutton is our staple, and for variety, we have chickens, now and then a turkey or goose, and pigeons, or such birds as may be shot by any of the party when on shore. Vegetables are not easily obtained; potatoes are very dear, and must be brought from Cairo; but onions, coarse beans, and salads, are found in abundance all along the river; and as already our potatoes are gone, we have to depend upon those articles, for which Egypt, in the days of Moses, was celebrated, and for which the rebellious Jews longed so eagerly.* Dinner being an important meal, it is protracted generally as long as possible, not so much on account of the attractive fare set before us, as because it is something of an object to get through with a portion of time, where there is so little variety to relieve the monotony of day after day, and week after week's limited amount of occupations and enjoyments. During the long evenings, after tea, as the air is damp and chilly, we usually confine ourselves to the cabin, and peruse and reperuse the scanty stock of books which we have brought with us; or attempt to write; or engage in conversation, or something of the sort, till the hour of retiring, which is usually at ten or eleven o'clock.

You must not infer, my dear S., from this meagre outline, that all days pass stupidly and lazily with us, in the mere succession of getting up, eating, drinking, smoking and sleeping. By no means; we do have inklings of adventure every

* "The children of Israel wept again, and said, who shall give us flesh to eat? We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely: the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic: but now our soul is dried away: there is nothing at all, beside this manna, before our eyes."—*Numb.* xi. 4–6.

now and then, and we occasionally meet with something, which breaks in upon the monotony of every-day life. As we were coming up the river, little more than two weeks ago, we passed the Beni Hassan district, the reputation of which is exceedingly bad. The inhabitants of the villages were notorious thieves and vagabonds, so much so, that Ibrahim Pasha, about twenty-seven years ago, administered to them oriental justice in its fullest extent. He sent a body of troops, completely destroyed every village in the obnoxious district, and flogged, fined, and enlisted a considerable portion of the inhabitants. Nevertheless, the evil was not wholly eradicated. The present race are little if any better than their predecessors; and it is necessary to be on one's guard more than ordinarily, the whole distance from Beni Hassan to Manfalut (=about 55 miles). It happened one day, that our men were on shore, dragging the boat, as usual when the wind is ahead, and making very slow and tedious progress; all along the banks of the river, as the Nile is now quite low, the rude machinery of the shadúf was in operation; and it required a little care to pass the tow-line, without coming in contact with the long pole, or some other part of the shadúf. By and by, as we were sitting very indolently, and looking out upon the water, wishing for favorable wind, we heard a noise and shouting on the shore, which seemed to betoken a disturbance of peaceful relations. Sure enough, our crew and the shadúf men had got up a regular fight, and the latter appeared to have altogether the best of it. We called to the old pilot to run the "Ibis" in shore, being determined to have a closer look at matters, and to interfere, if necessary. A few moments brought us upon the scene of action, when we found the fortune of war changing: our men had got their long sticks or clubs from the boat, and, instead of using the flat of the hand as before (the *fist* is peculiar to Anglo-Saxon fighting), were belaboring their opponents with something more serious in its effects: one fellow was knocked down by

a club; and I thought that the buffoon, who was very brave, now that his party was in the majority, would have killed the almost naked vagabond, whom he was beating over the head without mercy. As it was, the fellow was left apparently insensible; and our men, raising the cry of victory, and after the manner of warriors on a larger scale, carrying destruction into the enemy's country, resumed the more humble and more useful occupation of dragging the boat.

One evening we arrived at a village, where we purposed remaining for the night, since without wind it is quite impossible to do anything after dark. The bank was higher than usual, and the village was situate on the water's edge, amid a fine grove of palms. Curiosity had brought out nearly all the people, and men, women and children, squatting on their haunches, or with their legs under them, occupied themselves in looking at us and watching our movements. Just as the twilight was deepening into the gloom of night, there appeared symptoms of not a very pleasant character, among the people on shore. Some words, more in jest than anything else, as I supposed, passed between our crew and the villagers, when, to my surprise, a stone was thrown into the boat, and soon after a whole volley followed. This time our dragoman took the lead, and with an immense pair of pistols in his belt, dashed into the midst of his opponents: the crew seized their clubs, and manfully seconded Antonio: Messrs. P. and A. and myself formed a *corps de reserve*, and were ready to take any steps which might be deemed necessary. A most tremendous noise and confusion ensued, and for a while it appeared very doubtful whether we should not have to storm the village, in order to recover our men; but by and by, Antonio appeared again, and, dragging a wretched-looking fellow by the nape of the neck, brought his prize on board. The poor creature was in a state of awful terror, and thought that we were going either to shoot him or cut his throat. He begged, he plead, he supplicated in the most abject terms; he was

Lith. of Sarony & Major

AN ARAB VILLAGE.

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ready to make any concessions, and promise anything in the world for the future; and after keeping him a considerable time, and listening to various deputations from the shore for his release, we let him go, with the most solemn assurance that a repetition of the offence would meet with condign punishment. Not long after, the sheikh of the village came, and, apologizing for what had taken place, drove the people away from the river's bank, and left us to pass the night in peace.

A more serious affair occurred at Esneh, a city of some size, and of more notoriety than goodness of character. We arrived here in the course of the morning, and, drawing up to the bank, in company with other boats, we intended to remain till the next day. I had a call to make on the bishop of Esneh, the temple was to be explored, some other matters to be attended to, &c., which gave us occupation during the day. I ought to mention, that at all towns or villages of any size, there are a number of petty, rude cafés, where pipes, coffee, &c., are furnished. Our crew were scattered about in various directions, enjoying themselves in any way that they pleased. At a late hour, about ten o'clock, we sent one of the two or three remaining on board to call in his companions. Now, according to the rule or law (established, I believe, by the government), it is not allowed for any boatmen, after dark, to be on shore without a lantern; if they are found so, the guard is empowered to arrest them. As the café to which he was going is not more than fifty or sixty feet from the boat, our messenger thought that he might venture to go without his fanús or paper lantern; but it was an unwise step. A rough fellow, armed with a sword and long Arab musket, was on duty, and he laid hands on our man before he had time to get through with his errand. In his fright, he called out to his companions for help, and they, nothing loath, rushed on shore, sticks in hand: the guard was perfectly furious, and when he obtained a reinforcement, was

going to capture the entire crew of the "Ibis:" one or two were knocked down, and the matter began to look rather serious. Antonio dashed into the midst of the fray, which so exasperated the guard, that the scoundrel attempted to run our dragoman through the body with his sword. Fortunately, our Maltese servant, who had served in an English man-of-war, was at hand, and seeing the design of the Arab, he very coolly but effectually planted his fist between the fellow's eyes, and left him sprawling on the ground. Antonio seized the sword, and, half fighting his way, and getting out of the confusion as well as he could, he and the men soon after reached the boat. From appearances on shore, we concluded that further trouble was brewing; and not exactly liking to come into collision with the ruling powers, we deemed it most prudent to leave Esneh at once, even at that late hour. We did so, sword and all, expecting during the night to be pursued, and to have a battle; but nothing occurred till the next day, when to our surprise a boat overtook us, charged with an humble apology, and a respectful request that we would give up our trophy of victory! Looking at it, as a whole, and considering the danger to which we were exposed, I cannot help thinking that we got off remarkably well.

I shall not bestow any more of my tediousness upon you, my dear S., by attempting to describe several other adventures which we have met with in our journey up the Nile. It may suffice to declare that in general the days pass, with little of variety, but still no small share of pleasure: sometimes there is excitement, even to us, in the boat getting aground, and the noisy efforts put forth by the naked crew to get her off; in the head winds and calms, and the occasional puffs of fair wind, which blows just long enough to fill us with hope, and increase our disappointment when it subsides; in the distant prospect of a strange boat, whose character forms a fine subject of speculation, whom we watch

through the glass as she draws nearer, and as the case may be, either board, or are boarded by her, when the folds of the Union Jack of Old England wave in the same breeze, almost side by side, with the American stars and stripes. At other times we find amusement in the comic actions and dances of one of the men, whom we have named the buffoon, and who is certainly a fellow of a good deal of wit naturally: if we leave out of view the want of delicacy and refinement, and do not scruple to be pleased with rather low buffoonery, we need not ever be at a loss for amusement, for Abu-'óf is always ready to dance, or sing, or play on reeds, or do almost anything which may be asked; and I must confess, that when he gathers the whole crew around him, one man thumping with his fingers on what answers for a drum, another playing on the reeds, the buffoon dancing and grimacing in the midst, and the rest clapping their hands and singing a strain in tune with the instruments, the scene is not wanting in picturesqueness or beauty.* Without always understanding the point of the jokes which are made, I hope that, in consideration of the circumstances, we shall not be severely censured for having sometimes laughed at witticisms and repartees which would pass muster nowhere else except on the Nile. But when such things pall—as they speedily do—upon the taste,

* One of the most common musical instruments in use on the Nile is a rude kind of drum, termed "*darabukkeh.*" It is larger at one end than the other, and is about 1½ ft. in length: the larger end is covered with a piece of fishes' skin, while the smaller is left open. The Arabs generally place it under the left arm, and beat it with both hands, so that it gives different sounds, accordingly as it is beaten near the edge or in the middle. "The boatmen of the Nile very often use an earthen darábukkeh; but of a larger size than that used in harems; generally from a foot and a half to two feet in length. The boatmen employ, as an accompaniment to their drum, a double reed pipe, called 'zummárah.' There is also another kind of double reed pipe, called 'arghool;' of which one of the reeds is much longer than the other, and serves as a drone, or continuous bass. This, likewise, is used by boatmen; and sometimes it is employed instead of the náy, at zikrs. Both of these reed pipes produce harsh sounds; and those of the latter much resemble the sounds of the bag-pipe."—Lane's "*Modern Egyptians*" vol. ii. p. 89.

we have abundant resources in store. The banks of the Nile are an unfailing source of interest, though unlike those of any river which I have ever seen, since they have no water-plants, no weeds or shrubbery, or anything of the kind, at the water's edge, and for some distance from the shore. The height of the banks in many, or most places; the scattered palm groves; the fields of grain ripening to the harvest; the villages seen at intervals, and as near the water as they can be placed, on account of its all-essential importance; the flocks of sheep and goats; the occasional herds of cattle; now and then camels slowly trudging along; now donkeys, and, for a great rarity, horses; at this season, too, when the river is getting low, the busy workmen at the shadúf, or the creaking sakiéh, giving note of the industry of the inhabitants,—all these are features in an ever-varying scene, which rarely loses its interest, or fails to impress the beholder. Nor are there other things wanting to add to our pleasure and excitement. Every day—at least since we passed Beni Hassan*—we have been on the lookout for crocodiles, and it is quite a spirit-stirring cry of the crew, which we now and then hear, *timseach! timseach!* You would be astonished at the agility which is displayed in seizing our guns, and the fearful accuracy of our aim at the scaly monsters; and perhaps you would be still more astonished to know that we have shot *at* crocodiles, over and over again, but we have not yet succeeded in killing one. In this experience, however, we are far from being alone, since it is a rare thing indeed for Nile voyagers to be able to boast of anything further than that of having wasted a goodly amount of powder and bullets on the impenetrable exteriors of crocodiles. Two or three times, for want of something better, we have paid considerable attention to incipient mutinies, or disturbances, which promised to result in this way; and occasionally we have to interpose

* This is the most northerly point at which crocodiles are found. On descending the river, Mr. P. had a shot at one on the shore near the Grottoes.

in a quarrel which springs out of too free a use of arrack, got in a neighboring town, or a supposed or real case of theft of one Arab from another. One evening we got mingled up with a rather novel case: a poor fellow in a boat near by was struggling, and shouting, and striving to get away from two or three others who were holding him, and endeavoring to calm his agitation. On inquiry, we learned that he was a passenger on the boat from Cairo to some point up the river, and he begged and entreated so much to come on board the "Ibis" for the night, that we consented. A most pitiful story indeed was that which he told; declaring that he was a merchant, returning home, and that he had overheard a project by the boatmen to murder him that night, and seize upon the little wealth which he had with him. I never saw a person so filled with terror, and whose countenance and every act indicated more intense and ungovernable excitement. On the part of the persons in the other boat, it was asserted, and apparently with reason, that the poor merchant was crazy, and had frequent attacks of this kind; and consequently they wished him to return to his proper quarters. As, however, he shuddered so fearfully at the proposition, that we could not bear to force him away—not being certain, too, but what his story might be true—we let him spend the night among the crew. The next day he left us quietly, and we saw him no more.

Much might be added on so prolific a theme as life on the Nile. I might tell you of naked monks from the convent of "Our Lady Mary the Virgin," near Jebel e' Tair, swimming across the river, and with just enough occidental learning to proclaim themselves *Christians*, begging lustily for help: I might dwell upon the picture of primitive manners which is afforded every day on the banks of this great river, where the village maidens come continually with their jars for water, and when they have filled them, raise them to their heads, and settling them on a small cushion placed there, walk away

erect, finely formed, and by no means deficient in beauty: I might enlarge upon the magnificent skies of southern Egypt, more glorious, or at least more marvellous, than aught ever seen in our cold regions; where the stars sparkle like suns, and the surface of old Nile seems to glitter as if filled with diamonds, wrapping the beholder almost into extacy, and lifting the devout soul up in aspirations of praise and gratitude to Him who created all these things for His own glory. I might indeed tell you a long, long story, and whisper in your ear that, after all, one becomes tired of the monotony and tediousness of living in a boat for months; but it needs *not*; you, I will not doubt, have had enough, and more than enough, to satisfy you that life on the Nile must be rather stupid, if my attempted description of it is any certain index of its true character and attractions; and I am quite sure that you will feel no special regret if I end here without another word. In my next letter, I hope to interest you in something of a very different nature from that which has formed the staple of the present letter.

LETTER V.

Philae—Syene—Elephantine—Esneh.

Vicinity of Philae.—The Island.—Ruins.—Extent and Character.—Egyptian Architecture.—Its Effect in General.—Large Chamber.—Used by the Early Christians.—Crosses and Inscriptions.—Greek, Italian, French, &c.—The Cataracts.—Swimming Exhibition.—Syene.—The Granite Quarries.—Island of Elephantine.—Its Ruins.—Present Inhabitants.—Thoughts on their Condition.—Esneh.—Its Temple.—Ghawazy.—Disgusting Exhibitions.

ASWAN, Jan. 30th, 1849.

MY DEAR S.,

WE were just thirty-one days in ascending the Nile, counting from the time that we left Búlak, the port of Cairo, to the day of our arrival at Aswán and the First Cataract; considering the distance, which is not quite six hundred miles, it has been a long and rather tedious passage. My impressions of the journey, its pleasures and pains, its lights and shades, I have already sent you. It now becomes my pleasing duty to speak of other things, and to endeavor to give you as good an idea as I can of Egyptian antiquities, in so far as I have been permitted to examine them in this vicinity. Most of the interesting localities on either side of the Nile we have been compelled to leave for examination during our voyage down the river. The few days that we have spent at Aswán, the farthest point south to which we purpose proceeding with our boat, have been principally devoted to the island of Philae and its extensive remains, the vicinity of the Cataracts, the vast quarries of Syenite granite, and the island of Elephantine, just below the rapids. If you will allow me, I will

endeavor to speak intelligibly and accurately of matters, which, I trust, will not be deemed unworthy your attention.

The island of Philae occupied us a whole day. Leaving our boat at Aswán, below the Cataracts, we set off early, and, riding over a broad plain of sand, and the remnants of stones from the quarries, which were once so extensively worked, and passing through a vast unenclosed cemetery, in which the rich and poor, the high and the low, lay mingled together, we came again to the river: a small boat soon wafted us over the intervening space, to the shore of Philae. As we drew near to it, it was impossible not to be struck with the marked contrast of the scenery round about, and of that below the rapids. Usually, as you know, the banks of the Nile are of uniform height, without stones or rocks, save when the mountain range rises abruptly at the water's edge, and the eye sees, day after day, the same plain on either hand, with the villages, and towns, and groves of palms, and the vast deserts in the distance beyond; but here, massive rocks not only encompass the river, and divide it into several smaller streams, but spring up in the very midst of the channel, and by their huge masses, and the lofty hills all around, give an air of wildness and almost sublimity to the scene. To one who, like myself, had become rather wearied with the monotony of the scenery along the lower portion of the Nile, it was refreshing to look once more upon such things as these, and to feel that we were once again amid objects which forcibly reminded us of portions of our dear native land. The island itself is picturesquely and rather beautifully situate, and not inaptly deserves the name which has been given to it;* and one loses all surprise that the Ptole-

* Philae, known in Arabic by the name of *Anas el Wogúd*, is about seven miles south of Aswán, and has deservedly obtained the epithet of "beautiful." In Greek it was called Φιλαί, and in Egyptian *Pilak*, or *Ailak*, and *Ma-n'-lak*, "the place of the frontier." I find that Mr. Lane, in his admirable version of the "Thousand-and-one Nights," supposes a part of the story of *Uns-el-Wujood and El-Ward-Fi-L-Akman*, to refer to the Nile and the island of Philae. In

mies should have chosen this remote and isolated spot for a grand temple, when he gazes at it for awhile, and notes its admirable position, and its adaptedness to the purposes of religious solemnities.

On landing, we clambered up a rather steep and high bank, which brought us to the level of the ruined temples, and certainly presented before our eyes a most novel scene; for the whole island is devoted to the vast erections which have here been made; and not a living creature, or a sign of life, can anywhere be seen. All the glory of Philae has passed away forever, and its hundreds of priests and priestly attendants, and its crowds of worshippers, from the kings and nobles down to the peasant and the slave, are gone, and the place which once was theirs knows them now no more. Ourselves were the only persons on the island, and we wandered through the ruins, and looked upon the deserted halls and sanctuaries of pagan idolatry, alone and unattended, save by one or two little boys, who had swum across the channel on a log of wood, to salute us with the ever-ready cry of *bakhshish!* We entered the ruins at the northerly end, and before looking at any objects in detail, gave a cursory glance at the whole. The principal building is the temple of the moon-crowned Isis, the rooms of which we explored as well as we could; we mounted a stone staircase, which led to the top of the temple or second story, as I may call it. Here we looked into a chamber with a narrow portal, and beheld a number of hieroglyphics and sculptured figures, which, according to Wilkinson, relate to the death and resurrection of Osiris, that

the story, the "sea of the Kunooz" is spoken of, and the learned translator, after informing us that the term *bahr* is applied to "a large river," as well as "a sea," goes on to say:—"The people who inhabit the banks and islands of the Nile between Aswán and Wadee-es-Suboora are called the 'Kunooz;' therefore that portion of the Nile which flows through their country may be properly called 'Bahr-el-Kunooz, and Philae, which is in this part of the Nile, near the northern limits, is now called 'the island of Anas (or more properly Uns) el-Wujood.'"—Lane's "*Thousand-and-one Nights*," vol. ii. p. 576.

deity of whom the Egyptian stood in such awe, as to lower his voice and drop his eyes, when he uttered the fearful adjuration, "By him that sleeps in Philae!" This interesting chamber is nearly over the western adytum, and is about fifteen feet long, by nine wide and eight high. Here, too, we had a fine view of the island itself and the surrounding scenery; one object in particular attracted our attention: it was a large stone or rock on the edge of the water, opposite the northerly end of Philae; it looms up very remarkably, and presents a form not unlike a vast altar or shrine; possibly it may have been used for some religious purposes, though that is denied by the best authorities. To the west we saw the island of Biggeh, a wild and desolate spot, where are some few remains of early days, and one or two mud huts built in their midst; and to the south and west we gazed upon the extent of the buildings here spread out, the narrow channels of the Nile, which flow on either side of this lovely island, and the arid and parched up plains and hills of Nubia stretching away in the distance. Passing through the portal of the first propylon, we emerged into a large open court, with a fine corridor on either hand, and where, near the commencement of the eastern corridor, as well as I could make out, is the small chapel of Æsculapius. The sculptures on the propyla are colossal, and though in great measure defaced by the hand of violence, still evince the skill of the artist, and the taste and habits of the age. In the next passage-way, through the second propylon, we read the famous inscription which the army of Napoleon caused to be placed here, and which has not escaped disfigurement;* and on emerging into the open space beyond, found ourselves in a position of much interest: we were standing before the Great Temple, in all its imposing grandeur; while to the south, for a very long distance, was a continued line of columns, more or less broken,

* Perhaps you may think this inscription worth the trouble we took in copying it; it is as follows, (see next page):—

on both sides of the area, terminating in what Irby and Mangles call "a large pylon formed by two moles:" here a lofty obelisk stands, and marks the extreme southerly end of the island. Formerly there were two obelisks, one on each side, at the close of the long colonnade; but at present only one remains, the other having been removed to England by Mr. Bankes, many years ago. In this portion of the ruins, we beheld the evidences of the uses to which the temples, after the fall of paganism, were devoted; for half-standing mud huts, and great heaps of rubbish from their remains, lie all around, and if possible, add to the desolateness of the scene: the same thing we found to be true in other parts of Philae, where such proofs of degradation of the living, contrasted with the grandeur of the ancient system of imposture and deception, were far more painful than I am able to express in words. While in this portion of the island, I walked to the most southerly point, and looked down from the elevation of some

REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE, AN 6,
LE 13 MESSIDOR.
UNE ARMEE FRANCAISE COMMANDEE PAR BONAPARTE
EST DESCENDUE A ALEXANDRIE.
L'ARMEE AYANT MIS, VINGT JOURS APRES,
LES MAMLOUKS EN FUITE
AUX PYRAMIDES,
DESSAIX COMMANDANT LA PREMIERE DIVISION,
LES A POURSUIVIS AU-DELA, JUSQU'AUX CATARACTES,
OU IL EST ARRIVE LE 13 VENTOSE, AN 7.

LES GENERAUX DE BRIGADE
DAVOUST, FRIAND, ET BELLIARD,
D'ONZELOT-CHEF DE L'ETAT MAJOR,
LATOUR PREM. COMM. DE L'ARTILLERIE,
EPPLER CHEF DE LA 21me LEGERE.
LE 13 VENTOSE, AN 7 DE LA REPUBLIQUE,
3 MARS, AN DE JES. CHR. 1799.

Certain ill-natured persons having scratched their own names on this tablet, and in part injured what it contains, some indignant Frenchman has carefully erased everything of the sort, and, by way of rebuke, has caused to be written up in large, clear letters this line, "UNE PAGE D'HISTOIRE NE DOIT PAS ETRE SALIE."

twenty-five or thirty feet upon the Nile, which flows rapidly by on either side, till it meets again below, to rush impetuously down the rapids: at this point, too, I gained another fine view of the country above ancient Syene, and occasionally had an opportunity to notice the difference between the Nubian race and the Arab population of the Lower Nile. The former are, as you may know, more brave and warlike, and consequently possessed of greater liberty than the people of the North: the fellahín of the villages are usually quiet and peaceable, and, having suffered from the hand of despotism being laid heavily upon them, are more degraded and less spirited than the dark-skinned inhabitants of the South. I regret that I cannot give you exactly the entire length of these ruins, and some other measurements which would enable you to gain a better idea of their great extent and imposing appearance: I can only say, that the island appeared to me to be about two thousand feet in length, by perhaps three hundred feet in breadth in its widest portion. Nearly the whole is occupied by the temples, and buildings of that sort, a fact which may aid you, in part, at least, in understanding what a noble field is here spread out for the examination and study of the chronologer and antiquarian.*

I shall not pretend to enter into a detailed account of all that Philae offers to the lover of ancient things; it would not interest you to an extent sufficient to warrant me in undertaking so laborious a task, and besides I feel my own incompetency too sensibly to venture upon a matter of this impor-

* "At three we arrived at Philae, called by Hamilton and Burckhardt, Giesiret el Berbe el Ghassir, or Giesiret Anas el Wodjoud. The first of these names means the Island of ruined Temples—not an inapt denomination. Philae is the easternmost of a group of islands and rocks which compose the first cataract. It is about half a mile long, rather high, and being entirely covered with magnificent ruins, has a grand and imposing appearance: the lofty pylons are seen at a great distance, and produce a fine effect. The island divides the Nile into two streams, and the water, finding so great an impediment in its course, rushes by with considerable velocity."—Irby and Mangles' "*Travels in Egypt, Nubia,*" &c., p. 34.

tance. You will pardon me, however, I trust, if I speak of one or two particulars, in connection with this lovely island, of more than ordinary interest. Without dwelling upon the hieroglyphics or sculptures which abound on the walls and columns of the temples at Philae, I cannot but call your attention to the character of the architecture, so different from that of every other land, and the singular brilliancy and clearness of the colors which have lasted so many centuries, and appear almost as if the work of the past year. In general, there is, if I may venture to say it, a heaviness about Egyptian buildings; the vast columns and immense stones which form the walls; the want of relief to a broad and high wall, such as is found in our western style of architecture; and the singularly grotesque objects by which the artist sought to divert the attention from dwelling too closely upon the temple as a whole, appear to me as serious defects. My experience is, of course, slight, and therefore my opinion is of small value; but I cannot yet say that I have felt any of that extreme gratification of which many speak in visiting the ruins of ancient Egyptian temples; nor have I been able to look upon any one scene which conveyed a tithe of the delight which I found in various old castles and churches in England and on the continent. Apart from the great antiquity of Egypt and its temples, and the charm which its historic recollections and associations must ever throw around it, I do not suppose that the world would be especially struck with the heavy masses of stone, the enormous pillars, the excess of ornament, the vast expanse of side-wall, and such like features of the architecture of this wonderful land; and certainly I do not conceive that it would for a moment be compared with the chaste elegance of the Grecian, or the imposing grandeur of the Gothic style. Even Sir G. Wilkinson confesses that the architecture of the Ptolemaic period (during which Philae was devoted to the purposes of religious worship) has little to satisfy the mind or gratify the taste, and

in speaking of Dendera, acknowledges that the style of the figures is graceless, the hieroglyphics profuse and ill-adjusted, the columns, looked at singly, heavy, perhaps barbarous, in appearance, and the walls tediously long and unrelieved; and though this language may appear too strong, as applied to Philae, I am persuaded that, in substance, one feels that in these respects Egyptian architecture, as we now see it in ruins, is vastly inferior to that which prevailed in Greece and the west of Europe in later days. At the same time, it is but just to recollect that we see everything under the greatest possible disadvantages, and, as the learned author of "Modern Egypt and Thebes" very properly says, "a temple did not present the same monotonous appearance (which it now does) when the painted sculptures were in their original state; and it was the necessity of relieving the large expanse of flat wall that led to this rich mode of decoration." But however this may be, no one can look upon the richness of coloring which still exists, without astonishment; so balmy is the climate of Egypt, so remarkably free from dampness or moisture, and so well suited to the preservation of works of art, that to one who comes from a land of cold and storms, it seems well nigh impossible that he can be gazing upon decorations thousands of years old. Over head, he looks upon a ceiling representing the clear blue sky, bespangled with stars, and so fresh and brilliant are the colors, that it needs no particularly vivid fancy to imagine that the scene is veritably before him, and that the artist has not long since left the work which he has completed. On the walls and columns, over the pyla and throughout the temple, he sees the green, and red, and yellow, and other colors used in adorning the sculptures, and in them too he recognizes the same brightness and beauty, and hardly knows whether most to admire these, or mourn over the desolation which the ruins as a whole present.

You will readily understand, my dear S., with what interest I spent a considerable time in one of the large apartments

in the main temple, over the entrance to which is sculptured that striking symbol, the winged orb, where I discovered two or three crosses of St. John, cut into the wall near the doorway, and inscriptions in Greek under them, stating the fact, that at one period our brethren in the faith of Christ here assembled to worship. This room is about forty feet square, and is adorned with ten noble columns, measuring fourteen feet round, and covered with carvings or sculptures of various sorts, many of which have been defaced, or plastered over as an easier way of hiding them from view. The capitals of the columns are all different in design, and have a singular effect, though it can hardly be considered good taste thus to seek ornament in an edifice of this sort. Doors are on either side, leading into smaller chambers, which once appear to have been elaborately adorned; the light comes from above, there being no windows in the room. Near one of the walls I saw a splendid block of granite, about five feet in length, which was probably used for an altar when the Christians occupied this apartment as a church. I took some pains to decipher the inscriptions which testify to the fact just stated; they are cut into the solid wall, but not deeply, and are in the usual uncial characters. One of these, as a matter of curiosity, I subjoin:—

ΚΑΙ ΤΟΥΤΟ ΤΟ ΑΓΑΘΟΝ
ΕΡΓΟΝ ΕΓΕΝΕΤΟ
ΕΠΙ ΤΟΥ ΟCΙΩΤΑΤΟΥ
ΠΑΤΡΟC ΗΜΩΝ ΕΠΙCΚ
ΟΠΟΥ ΘΕΟΔΩΡΟΥ Ο ΘΣ̄
ΑΥΤΟΝ ΔΙΑΦΥΛΑΞΗ
ΕΠΙ ΜΗΚΙCΤΟΝ ΧΡΟΝΟΝ.*

* The above inscription may be found on the west side of the north entrance to the portico. I am sorry that I cannot inform you at what period this inscription was put here, or when bishop Theodore ruled over the church in this vicinity.

Various other inscriptions are to be found on the walls of the temple, some in Greek, stating how many nobles, warriors, statesmen and others, came here to worship Isis, and beg her favor and protection; some in Italian, particularly one over the massive doorway to the apartment of which I have spoken above, dedicated to the glory of Pope Gregory XVI., and the renown of the expedition which he sent out in 1841; and some in French, in the days of the older Republic, in which the names of the principal men are recorded with needless particularity, and the victories of the army are specified with all the grandiloquence of the Gallic nation. Besides these, the walls and columns, high and low, are adorned—I say adorned, because many persons must have thought that they were adorning them—with names of all sorts, and from all climes, perpetuating the memory of Mr. Softly's or Mr. Simpleton's visit to Philae. How important is it to the future traveller to know that Mr. S. has preceded him! But I leave these, one and all, with simply quoting what is really useful, if it be correct, from one of the inscriptions made by the French expedition: "longit. depuis Paris, 30° 16′ 22″; latitude boreale, 24° 3′ 45″."—And so, farewell to Philae.

In returning to our boat, we passed very near the Cataract, and were witnesses of a rather curious scene. The rapids, I must mention, are no great matter, and hardly equal those just above Niagara Falls; nevertheless, they are not to be despised, and except under skilful management, a boat would certainly be lost amid the rocks, if it should happen to get among them unawares. While looking from a hill near by at the Cataract and its waters dashing down impetuously, we saw several naked Arabs prepare to swim down the current, and exhibit their skill in reaching the smoother water below in safety. In they went, one or two with a log between their legs, but most of them without anything at all, and at one moment their heads would be above the water, and at another, not a trace of their tawny bodies would be visible.

After a few minutes, dripping with the spray, they climbed nimbly up the bank and demanded *bakhshish* for the sight which we had witnessed: happily, it took only a few piastres to content them, and they marched off in high glee, and we returned to Aswán just at sunset.

Of the modern town which answers to ancient Syene, I need not say anything, as it presents few points of interest beyond what all Arab towns and villages have in common. I made one expedition through it, without any attendants; but except a little extra impertinence, I met with nothing worth recording. Syene was a place of importance in earlier days, being on the frontier of Egypt to the south; it is spoken of by the prophet Ezekiel, who denounced the judgments of God against the land of the Pharaohs:—

> "Behold, therefore I am against thee and against thy rivers,
> And I will make the land of Egypt utterly waste and desolate,
> From Migdol to Syene, even unto the border of Ethiopia."*

In later times, the emperor Hadrian sent Juvenal into banishment to this spot,† with the half-mock title of "Governor of the Frontier of Egypt," and it was here in exile that the great satirist died, four years subsequently, at the advanced age of more than fourscore years. At present, the most interesting thing in connection with this vicinity is undoubtedly the quarries of granite, so well known under the name of Syenite, or red granite. I spent part of a very hot day in examining these quarries, and can assure you that nothing which I have seen in Egypt impressed me more strongly with the skill and ability of the ancient inhabitants than what I here witnessed. What instruments they must have possessed to separate from the solid mass such immense blocks of stone as we see in every part of Egypt; and what machines they must have used to transport the obelisks, and

* Ezek. xxix. 10; xxx. 6; marg. reading.

† Some authorities mention other localities in Egypt as the place of his exile.

statues, and sarcophagi to their destination, often hundreds of miles distant! I can hardly believe what is generally stated by writers on antiquities, that this wonderful people had no tools of iron, but that all their work was done with so inferior a metal as copper or brass: if the fact be really so, it heightens the idea of their skill and capacity, and almost puts to shame the greatest efforts of art in modern times. It was a curious thing to see an obelisk nearly completed and wrought with care, lying as it were just ready to be removed; and it did not require much stretch of imagination to suppose that the workmen had only recently left it, and that instead of thousands of years which have passed away never to return, only a few days had elapsed since the skilful artisans of some old Pharaoh were singing merrily over their work. Leaving this singular remnant of antiquity, my guide next carried me up a steep ascent to another very remarkable locality, where I had an opportunity to observe the manner in which the ancient Egyptians used to cut off the blocks of stone. Several incisions about six inches deep and wide were made in the rock, at intervals of about ten inches; into these they appear to have driven wooden wedges, which being saturated with water by means of a small trench cut to contain it, expanded, of course, and broke off the block by their equal pressure. In some cases, probably, a violent blow or concussion was employed for the same purpose. I cannot better conclude this brief notice of these interesting and extensive quarries, which contain many other very curious remains, than by quoting the language of Wilkinson, in respect to the component parts of syenite granite: "The nature of the rocks about Syene," he says, "is not, as might be expected, exclusively syenite, but on the contrary, consists mostly of granite, with some syenite and a little porphyry. The difference between the two former is this—that syenite is composed of felspar, quartz, and hornblende, instead of mica, or solely of felspar and quartz; and granite of felspar, quartz

and mica. According to some, the ingredients of syenite are quartz, felspar, mica and hornblende; but the syenite of antiquity, used for statues, was really granite. Indeed, many of the rocks of Syene contain all the four component parts; and from their differing considerably in their proportions, afford a variety of specimens for the collection of a mineralogist."*

Elephantine, the "Isle of Flowers," and, according to Herodotus (lib. iii. 19), the dwelling-place of the Ichthyophagi, or fish-eaters, lies opposite Aswán, and in many respects quite equals Philae in picturesqueness and beauty. Mr. Denon speaks of it and its ruins in very highly laudatory terms, as indeed, is his practice with nearly everything he saw in Egypt. No doubt the time was, when its temples, with the city of the same name, its quays and public edifices, which, as we are assured, were on the same grand scale as the sacred island of Philae, were exceedingly imposing and beautiful; but now it would be hard to find a more desolate-looking place than the major part of the island; and the few ruins that are still preserved, hardly repay one for the trouble of visiting them, and for the sadness which accompanies him in such a locality, and amid the ruins of such greatness. Our guide was perfect in his way, and he dragged me from one site to another,—now to seek for the scant traces of an ancient Nilometer, now to look at the remnants of an ancient quay, now to see a mutilated statue of Osiris, now to inspect a ruined granite gateway, and now, amid the heaps and rubbish of mud huts, and across the hills and fields, to behold a small sarcophagus cut in the solid granite rock, but empty and unused, and without mark to distinguish its age or owner; but I found very little to interest me in these ruins. Much more attractive seemed the green fields of grain, the stately palms, and the evidences of life, and of God's goodness and mercy; "for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the

* "*Hand Book for Egypt*," p. 417.

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unjust;"* and I will confess to you, what may ruin me in the eyes of the wholesale admirers of antiquity, because it is antiquity, that I took more pleasure in going through the small village near the river, inhabited by Nubians, and catching a glimpse of their mode of life, than in all the remains of early grandeur which Elephantine presents, to the admiring gaze of the traveller. These poor people, dwelling in their mud huts, which would hardly be thought fit residences for the swine in our country, appeared to me far from unhappy. Their wants are few and easily supplied, their climate, at this season, is delicious, their beautiful palms and other trees afford them shade from the scorching sun, and their huts, mean and contemptible as they are, according to our western notions, serve to accommodate them and their numerous offspring, in a style quite equal to their desires. With our feelings and habits, and accustomed to the luxuries which fall to the lot of nearly all in our highly favored land, they would, of course, be miserable in so degraded a condition, and obliged to live amid filth and penury. But I am by no means sure, that, looking at their position and enjoyments by the standard of what they are fitted for, they are so much to be pitied as at first sight might appear. Think you that they would not be more unhappy and wretched than they now may be thought, if they were suddenly transported to a western dwelling, obliged to wear our clothing, and attend to the thousand customs of refined society and elegant habits? But what *is* to be mourned over is their deep degradation in an intellectual and religious point of view. Nine out of ten know literally nothing more than the animals which they employ in cultivating the ground; and not one in a thousand ever attains to even the simplest rudiments of education: and then, when looked at as responsible creatures, as having souls, and as beings who will have to give account for the deeds done in the flesh, whether they be good or whether they

* Matt. v. 45.

be evil, what a sad picture do they present! Hardly any of them know aught, even of the false religion of the impostor, whose name serves to characterize them and thousands of others: seldom do the men pretend to pray, and the women, as, indeed, is the case everywhere, under the detestable system which degrades them to the lowest possible level, never pray; and as they are never expected to have, so they never in reality have, any religion of any sort.* O, is not this a matter to move the heart and bedew the eyes with tears! is there not reason for every Christian man, and woman, and child, to cry earnestly to God, to send help and lighten the darkness of myriads like these!

On this topic, however, I may not here enlarge; perhaps at another time I may resume the subject, and give you, more in detail, the impressions made upon my mind by actual contact with the Mohammedan religion, as exhibited in the lives and conduct of the Egyptians. At present, the objects of interest along the Nile claim our attention, and I purpose to address you from several of the most important points, as we descend the river, which, though contrary to what may appear the natural and proper order, is rendered necessary by the fact, that in ascending the Nile, we have left nearly everything to be examined at subsequent times, on our journey downward. I may mention, however, in this place, that as we came up we stopped for part of a day at Esneh, which is about a hundred miles north of Aswán, and took a look at the ruins of a vast temple, of which only the portico remains free from the mounds of rubbish and the huts of the villagers. The portico is of late date, containing simply the names of some of the Cæsars, as Tiberius, Vespasian, Trajan, &c. I

* The statement is literally true in respect to the fellahín of Egypt. Occasionally, it is true that among the higher classes in the cities, some Pharisaic old lady will now and then make a great display in going through the required prayers; but the mass, even of the best instructed, neither know nor care anything about the matter, and it is a sad truth, as Mr. Lane expressly asserts, that "*very few* women in Egypt even pray at home."—See "*Modern Egyptians*," vol. i. p. 114.

do not intend here, to detain you with any description of this remnant of early days; it is sufficient to quote the words of Wilkinson, who says: "The imposing style of its architecture cannot fail to call forth the admiration of the most indifferent spectator; and many of the columns are remarkable for elegance and massive grandeur. It was cleared out to the floor by order of Mohammed Ali, during his visit to Esneh in 1842." Another matter, however, I do not think it right to pass over, since I fear that there are such erroneous notions on the subject of right and wrong becoming current among travellers, that it is made a duty to protest against everything of the sort; more especially as our holy religion is held responsible for the faults and follies of those who bear its name. The circumstances are these:—

Esneh has become the place of exile of the dancing girls, or Ghawázy, who formerly were permitted to exhibit their indecencies in Cairo, and have been spoken of by several travellers, in years that are gone by, as one of the many strange sights to be seen in Egypt. At Esneh these prostitutes carry on a regular business, and hire themselves for the day or evening to any whose tastes are prurient enough to wish to behold their obscene exhibitions. It ought certainly to be a matter of deep regret, that there are any to be found at this day, who deem themselves justified in attending a dance of this character; for my part, I have never been able to understand why filthy songs, licentious dances, and the most disgusting immódesty should be encouraged by gentlemen, and those wearing the Christian name, because these things take place in Egypt, rather than at home; nor further, am I able to comprehend, why what is wrong in itself should not be discountenanced wherever it exists; or why a man's morals and principles should not be held as sacred and as binding in the East as in the West. If I could so far have forgotten what was due to the virtuous female, as to have gone to see these Ghawázy, I should not have dared to pollute these

pages with any accounts of scenes, which are only equalled by some of the outrages upon morality in certain portions of Paris. That it may not be supposed that my language is stronger than the occasion warrants, I beg to use the words of Mr. Lane, than whom it would be impossible to find a higher authority: "The Ghawazee often perform in the court of a house, or in the street before the door, on certain occasions of festivity in the hareem; as, for instance, on the occasion of a marriage, or the birth of a child. They are never admitted into a respectable hareem; but are not unfrequently hired to entertain a party of men in the house of some rake. In this case, as might be expected, their performances are yet more lascivious than those which I have already mentioned. Some of them, when they exhibit before a private party of men, wear nothing but the shintiyan (or trousers), and a tob (or a very full shirt or gown) of semi-transparent colored gauze, open nearly half-way down the front. To extinguish the least spark of modesty, which they may yet sometimes affect to retain, they are plentifully supplied with brandy, or some other intoxicating liquor. The scenes which ensue cannot be described. I need scarcely add, that these women are the most abandoned of the courtesans of Egypt."* Sir G. Wilkinson uses language equally strong, and characterized by indignation and warmth. But I need not dwell upon so ungrateful a topic; and, had I not felt compelled, as a Christian and a minister of the Gospel of truth and purity, to utter words of warning and remonstrance, not a sentence should have escaped me in regard to the matter. Having, as I trust, discharged my duty, let me dismiss the subject entirely; and in my next, let me introduce you to ancient Thebes, and its world-renowned ruins.

* "*Modern Egyptians*," vol. ii. p. 107.

LETTER VI.

Necropolis of Thebes.

Vast Variety and Extent of Ancient Thebes.—Details not Attempted.—Some Days spent in Looking over the Ground.—Difficulty of Selecting Objects for Description.—Several Villages now occupy Site of Ancient Thebes.—History of its Downfall.—Outline Sketch of its Wonderful Ruins.—West Bank of the Nile.—Necropolis of Thebes.—Position of the Catacombs.—Belzoni's Tomb.—Interior.—Splendid Decorations and Sculptures.—Bruce's or the Harper's Tomb.—Deeply Interesting.—Other Tombs.—Temple at Medinet Habú.—Style and Character.—Sunrise Visit to the Vocal Memnon.—Position of the Colossi.—How was the Sound Produced?—Present Condition of the Colossi.

LUXOR, Feb. 6th, 1849.

MY DEAR S.,

IT is somewhat contrary to the natural order of things, to address you from ancient Thebes, *after* sending you a letter from a point so much farther south as Aswán and the Cataracts are, where my last epistle was dated; but I could not well do otherwise. When we went up the Nile, about two weeks ago, we stopped only an hour or so at Luxor, and paid no attention to the grand ruins at Karnak, and those on the west bank of the river; but having a good wind in our favor, we endeavored to make the best of it, and pressed forward without delay, purposing on our way down, to spend a week or ten days in this deeply interesting locality. We have, accordingly, done so, and it now becomes my pleasing duty, to try to record, for your gratification, some of the incidents of the past week, and my privilege to give utterance to some of the many and deep reflections which such scenes as are here exhibited must ever excite in the thoughtful mind.

I shall, first of all, disclaim everything like an attempt to

describe, in detail, the remains of ancient Thebes; mainly because a week's stay amid the ruins of the far-famed hundred-gated city of Homeric days, is utterly insufficient to fit one to speak, with even tolerable accuracy, of what is here spread out to view; and also, because there is so much to occupy one, such a vast variety to describe, such an extent of ground to be gone over, that it would be preposterous for me, within the narrow limits to which I have restricted myself, to venture for a moment to enter into particulars respecting the ancient capital of Egypt. Not only am I wholly incompetent to deal in the manner which they deserve, with those topics which have occupied the greatest genius of modern times, and the most valued years of such men as Champollion, Rosselini, Wilkinson, Bunsen, and many others; but, from the necessity of the case, I am so hurried, that I can give but a week to the examination of ruins, amid which Sir Gardner Wilkinson lived for years, and which would richly repay the lover of ancient lore, who should here pitch his tent, and determine to abide till he had faithfully gone over the remains of once glorious Thebes. It will be the best, therefore, on every account, that I should select a few things out of the many which here crowd upon the attention, and speak somewhat more fully of such matters as I am sure will interest you equally with myself.

The first two or three days we spent in giving a general look over the ground, which was to be gone over afterwards more in detail. Under any circumstances, this locality would be interesting; for it would be hard to find, anywhere along the banks of the Nile, a more lovely plain spread out to the view, or a more imposing rampart of hills in the distance, to give character and nobleness to the scene. On either side of the river, the cultivated land extends back for some two or three miles, not only presenting a rich carpet of green on which the eye loves to rest, but also serving as a magnificent site for so many great and glorious temples as are here ex-

hibited to the wonder of all ages. Frequently, when I have attained some elevated position, either among the hills, or amid the massive ruins of Karnak or Luxor, I have been compelled to admire the extent, not less than the beauty, of this plain or valley, which is nearly thirty miles in circumference;* and I have not known, at times, which most to admire, the mighty monuments of the wealth and power of the ancient Egyptians, or their taste and judgment in the selection of a site which would most fitly display their progress in the arts and refinements of civilized life. If mere words could suffice, or if the enunciation of distance and extent of surface, were sufficient to convey an adequate idea of what, I am persuaded, can never be realized save by actual experience, then might I hope that, simply stating the facts as they are, would be all that is required; but as I know to the contrary, I must beg your indulgence if I seem to use language, which wears an air almost of exaggeration, in my attempt to convey to you my impressions of what remains of ancient Thebes. I dare not speak in the enthusiastic tone of the French savans, and yet I would fain believe that my feelings have been as deeply touched as theirs. I will not venture to give utterance to emotions of a merely general character, short as has been our stay in this vicinity, and necessarily rapid as has been our survey of the vast extent of ruins, at Luxor, Karnak, Medínet Habú, &c.; for I am fully sensible, that the main difficulty in a case of this kind is, to select out of the great abundance of matter for thought which crowds upon the mind, such as is most becoming and most useful to record. Bear with me, then, while I endeavor to indicate, in as few words as possible, the exact position of

* "We returned on foot, by the way of the Memnonium, ascending to the top of the Lybian chain, which on one side gave us a fine view of the valley and Tombs of the Kings, while on the other side we looked down on the plain, which contains the whole of ancient Thebes, together with the Nile, both seen to great advantage, and forming a splendid specimen of Egyptian scenery."—Irby and Mangles' "*Travels in Egypt, Nubia,*" &c., p. 47.

things in and about Thebes, such as it took us some days to ascertain: and then, with your permission, I will try to speak a little more fully, of a very few objects of interest, which it would be unpardonable to pass by in silence.

Though we use the term Thebes in speaking of the great city, which once exercised such wide sway in Egypt, you will understand that there is no modern town which will answer to this name, but that there are several villages, known as Luxor, Karnak, Medínet Habú, etc., which occupy the site of the ancient capital of the Pharaohs. So long ago as the time of Cambyses, the Persian conqueror, B.C. 525, Thebes received a blow to its prosperity, from which it never recovered; for the son of Cyrus spared no efforts to destroy the proud monuments of Egyptian power and glory; and, with a zeal more akin to insane fury, than aught else to which it can be likened, he sought to lay in ruins the metropolis of the country which he had conquered. Subsequently, too, one of the Ptolemies, B.C. 116, on occasion of a revolt against his authority, marched against Thebes, and wreaked his vengeance upon it, in a manner which it is impossible to characterize in the terms which it deserves; and there can be little doubt, that very much of the mischief which has been done to the temples and monuments in and about Thebes, is to be attributed to the deep and insatiable resentment of Ptolemy Lathyrus, quite as much as to the hatred manifested by the Persians against a system of worship and religion most odious in their eyes. Ever since, Thebes has borne but the name of what it once was: it has passed from under the domination of the Roman, the Saracen, the Turk, and the French, and has been for nearly half a century under the iron rule of Mohammed Ali, who, whatever else he may have done for Egypt, has not manifested any very enlightened views, in respect to preserving its antiquities from the rapacity of rival collectors, or the singular proceedings of certain distinguished savans. Its importance lost, and its glory taken

away by the rise of the new capital, Memphis, which, in its turn, has given place to another, where the present Pasha rules supreme, this once mighty capital of a great empire exists no more; but the traveller is compelled to wander from village to village, and seek in different spots, the remains of grandeur, which, even in their ruins, strike him more forcibly than he knows how to express. He approaches this deeply interesting region from the north, gliding over the bosom of the same mysterious river, which, for ages, has fertilized and blessed the land of Egypt: he sees before him, on either hand, a plain of several miles in breadth, and some six or eight miles in length, bounded by a line of hills or mountains, which seem, as it were, to inclose this lovely valley with an impassable wall, and render it as secluded as the most devout lover of retirement could desire. In almost every direction, he beholds the evidences of the vast wealth and power of the ancient Egyptians, in the massive remains of temples, the obelisks, the colossal statues, the avenues of sphinxes, the towering propyla, and such like. On the west bank he rides over the plain, passes the petty villages, or collections of mud huts, and in an hour's time, finds himself at the top of the mountain range, where he is even more astonished than ever at the wonderful necropolis of ancient Thebes, and spends several days most profitably, in wandering amid, and penetrating into, the tombs of the mighty dead. Here, too, he finds the remains of the Memnonium or Remeseum, the temple-palace of Kúrneh, the great temple at Medínet Habú, the vocal Memnon and its fellow-statue, both the work of Amunoph III., B.C. 1430; and as he surveys the scene immediately before him, with the Nile flowing on ever in its silent majesty, and the vast collection of ruins on the opposite bank, he cannot but admire the grandeur of conception, the extent of resources, and the deeply religious tone which characterizes the edifices of this ancient metropolis. Crossing again to the east bank, he sees, almost at the river's

side, the ruins of the temple at Luxor, in such strange and offensive connection with mud huts, stables, pigeon-houses, squalid children, noisy dogs, and such like things, which so effectually destroy all the romance with which imagination is apt to invest the relics of by-gone ages; he gazes at the mutilated statues, and the magnificent obelisk whose fellow now graces the Place de la Concorde in Paris; and perhaps he thinks, as I did, how much more noble and fitting this splendid block of syenite granite appears here, though in the midst of ruins, and exposed to the ignorance of the villagers, no less than the culpable and disgraceful thoughtlessness of some of those who travel, apparently without object, than its companion statue does, in the midst of the gay world of fashion and pleasure. Leaving Luxor, he mounts his donkey, and, riding in a southerly direction about two miles, he arrives at Karnak, where, doubtless, are the most ancient remains of the glory and greatness of Thebes, and where the successive monarchs of old seemed to have lavished all their care, and striven each to outdo the other in works which should add to the renown of the metropolis, and carry down their names to the most remote generations.* Visiting this last of all, as I did, the traveller finds Karnak to surpass all that he could have imagined; and he is for a time bewildered, and lost in the most profound astonishment, as he wanders amid ruins which cover so vast a space, and indicate a previous condition of glory and splendor, far, far beyond all that the world has ever since beheld. He spends some days here in endeavoring to gain a clear idea of what is before him: and leaving it

* The illustrious race of monarchs who composed the 18th dynasty "crowded the plains of Thebes and Memphis with temples and palaces, the mutilated remains of which in the former city still set at defiance the powers of language to describe the sensations which the sight of them excites in the mind of the spectator, and force, even from the most incredulous, the confession, that no imagination can conceive the combination of splendor and magnificence which must have overwhelmed the senses of him who, 3000 years ago, was privileged to enter the then hallowed precincts of Thebes in its glory."—Osburn's "*Antiquities of Egypt*," p. 217.

with regret, when his allotted time is expired, he is ashamed to acknowledge to himself how little, after all, he has really learned, and how incompetent he is to pretend to speak with precision of what it contains. Most thoroughly, too, does the conviction force itself upon his mind, that, to appreciate Thebes, one must take up his residence here, and, being well prepared by previous study of Egyptian history and antiquities, must give months, where he has had to be content with days, and even hours.

If now I have succeeded at all in conveying to your mind any idea of the general position of things in and about Thebes, you will readily comprehend how vast a field there is for description, for the exercise of learning and ingenuity, and for the most salutary reflection, amid such scenes as those to which I have so briefly, and, I fear, so imperfectly alluded. With a full consciousness of my inability to do justice to the theme, and with a knowledge that no sufficient excuse can be found for the presumption of writing about Thebes after a single week's stay amid its ruins, I shall venture to select only a few points to speak of more particularly, in the confident hope that you at least will pardon me that which is done to show my earnest desire to make you partaker of the privileges which have fallen to my lot in the present visit to the East. I shall first endeavor to tell you of what we saw on the west bank, and then devote some pages to Luxor, and especially Karnak.

The "Ibis" was moored on the eastern bank of the Nile, not far from Luxor; but as we are furnished with a small boat, it was an easy matter to be rowed across the river to any point which we chose; and I assure you that the scene which the early hour of the morning, just after sunrise, presents, is very beautiful and impressive, especially when one gives play to his imagination, and looks back into antiquity as contrasted with the present ruined and wretched condition of all that attaches to the once proudly-styled hundred-gated

city. On the west side of the river horses are supplied, though I cannot say much in their favor as respects speed, bottom, or other qualities; they answer, however, very well for present necessity, and carry the traveller over the ground quite as fast as he desires. For some distance we rode along the shore, and could not but admire the prospect which was afforded by the river, stretching away in both directions as far as the eye can reach, the opposite bank, with the ruins of Luxor near by, the lofty, towering propyla of Karnak in the distance, and the range of hills which bound the view on the east still farther off; after a while we turned off from the river's bank, and following the course of the valley, passed in full view of the vocal Memnon, which we did not now stop to examine, and in the course of an hour and a half came to the foot of the hills, or mountainous range, in which are the tombs of the kings. It took us some time to ride through the vast collection of gravel, sand, and chalky formations which lie strewed around, and it was by no means difficult to fancy ourselves in the midst of the chambers of the dead, so desolate and wholly removed from everything which has life is the necropolis of ancient Thebes. May it not, too, in the opinion of the early Egyptian teachers of religion, have had a good effect upon the living, thus to see continually before them, as the inhabitants of this great metropolis must have done, the vast dwelling-place of the dead, and to know that soon they likewise must occupy the space allotted to them in the tomb? From all that we know of the better features of their religious system—unhappily that is very little—it appears evident that they turned their attention quite as much to the subject of death and the preservation of the perishing body, as to care for the living and the every-day concerns of this fleeting existence.

We made it a point to enter Belzoni's tomb first of all, both on account of our respect for the distinguished man who discovered it, and because it is in itself very remarkable for

its interior decoration and arrangement. Unlike most of the others, this one is entered by a steep staircase, which, according to Wilkinson, descends twenty-four feet in perpendicular depth on a horizontal length of twenty-nine, and certainly seems to mar the effect which is gained by the gradual slope usually chosen in constructing the tombs. A short distance further on, a second staircase is found, by which we descended some twenty-five feet lower, and walking along a passage of about thirty feet in length, we came to an oblong chamber, twelve feet by fourteen, where formerly was a deep pit, which Belzoni filled up, and which appeared to form the limit of the tomb; his sagacity, however, and the skill he had acquired in detecting the hidden chambers which were formed with so much care by the ancient Egyptian kings to conceal their mortal remains and protect them from the hand of violence, enabled him, after great labor, to effect an entrance into the secret portions of this truly magnificently adorned burial-place. We did not wonder that Belzoni was delighted at his success, for rarely has it fallen to our lot to witness a scene at all comparable with what is here exhibited to the admiring gaze of the visitor. Hall after hall, and chamber after chamber, not more remarkable for size and extent than for beauty of sculpture and elegance of decoration, lay open to our inspection; and as we walked along, with steps slow and minds attuned to serious and solemn things, and beheld the multitude of objects which the artist has here drawn with a skill very surprising, when we consider the lapse of time since they were executed, our only light the flickering rays of a candle, and ourselves the only living things in the very charnel-house of a Pharaoh, you will believe me that I felt oppressed, and in some measure, pained with inexpressible emotions. I do not mean by this that death here wears the gloomy and terrifying aspect which is too generally associated with it; nor that the ancient Egyptian burying-places affect one with that chilling and shuddering sensa-

tion which steals insensibly upon such as go down into the tombs and vaults in Christian countries, and see and feel that they are indeed in the midst of festering corruption and mortal dust and ashes: on the contrary, I have been struck with the fact, that the very reverse is true of the tombs of Egypt. Everywhere they have sought to deprive death of its horrors, and, if I may be allowed to say so, have succeeded admirably well. It was not, therefore, as perhaps it may appear, the simple consciousness that we were in the chambers of the dead, the house appointed for all living, which affected me with sensations of mingled pain and grief: nay, while this consciousness had its full effect, it was something more which touched my feelings; it was rather the thought of the vanity and nothingness of all earthly things which forced itself upon my attention; it was the calling to mind that the great king who more than three thousand years ago ruled supreme in Egypt, and gloried in his power and magnificence, has sunk into oblivion, and his name and works, and all that appertained to him, have for ages been forgotten, like the things that perish and are no more. Standing here, in the mausoleum of the mighty and illustrious dead, who doubtless never dreamed that they should pass away utterly from the knowledge or recollection of men, I could not but feel how worthless is human glory, how less than nothing is this world's might, magnificence, splendor and beauty; and I could not but grieve over the vain and fleeting show for which mortals have spent their best efforts, and which, when attained, is like a vapor which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away forever. But, if such were the feelings most natural to the heart on an occasion like the present, O how grand and truly glorious appeared the hopes and expectations of the Christian, when set in contrast with what these ancient Egyptians possessed! how unspeakably precious seemed the lot of those who know and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and by whom this world and all its vain pomp and

circumstance are counted as nothing, and less than nothing, compared with the eternal and unfading glory which awaits the ransomed of the Lord! Truly, my dear S., if the heart of man sink within him, when he is compelled to realize the power of death and the perishable nature of earthly greatness, there is consolation in the thought that now no longer need he mourn and weep, for the Redeemer has purchased joy and peace for His children; no longer need he spend his efforts for naught, in the vain endeavor to escape the doom of mortality, for the grave has no terrors, death has no sting, for those who "are more than conquerors through Him that loved us;" yea, as the glowing Apostle to the Gentiles has said, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."*

I shall not attempt to describe in detail the respective chambers in this splendid Tomb; after what Sir Gardner Wilkinson has done in his very valuable and elaborate work, "Modern Egypt and Thebes," it would be presumptuous in me to venture to do more than speak of such points as consist with a rapid visit to the wonders of this ancient capital; you will, however, I trust, pardon my quoting a passage from Belzoni's narrative, giving an account of the sarcophagus which he found in the vaulted saloon, or grand hall, and which Wilkinson thinks was a cenotaph of the deceased monarch:—"The description," says he, "of what we found in the centre of the saloon, and which I have reserved till this place, merits the most particular attention, not having its equal in the world, and being such as we had no idea could exist. It is a sarcophagus of the finest oriental alabaster, nine feet five inches long, and three feet seven inches wide. The thickness is only two inches; and it is transparent when

* Rom. viii. 37-39.

a light is placed in the inside of it. It is minutely sculptured within and without with several hundred figures, which do not exceed two inches in height, and represent, as I suppose, the whole of the funeral procession and ceremonies relating to the deceased. I cannot give an adequate idea of this beautiful and invaluable piece of antiquity, and can only say that nothing has been brought into Europe from Egypt that can be compared with it. The cover was not there; it had been taken out and broken into several pieces, which we found in digging before the first entrance."* It was not our good fortune to see this elegant specimen of ancient workmanship, it having been removed many years ago to London for exhibition; but this was comparatively of little consequence; for there is so much to interest and astonish the visitor, that he hardly finds time to regret the absence of any one object, however important. In truth, I feel that the amount of decoration, in the way of sculpture, painting, hieroglyphics, &c., is so vast, and requires both so much more knowledge of art, and so much greater space than are at my command, that I am quite ashamed to deal so unfairly by you and by this wonderful catacomb, as to comprise within a few sentences all that I dare now undertake to say respecting it. Yet so it is, and you will have to be indebted to imagination for very much that no words of mine can adequately delineate. The numerous chambers, filled with hieroglyphics, of which Wilkinson speaks in detail; the freshness of color; the variety of design; the interest attaching to many of the figures and subjects, particularly those which are said to represent a procession of four different people or races, red, white, black, and white again, four by four, followed by Ra, "the sun;"† the drawings in one of the halls which have never

* Compare Russell's "*Ancient and Modern Egypt*," p. 223.

† This is the view advanced by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who thinks that the four red figures are Egyptians, the white, a nation of the north, the black, a southern people, and the other white figures an eastern tribe, all intended to

been finished by the sculptor; the various Egyptian divinities; and such like matters, are points on which I must not attempt to enlarge, and respecting which the larger volumes of Wilkinson and others can alone give satisfaction. At best, too, though I made two visits to Belzoni's tomb, and spent some hours in examining it, I must confess that I have but a confused recollection of the vast variety of hieroglyphical decoration, the strange profusion of serpents and reptiles of different sorts, the singular and mysterious ceremonies alluded to in some of the sculptures, the numerous gods and goddesses, the various figures of men and animals, and the many groups which are scattered throughout the halls and chambers; I could not, however, help being struck with some peculiarities in the representation of human figures, and noting them at the time. The shape of the head is excellent, and proves at once that the Egyptians were no more connected with the negro race than ourselves: the expression of the face, too, is pleasing, and in many cases very sweet and attractive; but the figure is very remarkable for extreme tenuity, and a slenderness of waist in the female, which is beyond anything attainable by the modern devotee of fashion. In other respects, while one could not but admire the artistical skill displayed in the design and execution of these figures, taking into account the early period at which they were drawn and sculptured, there was much room for regret that the knowledge of perspective was not more extended among a people who manifested talent of such high order in the arts in general. If I have an opportunity by and by, I may recur to this point again: now, I must leave this, as well as some minor matters relating to

typify the four divisions of the world, or the whole human race. Earlier writers, quoted by Dr. Russell, give a different view of these sculptures, supposing that the period referred to is the time of Pharaoh Necho, who conquered Jerusalem and Babylon (see 2 Kings, xxiii. 29, etc.), and his son Psammis or Psammuthis, who made war upon the Ethiopians: hence the people indicated would be the Jews, Ethiopians, Persians, and Egyptians. The opinion of Wilkinson is, however, entitled to the greater weight, from the fact that no Egyptologer except himself, has devoted the time and attention to Thebes which it deserves.

the scribbling of names on the walls, and various severe and not undeserved objurgations against Dr. Lepsius and his barbarisms in removing some of the sculptures, and ask you to accompany me to another tomb, on some accounts not less interesting than that of Belzoni.*

A short walk brought us to Bruce's, or the Harper's tomb, so called from the interesting figures of two minstrels, playing on harps of rather an elegant form, which were copied by the distinguished traveller just named, and furnished to Dr. Burney for his "History of Music." Unlike the one from which we had recently emerged, this tomb descends gradually from the entrance, and in its whole length of four hundred and five feet, reaches only thirty-one feet below the level of its mouth. I may mention here, too, that most of the tombs are constructed on this plan, and consist of a straight passage, about twelve feet wide and ten high, cut into the side of the soft limestone rock, and having on each side of the main hall a number of small chambers. The principal interest connected with this tomb, is undoubtedly on account of its throwing light upon the every-day life of the ancient Egyptians; and though the nature of the rock was not very favorable for sculpture, and a large part of the tomb is too much defaced to enable one readily to recognize the design of the artist, still sufficient remains to render Bruce's tomb one of the most attractive of them all. In one

* Lord Lindsay cannot contain his indignation at what has been done in this tomb:—"The spoilers have been at work in Belzoni's tomb: it makes the heart ache and the cheek burn to see such wanton outrage; one whole pillar (to say nothing of partial robberies, figures cut in two for the sake of a limb or an ornament) has been stript of its sculptures, and stands a melancholy wreck, naked and dazzlingly white, amidst its companions, the chips all around it—tongues of reproach, that curse the hand that maimed it!"—According to Wilkinson, the "total horizontal length of this catacomb is 320 ft., without the inclined descent below the sarcophagus, and its perpendicular depth 90. But including that part, it measures in depth about 180 ft., to the spot where it is closed by the fallen rock." The hieroglyphics show that the tomb was king Osirei's, (B.C. 1385) the father of Remeses II., who is supposed to be the great Sesostris of Egyptian history.

of the chambers are represented the various processes connected with culinary operations, as the slaughtering of oxen, the putting the cauldrons over the fire, the kneading of some substance with the feet, the making of bread, where the dough is kneaded by hand, &c. In another chamber is a great variety of warlike instruments, helmets, spears, daggers, clubs, standards, &c. In another are to be seen specimens of household furniture, as chairs, sofas, couches, and numerous ornamental articles for the drawing-room or parlor, of which Wilkinson truly remarks, that they prove that the ancient Egyptians "were greatly advanced in the arts of civilization, and the comforts of domestic life." But I need not dwell upon those points, which have been so admirably enlarged upon by the illustrious author, to whom all travellers in Egypt are so much indebted. One other chamber, only, demands a passing notice, viz., that from which the tomb generally derives its name. We spent some little time in looking at the harpers and their instruments, which have an additional interest from the circumstance of the name of Bruce being written just over one of them. The minstrels are blind, and the harps have eleven and thirteen strings; they are performing in the presence of the god Ao or Hercules, and might easily be taken for persons of the same rank in life, and the same occupation as the wandering musicians of modern days.

The other tombs of the kings, which we examined with some particularity, are those which Wilkinson has numbered 9, 14 and 15: we also took considerable pains to explore one of the extremely spacious tombs in the Assaseef, executed by a wealthy priest, who lived about B.C. 640. I am confident that I should weary you, were I to enter upon a detailed description of these catacombs, which have so many characteristics in common with those already spoken of. If I have been so happy as to render my meaning at all clear, there is the less necessity of this, since you will understand that the variety in the style, subject, and execution, is not great, and

that after all, it requires a very extensive preparation, to enjoy and profit by the most of things, in which these mansions of the dead abound. The Tomb of Memnon (No. 9), as it was styled by the Romans, is certainly well worthy a visit, and appears to have been greatly admired by the Greek and Roman visitors, who have recorded on the walls their sentiments, in inscriptions of some length. Nos. 14 and 15 have several points of interest, illustrative of Egyptian life and manners. The tomb belonging to the priest Petamunap, is very remarkable for its extent, and the profusion of its decoration; and it has been calculated, that the area of the excavation is twenty-two thousand two hundred and seventeen square feet, and with the chambers of the pits, twenty-three thousand eight hundred and nine; and that it occupies nearly an acre and a quarter of ground. At present, the bats have taken up their residence in such numbers, in this tomb, that it is extremely disagreeable to penetrate into its recesses.* In every direction, too, the scandalous manner in which the tombs and mummy-pits have been rifled, and the fragments of human remains scattered about, excite one's indignation at the heartlessness of travellers and antiquarian collectors, and the cupidity of the uncivilized Arabs.

Among the private tombs, by far the most curious and interesting is the one which Wilkinson has marked 35, for

* "We cannot leave these ancient tombs without expressing our regret that the rage for discovery in the mansions of the dead should have led to consequences so little creditable to European delicacy. The mummies have been drawn from their recesses with a rapacious and unsparing hand. The chief part of this havoc, no doubt, has been committed by the Arabs, who tear the bodies open to get at the rosin, or asphaltum, used in the embalming, which they sell at Cairo to great advantage; but travellers and their agents have also had their share in this sacrilege, as it may be justly called. It is, we are informed, a sad and disgusting sight; the sands and the edges of the graves, in some parts, being strewed with bones and even pieces of flesh thrown wantonly about. The poor Egyptians, who had slept in peace some thousands of years, have been mercilessly dealt with here, and the remains of warriors, citizens, and sages, now lie mingled together beneath the burning sun; for no retreat or sanctuary has been suffered to remain inviolate."—Russell's "*Ancient and Modern Egypt*," p. 230.

"it throws more light upon the manners and customs of the Egyptians, than any hitherto discovered." We did not fail, as a matter of course, to visit this tomb; and while we were gazing most intently at the picture of the brick-makers, which Rosselini has rendered renowned by copying it, and expressing a decided opinion respecting its application, we felt all the excitement arising out of the view, which, not Rosselini alone, but others equally learned and judicious, have adopted. Certainly there could not be a more striking and apt illustration of the words of Moses, than is afforded by this remarkable painting; "the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigor; and they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service wherein they made them serve was with rigor." (Exod. i. 13, 14.) Whether we concur in opinion with such distinguished scholars as Hengstenberg, Osburn, Rosselini, and others, who are very decided on the point of this pictorial representation being intended expressly to set forth the Jews working as slaves; or whether we defer to the judgment of Sir G. Wilkinson, Taylor, and men of that stamp, there can be no doubt, that it is a very surprising and very wonderful illustration of an important part of Scripture history. For myself, as you know, it becomes me to speak with the utmost diffidence on controverted points; yet I cannot forbear expressing to you my thorough conviction, that this is a veritable and trustworthy evidence from the monuments of Egypt, in favor of the truth of the Bible. I have looked at this picture with this feeling; I desire to cherish such feelings ever in my bosom, not "in defiance of logic," as Wilkinson would have it of those who take this view, but because the arguments are too many and convincing for me to doubt on the point. Let me quote, in support of the opinion which I would advocate, the words of the learned William Osburn, Jr.: after informing us that the present is the tomb of Rek-sharé, the chief architect of the temples

and palaces of Thebes, under Pharaoh Moeris, he says: "never, perhaps, has so striking a pictorial comment as this upon the sacred text, been before recovered. The physiognomy of the Jews it is impossible to mistake; and the splashes of clay with which their bodies are covered, the air of close and intense labor that is conveyed by the grouping on the left side of the picture, and, above all, the Egyptian taskmaster seated with his heavy baton, whose remorseless blows would, doubtless, visit the least relaxation of the slaves he was driving from their wearisome and toilsome task of making bricks, and spreading them to dry in the burning sun of Egypt, give a vivid impression of the exactitude of the Scripture phrase, 'all their service wherein they made them serve was with rigor.' The inscription at the top of the picture, to the right, reads, 'Captives brought by his majesty' (Moeris), 'to build the temple of the great god.' This means, either that Moeris was the king 'that arose that knew not Joseph, and that reduced the children of Israel to servitude;' or, more probably, that the family or gang of Israelites which are here represented, had been marched up from Goshen, and attached especially to the building of the temples at Thebes."* I shall not, however, enticing though the theme be, dwell longer upon this interesting picture, or the many others which this tomb contains. You will find all that is known, and the opinions of the wise and learned in Egyptian history and antiquities, in the volumes of the authors above named; and I will not doubt that you will agree with me in the sentiments I have ventured to express.† At this time, let me beg your

* Osburn's "*Antiquities of Egypt*," pp. 220, 221.

† Since my return to the United States there has been published, "The Monuments of Egypt, or Egypt a Witness for the Bible," by Francis L. Hawks, D.D., LL.D., 8vo. pp. 418. The learned author, in speaking of the bondage of the children of Israel in Egypt, discusses this subject quite at large, and with his usual ability. I am happy to refer you to pp. 179–188, where you will observe Dr. Hawks advocates the view adopted by Hengstenberg and Osburn.

patience for a little while, to a brief notice of one or two other matters on the western bank of the Nile.

Passing by the Memnonium or Remesseum, the small temple to the east, called *Deir el Medíneh*, from having been the abode of the early Christians, and the temple-palace (as it is termed) of Kúrneh, which are not, by any means, unworthy notice, but hardly require attention here, in the midst of so many other more imposing ruins in Thebes, I feel that it would hardly be right to omit all mention of the great temple at Medínet Habú, and the Colossus, with which we are familiar under the name of the "Vocal Memnon." The ruins of the temple are easily visited in the course of a day, and strike the attention the more forcibly, from their extent, character, and historical associations. Like all the ruins of Egypt, these are in the midst of surrounding objects, which offend the eye and the taste, and afford clear evidence of the degradation of the present race of inhabitants. Heaps of dirt and rubbish, the half thrown down mud huts of the villagers, who usually took up their residence in the midst of the old temples and ruins, and the here-and-there scattered proofs of a miserable existence in the squalid children, shouting for bakhshish, and the few goats which constitute all the wealth of their parents, give an air of desolation to the scene, which I am unable to describe, and which can hardly fail to impress the beholder with sad reflections. This temple-palace dates back, according to Wilkinson, to the time of Remeses III., B.C. 1235. We first passed what are called lodges, and arrived at a lofty building, resembling a pyramidal tower on either hand: these, together with the oblong court and gateway at the end, and the chambers on the inner or north side, gave us a good idea of the pavilion of the king, who made his royal residence in a locality such as this. Of the sculptures and decorations of this portion, time does not permit me to speak, much as they would strike the antiquary, and the admirer of Egyptian works of art: it may interest you

THE GRAND COURT IN THE TEMPLE AT MEDINET-HABÙ, THEBES.

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more to notice the singular symmetrophobia, as it is termed, which characterizes many of the pillars or columns in these temples. Here, in one of the large courts, as at Philae, it seemed not a little curious, that no two columns are alike, and that the artist has bestowed more care and labor to make each one different from the other, than to give them all that elegant symmetry and finish, which, to our notions, render the Grecian styles so attractive. "The next area," says Wilkinson, "is far more splendid, and may be looked upon as one of the finest which adorn the various temples of Egypt. Its dimensions are about one hundred and twenty-three feet by one hundred and thirty-three, and its height from the pavement to the cornice thirty-nine feet four inches. It is surrounded by an interior peristyle, whose east and west sides are supported by five massive columns, the south by a row of eight Osiride pillars, and the north by a similar number, behind which is an elegant corridor of circular columns, whose effect is unequalled by any other in Thebes. Nor do the colors, many of which are still preserved, tend a little to add to the beauty of its columns, of whose massive style some idea may be formed, from their circumference of nearly twenty-three feet to a height of twenty-four, or about three diameters." It is this grand court which the artist has presented to our view in the adjoining sketch. There is something rather grand and very interesting in the sculptures, of a historical character, on the walls of this vast court, commencing at the inner face of the tower: they are much too elaborate and extensive, for me at present to undertake to describe them; and as the author of "Modern Egypt and Thebes" has devoted a number of pages to an accurate description of the battle scenes here sculptured, I must beg to refer you to them, as on every account worthy a re-perusal. What struck me the most was the spirit and skill of the artist, who has succeeded in depicting scenes of this kind in a manner worthy of the later and better days of art; and,

despite all the defects of perspective drawing, and the want of proportion in many ways and in many portions of the figures, even the most casual observer must render the tribute of praise to the general effectiveness of the whole, and the singular accuracy and minuteness of most of the details. He cannot well fail, also, being impressed with the temple, as a whole, and as illustrating the main features of Egyptian architecture, in a manner most likely to make a deep and lasting impression. It is quite possible, nay, perhaps probable, that he will feel disposed to condemn these vast edifices, in which the land of the Pharaohs abounds, as heavy and in measure unmeaning, as deficient in the gracefulness and beauty of the Grecian style, and as evidencing a false taste; but he will find them grow upon him, and he will see reason to acknowledge, that in their palmy days, when all the richness of color, and elegance and profusion of decoration, were brought to bear; and when there was everything in keeping, both in surrounding objects and in the minds of the people, the temples of Egypt must have equalled, if not surpassed, all edifices in the world. Even now, too, the pilgrim wanderer amid the ruins needs no very vivid imagination to lead him to the conviction, that the ancient inhabitants of the fertile valley of the Nile were a people wonderfully advanced in the arts of civilized life, and truly great in those things to which it took the western world ages to attain. These remarks are no more than simple justice to the remains of art in Egypt, and may serve as a slight tribute at my hands, since I profess myself no great admirer of a style of architecture so totally different from all that I have been led to think the pure ideal of grace and beauty.

It may appear somewhat fanciful, but under the influence of our present circumstances, and the romance connected with the thing, we could not resist the inclination to visit the Vocal Memnon at the hour when so many pilgrims, both Greek and Roman, came to hear its heavenly voice, as they

usually termed it. We left our boat about daylight, and mounted on horses, rode briskly over the plain towards the Colossi, which, in the clear light of early morning, appeared to loom up very grandly. Just as the sun sent forth his first bright beams, and began to illumine the scene with a glory unequalled at any other hour of the day, we arrived in front of these colossal statues, and with ears attent, listened for that sweet-toned salutation with which, as so many have testified, the "Son of Tithonus" was wont to greet the sun's daily appearance. We were not of imperial rank, though part and parcel of the "sovereign people," and so were not treated like the emperor Hadrian, whom the obsequious colossus saluted *three times* one bright morning, just to show the difference between him and ordinary mortals: nay, as you will readily imagine, no sound whatever now issued from the Memnon; its vocal qualities are gone, and its glory and reputation departed forever, and, like the far-famed heathen oracles which once exercised such vast sway over the minds of men, but are now powerless and silent as the grave, so this colossus, which in the days of its beauty, and when it had its priests and thousands of votaries, was renowned throughout Rome's wide-world empire, is now, and has been for hundreds of years, ruined and defaced, and none are now found so poor as to do it reverence.

The position of these Colossi is very fine, and doubtless in the days when they were uninjured and surrounded by the magnificence which characterized Thebes under the Pharaohs, they formed objects of wonder and admiration to all beholders. They are about a mile and a half from the river, which they look towards, and stand in the middle of a broad plain, and not very far from the various ruins of which I have spoken above. It seems highly probable that these and other colossi formed part of the *dromos* or paved approach to the temple, now no longer existing, on this bank of the Nile, which fact would accord with the name of "Royal Street," which, as

Wilkinson states, is mentioned in some papyri found at Thebes, and which led to the river opposite Luxor, with which it communicated by means of a ferry. By the gradual rise of the land, the *dromos* is covered with alluvial deposit to the depth of about seven feet, and of course a large part of the pedestal on which the Colossi stand is below the present surface of the ground: this is to be taken into account in estimating their height and vast proportions.* As we approached them, in the distance they did not appear to be so lofty and imposing as they really are; and even when we stood at the side of the pedestal, climbed up upon it, and stood between the legs of the sitting figure, and looked up to the knees, nearly fifteen feet above our heads, we could hardly realize their full size: it was a greater amusement to us to see if we could catch any idea of the sound which was heard in olden times. We struck the stone in various places, but to no satisfaction, and we regretted that we had not the means of getting up to the lap of the statue, where, Wilkinson states, "is a stone which, on being struck, emits a metallic sound, that might still be made use of to deceive a visitor who was predisposed to believe its powers." Possibly all this was well studied out beforehand by the priests, for the stone of which the Colossi are constructed is, according to the same authority, to which I am so often indebted, "a coarse, hard grit-stone, 'spotted,' according to Tzetzes' expression, 'with num-

* The height of either Colossus is 47 ft., or 53 above the plain, with the pedestal, which, now buried from 6 ft. 10 in. to 7 ft. below the surface, completes to its base a total of 60. They measure about 18 ft. 3 in. across the shoulders; 16 ft. 6 from the top of the shoulder to the elbow; 10 ft. 6 from the top of the head to the shoulder; 17 ft. 9 from the elbow to the finger's end; and 19 ft. 8 from the knee to the plant of the foot. The thrones are ornamented with figures of the god Nilus, who, holding the stalks of two plants peculiar to the river, is engaged in building up a pedestal or table, surmounted by the name of the Egyptian monarch—a symbolic group, indicating his dominion over the upper and lower countries. A line of hieroglyphics extends perpendicularly down the back, from the shoulder to the pedestal, containing the name of the Pharaoh they represent.

erous chalcedonies, and here and there covered with black and red oxide of iron:'" we can hardly suppose that they left themselves open to detection by any ordinary means; and if they kept the stone from which the sound was made to issue concealed in the lap of the statue, no ordinary observer could possibly discover by what means the priests rendered the colossus vocal.

In speaking of the Colossi, as I have done, it will, of course, be understood that they have little or none of their former beauty and grandeur remaining. Most probably it was the Persian conqueror who broke down and destroyed the upper part of the Vocal Memnon, though Strabo was told that a shock of an earthquake did this damage. Its appearance is now much inferior to that of the other, defaced and mutilated as that is, since the restorer of the upper part, whoever it may have been, has piled up five layers of sandstone, which form the body, head, and upper part of the arms, but have nothing of the finish and workmanship of the rest of the statue. Doubtless it once wore the same semblance of massive elegance, if the term may be allowed, which even now can be detected in the other colossus, where the head-dress is beautifully wrought, and which has its shoulders and back comparatively quite uninjured; but no words can express too strongly their present desolate, disfigured and ruinous condition. You will also bear in mind, that though we use the name of Memnon in connection with this colossus, it has really no more to do with that rather doubtful personage than the obelisks at Alexandria have with Cleopatra, by whose name they are commonly called. In reality, these statues were erected by Amunoph III., B.C. 1430, or, according to Osburn, B.C. 1687, who was supposed also to bear the name of Phamenoth; and we owe the title which the vocal statue has attained to a blunder of the Romans, who were noted for their contemptuous treatment of subjects which did not particularly interest them or minister to their national pride. The

researches into hieroglyphics since the days of Champollion, have enabled us to ascertain with precision to whom the Colossi belong, and as Sir G. Wilkinson declares, "Amunoph once more asserts his claims to the statues he erected."

I had thought of inflicting upon you some of the Greek and Latin inscriptions on the legs and feet of the colossus, to show you how learned a man can be on very small means. I took the trouble of copying several of these, by way of amusement, and I doubt not I could display considerable erudition in throwing light upon the plain and simple parts, as well as in judiciously gliding in silence over the real difficulties—no uncommon plan, by the by—but I spare you all this, and shall leave the inscriptions to rest in peace in the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature." Let me hope that, considering the temptation, my forbearance will not go unappreciated.

LETTER VII.

Luxor and Karnak.

Ruins at Luxor.—General Character.—View from the Propyla.—Obelisk.—Beauty and Finish.—Colossal Figures.—Sculptures on the Walls.—Ride to Karnak.—Dromos of Sphinxes.—Massive Gateways.—"Hundred-Gated Thebes."—The Great Temple.—Its Wondrous Extent and Grandeur.—Hall of Assembly.—Unequalled in Conception and Execution.—Power and Wealth of the Ancient Egyptians.—Beauty and Glory all gone.—Present Desolation.—Edifices in the Vicinity.—Magnificence and Splendor of Thebes as a Whole.—Comparative Antiquity of the Buildings.—Interesting Discovery of Champollion's.—Shishak.—Jerusalem Taken.—Hieroglyphics Explained.—Result.

Luxor, Feb. 8th, 1849.

My Dear S.,

It was far from my intention to have said so much respecting Thebes and its wonderful ruins, and I am not without apprehension that I may have wearied you with an attempt to speak in terms adequate to the subject, of what exceeds my powers faithfully and fully to portray. Had I been wise, perhaps, I should have presented to you the more interesting remains of Karnak first of all, and devoted only a small space to those on the west bank; but I will confess to you I had an object in it beyond the mere fact, that such was the order in which I visited the ruins of Thebes. I was not without hope that you would have the greater patience with me and my tediousness, if you supposed that by and by you would be compensated with an account of Karnak and its astonishing and unequalled ruins; and I took the liberty of presuming upon your goodness and affection in speaking much more at length, and much more diffusely, than I had intended: let me hope that I have not wrongly judged, but that you will

bear with even another letter on a topic so full of attractiveness as this is to those who visit the East. Most certainly, if Karnak and Luxor do not interest you as much as it is my earnest hope they will, and as they should, the fault is wholly my own; and you must not think the less of what all travellers find that they have not words truly and fairly to represent, because you have sad proof of my dulness and inefficiency.

During most of our stay at Thebes, our boat was moored directly opposite the ruins at Luxor, which is a market-town of some size, and rendered more important than it otherwise would be, by the frequency with which travellers come to visit the remains of the ancient metropolis of Egypt.* Hardly an hour passed, when we were on board, in which the eye was not attracted by the massive pillars, which seemed, as it were, to form a grand entrance to a city beyond; the lofty propylon, built strongly enough for a castle or military post; and the magnificent obelisk which Mohammed Ali presented, together with its fellow now in Paris, to the late king of France; and, on several occasions, as we happened to be at Luxor when the moon was full, we had a view of the ruins by moonlight, a view which I can safely say, was unsurpassed by anything I ever saw in any land. One day, accompanied by our guide, I set out to explore the ruins with some particularity. We passed through the broad spaces between the columns which face toward the river, and admiring their great size and imposing appearance, even in their present degraded and unworthy position, we came to an open space beyond, where was once a large court connected with the other parts of the temple; but now nothing could be more repulsive than the appearance of everything connected with these

* Luxor, or Luksor, occupies a part of the site of ancient Diospolis; and its name signifies "the Palaces," from the temples there erected by Amunoph III. (B.C. 1430) and Remeses II. (B.C. 1355). According to the distances given by Sir G. Wilkinson, it is 464 miles south of Cairo.

ruins. Not only are the huts of the fellahín built in and about the temple, but heaps of filth lie in every direction; pigeon-houses are stuck up against the walls; different rooms, filled once with splendid sculpture and elegant decorations, are now used for stables for cattle, and disgust one by the ordure which it is necessary to encounter in order to inspect some interesting point; and beside all, what I have several times noted before, the living objects, in the way of men, women and children, are scarcely less repulsive to one's feelings and wishes at such a time as this. These remarks are true of every part of the ruins at Luxor, and if I do not enlarge upon the annoyances we met with, you will not suppose that I felt them any the less keenly. Following my guide, I made my way through several passages and huts, and had a good chance to inspect an Arab school, which was as noisy as any of the primary institutions in our good city of New York. Mounting upward, now through a fellah's hut, now over the top of habitations into which one can look without difficulty, and now clambering up a narrow stone staircase, half in ruins, we arrived at the top of the large pyramidal towers which form the grand entrance to the temple, and face northerly in the direction of Karnak.* I sat for some time on the broad surface at the top of this noble gateway, admiring the scene which is here spread out to the view. Perhaps nowhere could one obtain a better position in which to look abroad over the grand plain where Thebes once stood in all her glory, and in which to muse over her fallen greatness, and her majesty even in ruins. I noticed here the names of many travellers, among which were those of Prince "Puckler Muskau," "W. Pottinger," &c., and several countrymen, as "E. Robinson, 1838," "E. Bergh, D. Austin, N. Y., 1841," &c. The mania for writing names has not died out, even in 1849, since, though the

* This propylon is computed to be two hundred feet in length, and nearly sixty feet high. I measured some of the coping stones of the towers, and found them to be seven feet in width by nearly double that in length.

number of persons who have ascended the Nile is less this year than in former years, there is no lack of names to show who has made a pilgrimage at the present date: you will need no assurance that Americans figure quite as largely as others in this matter.

The obelisk which stands in front of the propylon just spoken of, at a distance of about thirty feet, is certainly one of the most beautifully executed things which Egypt presents to the admiration of the lovers of art. It is not surpassed by the larger one at Karnak; and if my recollection do not greatly mislead me, is in far better preservation than that which now adorns the great Square in Paris. I assure you, that I stood looking at this splendid shaft with unmixed delight, notwithstanding I felt how sadly out of place is everything of a living kind which surrounds it, and how liable it is to injury and defacement, from the ignorance and carelessness of the peasantry, and sometimes the relic-loving propensities of travellers. It is of the finest kind of red granite, has received a polish and beauty of finish inimitably fine, and rises to a height of about eighty feet, being about seven feet square at the base. Its four sides are covered with a profusion of hieroglyphics, which are "no less admirable for the style of their execution, than for the depth to which they are cut, which, in many instances, exceeds two inches." My skill in reading hieroglyphics being very slight, I did not attempt to interpret what is written, in these mysterious characters, on the faces of the obelisk. I occupied myself more agreeably, in admiring the work of the artist who, thousands of years ago, traced out the various symbols on which my eyes now rested, and which it seemed almost impossible to persuade myself, were not the work of the present generation. I do not speak too strongly, for the freshness of color, and the precision and accuracy of the sculpture, are perfectly astonishing; and did we not know positively, that the obelisk, as well as other grand objects at Thebes, were executed so many ages

gone by, we should not deem it possible that any works of art could retain their beauty and elegance for more than three thousand two hundred years.

Directly behind the obelisk and the spot where its companion stood, are two colossal sitting figures of Remeses II., placed on either side of the pylon or gateway; but, like all the statues which I have seen, they are greatly mutilated and broken: these are also half-buried in the sand and earth, which has gradually accumulated about them. I need not, however, dwell upon objects comparatively of little interest: far more striking and more worthy of a lengthened description, are the battle scenes sculptured on the front of the towers. Though concealed, to a considerable extent, by the huts of the villagers, and evidently not in their best condition, these sculptures strike one very forcibly, as illustrative of the skill and taste of the artists so many centuries ago; and, to use the language of Mr. Hamilton, as quoted by Dr. Russell, it is impossible "to view and to reflect upon a picture so copious and so detailed, as this I have just described, without fancying that we saw here the original of many of Homer's battles, the portrait of some of the historical narratives of Herodotus, and one of the principal groundworks of the description of Diodorus: and to complete our gratification, we felt that, had the artist been better acquainted with the rules of perspective, the performance might have done credit to the genius of a Michael Angelo, or a Julio Romano. To add to the effect, in front of this wall had been erected a row of colossal figures of granite; fragments of some of them, still there, sufficiently attest their size, their character, and the exquisite polish of the stone."

I shall not attempt to describe the various portions of the temple at Luxor, more especially since they are detailed with much fulness in the admirable "Hand Book for Egypt;" nor will it particularly interest you, to be told into how many ruined chambers I ventured to follow my guide. It would

be difficult, without something of a ground plan, to render clear the position of what remains, or to give anything of an idea of what this temple was, in the days of the great Sesostris, whose warlike achievements and glory form so prominent a part of its sculptured decorations. If you feel curious to read the details, you cannot do better than consult the valuable work so frequently referred to, "Modern Egypt and Thebes." At present, I doubt not, that I shall have your pardon, if I leave these ruins, though so imperfectly and briefly described, and occupy the remainder of my letter with some account of the grand and imposing remains at Karnak.

It is rather an interesting ride from Luxor, in a northerly direction, towards Karnak, through the fields of *halfeh* grass, and passing by the many interesting sites of ancient ruins, the tomb of a noted sheikh, portions of an old wall, &c. As one draws near the temple, he begins to see the evidences of there having been an avenue or street of great size, connecting Luxor with Karnak, even as the former was connected with the temples and palaces on the west bank. Fragments, for they can hardly be called more, of Sphinxes, arranged on either hand, show the direction of the street, and even in their almost shapeless condition, give one something of an idea of the grandeur of the approach to Karnak in former days. Shortly after, passing over a dromos, or continuation of the same avenue, in which are Criosphinxes, or Sphinxes with rams' heads, a very imposing pylon attracts the attention: it was the work of Ptolemy Euergetes and Berenice his sister (B.C. 246), who, according to the abominable practice of those days, was also his wife and queen. These gateways are frequently very grand and majestic; and though they would probably be out of place anywhere but in Egypt, they here suit admirably with the massive style of architecture, in which the ancient people of this land seemed to delight. They are very lofty, with very thick and solid walls, and highly decorated with sculptures, generally in intaglio, and a profu-

sion of hieroglyphics. This particular one is a fine specimen of Egyptian pyla, and, in general, may be compared with edifices like Napoleon's grand Triumphal Arch in Paris, which was erected for a purpose not very unlike that which appears to have prompted the monarchs of Egypt at different periods, to add to the glories and extent of Karnak. Passing through this Ptolemaic pylon, another avenue, similarly adorned with Sphinxes, leads to the pyramidal towers or propyla of a temple behind this gateway. It was now that we began to form some idea of Homer's ἑκατόμπυλοι Θῆβαι (*Il*, ix. 383),* an expression which, as there are not the slightest traces of city walls or gates, almost certainly refers—if it be more than a poetic expletive—to the propyla or gateways of the temples—we did not, however, stop at this point to examine anything, when the grand temple was so near at hand, and overshadowing every object else by its vast size and importance, but hastened onward to gaze at its wonders in silent admiration.

The front or main entrance is on the northwest side, where we took our stand, and had our first view of the largest and grandest temple in the world. Its extent is almost bewildering, and it was a long time before I could form any sort of idea of what was before me. Just fancy yourself placed at an immense doorway, and looking into a building whose width is between three and four hundred feet, and length nearly twelve hundred feet, and whose walls are proportionably thick, massive, and lofty: imagine, if you can, hundreds of columns, so large and so grand, as to excite unbounded astonishment, seen at various distances, and in various positions, and form-

* "Not all proud Thebes' unrivalled walls contain,
The world's great Empress on th' Egyptian plain;
That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,
Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars,
From each wide portal issuing to the wars."

POPE.

ing a feature in the scene, unlike what the eye ever before beheld: think, too, of the vast propyla, the lofty obelisks, the extensive courts, the sanctuary of red granite, and such-like things, and you may perhaps catch an idea of that, which I have no words adequately to describe, and with which every traveller, from the enthusiastic Frenchman down to the most phlegmatic German or Englishman, is enraptured:* enter, if you will, in imagination, and walk amid the ruins: see what destruction the hand of violence has wrought; notice the portions of columns strewed about, the broken walls, the massive stones lying under foot; measure the circumference of a column, or the size of a lintel stone, and realize what immense blocks the ancient Egyptians managed to elevate to great heights: pause awhile in the grand hall, with its profusion of columns and its decorations, even yet worthy of admiration, and count its pillars: see what towers rise before you, and not far beyond, what a magnificent obelisk of the most beautifully polished red granite, points its lofty head

* M. Denon uses the following language on catching a first view of these ruins: "At nine o'clock, in making a sharp turn round a projecting point, we discovered all at once the site of ancient Thebes, in its whole extent. This celebrated city, the size of which Homer has characterized with the single expression of the *hundred-gated*—a boasting and poetical phrase, which has been repeated with so much confidence for so many centuries;—this illustrious city, described in a few pages dictated to Herodotus by Egyptian priests, that have since been copied by every historian,—celebrated by the number of its kings, whose wisdom had raised them to the rank of gods,—by laws which have been revered without being promulgated,—by science, involved in pompous and enigmatical inscriptions,—the first monuments of ancient learning, which are still spared by the hand of time,—this abandoned sanctuary, surrounded with barbarism, and again restored to the desert from which it had been drawn forth,—enveloped in the veil of mystery and the obscurity of ages, whereby even its own colossal monuments are magnified to the imagination,—still impressed the mind with such gigantic phantoms, that the whole army, suddenly and with one accord, stood in amazement at the sight of its scattered ruins, and clapped their hands with delight, as if the end and object of their glorious toils, and the complete conquest of Egypt, were accomplished and secured by taking possession of the splendid remains of this ancient metropolis."—Russell's "*Ancient and Modern Egypt*," p. 203.

to the skies—"in its meek beauty, the record of a daughter's love, love strong as death, stronger, for it has triumphed:" look at the sad ruins all around, and reflect for a moment upon the powerful means which must have been used, to destroy, as well as to erect such works as these: walk still further on, and gaze at other portions of this grand temple, without pretending for a moment to examine aught in detail; and when you have done this much, take note of the time which even so cursory a look at Karnak has consumed, and you will be surprised to find that the hours have slipped away, you know not how, and that you have not yet begun to take in the grandeur of the scene, or to comprehend the greatness of those, who, ages ago, ruled in power and glory in hundred-gated Thebes.

If, on former occasions, I have not ventured to go into details, much less dare I venture here to pretend to describe with any fulness and precision, the varied objects which meet the eye of the beholder, and fill him with inexpressible astonishment. You will have to be indebted to imagination, in great measure, for very much that exceeds the power of words to express; and I am confident that I should fail utterly were I to attempt to tell you particularly of each massive doorway, each grand court or corridor, each statue or obelisk; or to enter into an account of the thousands of hieroglyphics, many of them deeply important in a historical point of view; the unrivalled columns; or of the sculptures, which are found on every wall, and illustrative of so many and so various subjects.* With your permission, therefore, I shall pass over in

* "Never were pages more graphic. The gathering, the march, the melée—the Pharaoh's prowess, standing erect, as he always does, in his car—no charioteer—the reins attached to his waist—the arrow drawn to his ear—his horses, all fire, springing into the air like Pegasuses,—and then, the agony of the dying, transfixed by his darts, the relaxed limbs of the slain—Homer's truth itself; and lastly, the triumphant return, the welcome home, and the offering of thanksgiving to Amunre—the fire, the discrimination with which these ideas are bodied forth, they must be seen to judge of it."—Lord Lindsay's "*Letters on Egypt*," &c., p. 85.

silence the principal portion of this grand temple, simply asking you to go with me a while into the large hall of assembly, and look at it a little more closely. We have entered, you will recollect, through the pylon or doorway, crossed an open court or area nearly three hundred feet in width, with a double line of columns down the centre, and have come to the propyla and entrance leading into the great hall: notice for a moment what a wall is before you, rising up aloft some eighty or ninety feet, and being more than thirty feet in thickness; what immense blocks of stone are these, what strength they possessed, what towers of defence against assault they must have proved! what lintel stones are those over the doorway, more than forty feet in length! Let us enter the hall and look about us. It "measures," says Wilkinson, "170 feet by 329, and is supported by a central avenue of twelve massive columns, 66 feet high (without the pedestal and abacus) and twelve in diameter; besides 122 of smaller, or (rather) less gigantic dimensions, 41 feet 9 inches in height, and 27 feet 6 inches in circumference, distributed in seven lines on either side of the former." Stop for a while and examine one of these columns, so massive, wrought with so much skill, and adorned with such a variety of sculpture: what singular design has been displayed, what strange conceptions of art, what surprising accuracy in execution, along with equally surprising errors and faults: go which way we will, and the *coup d'œil* is strikingly grand and impressive; so many of the columns are standing and in good preservation, that we could not have a finer specimen of Egyptian architecture than this, and the few that are prostrate or half fallen, afford us an opportunity to look at them and wonder as much as we will at the powerful means employed to cut out of the quarries and put in their present places such extraordinarily large blocks of stone. Notice the sculpture on one of these columns; generally it is in intaglio, sometimes in bas relief: what singular beauty and nobleness

the heads and faces present, especially those of the female figures; but what strangely ill-proportioned persons many of these have:* observe how nearly the artist approached to the perspective, and yet how sadly deficient his work is from ignorance of that important point in art; and particularly notice the prominence given to a religious view of all subjects, in the constant introduction of the gods and goddesses, the offerings made to them, and the hieroglyphics expressing the adoration of the deities, and the care of the kings to promote their worship and honor. Look, too, at the walls of this grand hall or chamber, and remembering that the king in whose reign it was erected lived some three thousand two hundred and thirty years ago, note the freshness and beauty of the colors, the bright blue, the dazzling vermilion, the pale green, the lovely yellow, and many others: does it not seem well nigh impossible that these colors could have lasted through so many centuries, and be even now strikingly beautiful? Observe, likewise, what is sculptured on the walls: you may not, any more than myself, be capable of reading with fluency the story which the hieroglyphics tell, and without much previous study you will not see the reason or propriety of many things which appear very singular, not to say grotesque; but nevertheless you can enjoy with me such points as are open to the view of all; you can see what progress the ancient Egyptians had made in the arts of sculpture, painting and architecture; you can form something of an idea of their warlike spirit, of their wealth, their luxury, their amusements, their occupations, and their religious sentiments and conduct; and you can appreciate their greatness in some or many respects, and mourn over their degradation and superstition in those matters which

* I measured several of the figures sculptured on the walls and columns, and in illustration of the remark above, I may mention that one of the female figures, five feet two inches high, had a waist of five inches, and a foot of fourteen inches in length: and this was the usual proportion.

most truly manifest what spirit men are of. And when we have spent hours in this way, in endeavoring to gain knowledge and instruction, and in the enjoyment of a scene, the like to which the world nowhere else presents, we may seat ourselves on some fragment of a column, or on one of those immense blocks of stone which lie strewed around, and in melancholy mood, listening to the chirping of the birds who now inhabit these desolate halls, may muse over the destruction which awaits the might, majesty, and dominion of man.

I fear, my dear S., that all this will appear to you as mere vague generality, and that you will not gain the idea, which I am so desirous you should, in respect to these vast and impressive ruins. You will not, I trust, suppose, that aught remains in its primitive state of beauty and glory; for, in truth, the very reverse is the case: on every hand is ruin and desolation. Not only has time done its work, but the hand of the conqueror has been stretched forth, on more than one occasion, to break down the power and magnificence of ancient Thebes; and one is astonished at the vast efforts which were made, to destroy the works of art in the temples of Egypt—efforts which, it would appear, were almost as laborious as those which were needful to erect them at the first. Were we not assured, that the powerful agency of gunpowder was unknown in those early times, we should certainly attribute to its explosive force, much of the injury which has been done to the vast columns, walls, obelisks, statues, &c.; for, while equally with others, I am lost in wonder at the skill of the artists, who could elaborate such vast, and often elegant works, with only tools of copper, as it is generally stated, I am none the less surprised at the means, whatever they may have been, by which the conquering Persian succeeded in dashing in pieces such immense blocks of the hardest granite; in overthrowing statues, weighing, in some cases, nearly nine hundred tons; in prostrating obelisks, columns and doorways; in levelling walls of a thickness almost beyond credi-

bility, and such-like things. But, not only must you not suppose, that the beauty or glory of Karnak remains, or that you can walk amid aught but ruins in the grand temple; you must also recollect, that vast as is the main temple, and astonishing as it is in every respect, it does not constitute all which meets the eye, and fills the mind with inexpressible emotions. I have alluded to the avenue of Sphinxes, through which one passes in approaching Karnak from the south, and a majestic pylon, of the days of the Ptolemies. Other and grander things are in the vicinity. Numerous buildings and smaller temples are not far off, which, by themselves, would be imposing and grand, but being near the principal temple, are considered as nothing by comparison. Here one sees a prodigious gateway, of polished granite, covered with sculpture, and adorned with colossal statues; and there, some other edifice, not directly connected with the great temple, but included in the ruins, meets the view, and, mingled with the evidences of later life, and the sad falling off from former greatness, in the mud huts of the peasantry, sometimes built in and upon the remains of ancient temples, tends to deepen the impression which Karnak, as a whole, is calculated to make, on the mind and memory of the least imaginative person. Add to this, too, the consideration, that Karnak was, after all, only a part of old Thebes; that it was connected with Luxor by the dromos of Sphinxes; that Luxor was connected with the splendid temples, palaces, obelisks, and statues, on the west bank; and that the whole covered a circuit of, it is said, thirty miles; and you will need, as you can have, nothing more to prove, that on this plain are the grandest, most astonishing, and most interesting ruins in the world. I may, perhaps, be allowed to use the language of Denon, a French traveller, who accompanied the expedition which Bonaparte sent into Egypt, and with some allowance for what may be thought exaggeration, may adopt it as expressive of my own sentiments: "One is fatigued with wri-

ting," he declares; "one is fatigued with reading; one is stunned with the thought of such a conception (as Karnak demands). It is hardly possible to believe, after having seen it, in the reality of the existence of so many buildings, collected at a single point, in their dimensions, in the resolute perseverance which their construction required, and in the incalculable expenses of so much magnificence. On examining these ruins, the imagination is wearied with the idea of describing them. Of the hundred columns of the porticos alone of this temple, the smallest are seven feet and a half in diameter, and the largest twelve. The space occupied by this circumvallation contains lakes and mountains. In short, to be enabled to form a competent idea of so much magnificence, it is necessary that the reader should fancy what is before him to be a dream, as he who views the objects themselves occasionally yields to the doubt, whether he be perfectly awake."*

It is not necessary that I should speak with particularity of the comparative antiquity of the buildings, which go to make up the grand temple. Of course you will understand, that the vast extent to which it attained was the work of time, and that various monarchs of Egypt, to gratify their pride or vanity, or manifest their piety, made various additions to the earlier structures. Wilkinson is of opinion, that no part remains of the original foundation of the temple; but as the name of Osirtasen I., the Pharaoh who ruled Egypt in the days of Joseph, or earlier, as Osburn thinks, has been found on some prostrate columns, near what was the sanctuary, it proves that we have here not only the oldest building in Thebes, but ruins which carry us back about three thousand six hundred years. Later kings added the obelisks and the chambers near the sanctuary. Thothmes III., in whose reign the Exodus took place, "made large additions to the buildings and sculptures, as well in the vicinity of the sanctuary as in the back part of the great inclosure; where the

* Russell's "*Ancient and Modern Egypt*," p. 211.

columnar edifice (to the southeast), the side chambers, and all the others in that direction, were added by his orders." Subsequently, Osirei, a great conqueror, and his son Remeses II., probably the far-famed Sesostris, beautified and enlarged the bounds of the temple: the former added the grand hall, spoken of above, and the latter caused to be designed and executed, very many of those striking sculptures on the north-east side, which illustrate the extent and variety of his martial achievements. The son of Remeses II. continued the work begun by his illustrious father, and built the area in front, with massive propyla, preceded by granite colossi, and an avenue of Sphinxes; and succeeding monarchs adding still more and more, the several edifices by degrees became united in one grand whole, connected either by avenues of Sphinxes, or by crude brick inclosures. After the time of Cambyses, B.C. 525, who manifested such intensity of rage against the monuments and temples of Egypt, some other, but less important additions were made, and various repairs and sculptures were introduced, as late as the last ages of Egyptian independence. Ptolemy Lathyrus, however, B.C. 116, exasperated against the rebellious citizens of Thebes, appears to have done this ancient city greater injury, than even the Persian conqueror; and as we are informed, reduced it to so deplorable a state, that it "no longer deserved a rank among the cities of Egypt." Since that period, it has gradually sunk into insignificance, and for ages has lain in ruins.

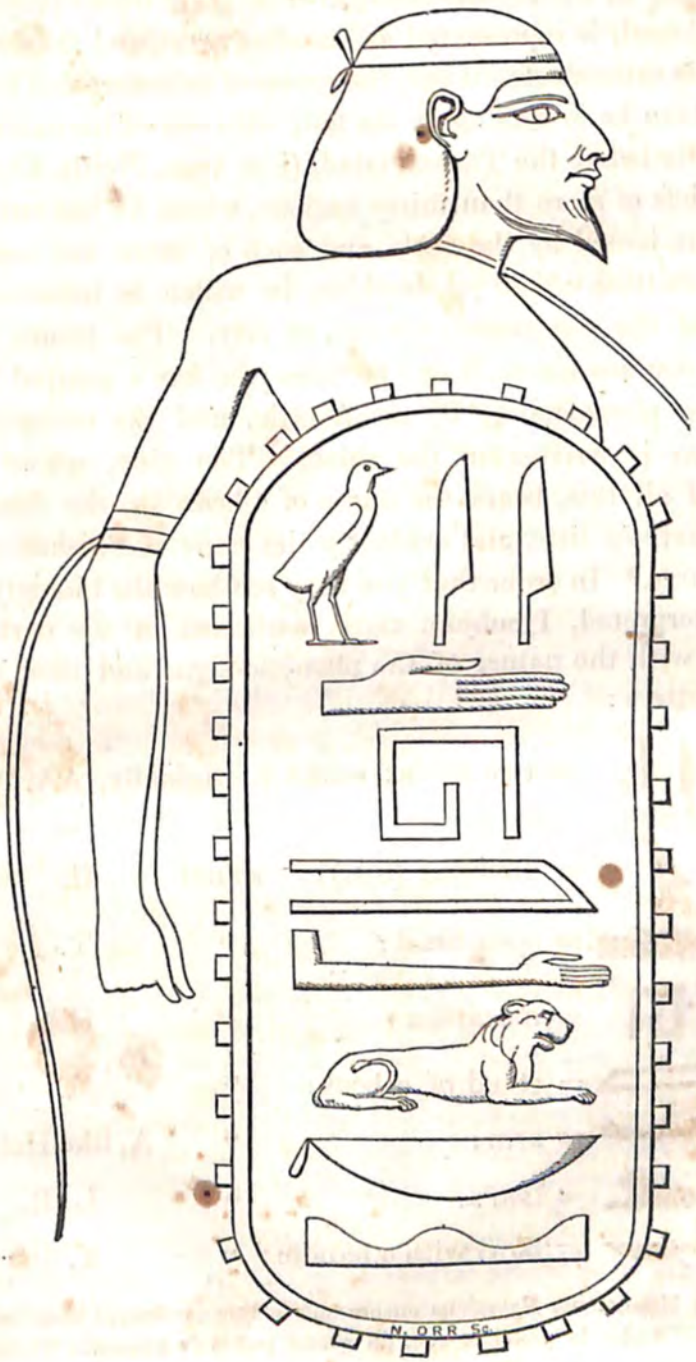
Before leaving Karnak, and its astonishing remains of ancient art and magnificence, I must beg your indulgence for a short space, to one of the most interesting sculptures in the whole temple, particularly on account of its connection with Scripture history. Some time before the visit of the French and Italian commission to Egypt, in 1828, Champollion le Jeune had discovered, on the exterior southwest wall, near the doorway, the cartouche, which proved, on examination, to refer to the capture of Jerusalem by the Egyptian king, called

Shishak in the Bible. You will recollect the passage, in which this expedition is spoken of: "It came to pass, that in the fifth year of king Rehoboam, Shishak, king of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem, because they had transgressed against the Lord, with twelve hundred chariots, and three-score thousand horsemen;* and the people were without number that came with him out of Egypt; the Lubims, the Sukkiims, and the Ethiopians. And he took the fenced cities which pertained to Judah, and came to Jerusalem." It having pleased God to warn the king and princes of the consequences of their disobedience and sin, they found grace to repent and humble themselves, so that He did not destroy them, or pour out His wrath upon Jerusalem, by the hand of Shishak: nevertheless, says the Lord, by His prophet, they shall be the servants of the king of Egypt, "that they may know my service and the service of the kingdoms of the countries. So Shishak, king of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem, and took away the treasures of the house of the Lord, and the treasures of the king's house; he took all: he carried away also the shields of gold which Solomon had made."† This was in the year B.C. 971, according to the usual chronology. On the king's return to Egypt, various sculptures were added to the walls of the temple at Karnak, illustrating his conquests, and the cities and countries which he had subdued, this of the "kingdom of Judah," among the rest. Perhaps you will not be displeased at having this interesting cartouche as I have copied it from the "*Egypte Ancienne*" of Champollion-Figeac, and carefully compared with the original, at the time of our visit. As to the features and expression of the face, I will not answer for their exactness; but, although they differ somewhat from the plate given by Rosselini, in his

* "We take this opportunity of remarking that the horse was only used in ancient Egypt for warlike purposes, yoked in the chariot. The art of riding the horse would appear by the monuments to have been unknown there in early times. It was probably of Scythian origin."—Osburn's "*Antiquities of Egypt*," p. 227.

† 2 Chron. xii. 2—9.

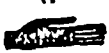
great work "I Monumenti dell' Egitto," they are sufficiently correct to answer the purposes of Scriptural illustration:



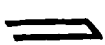
Here you will observe the figure of a captive, bound and attached to a large number of others (on the same wall, but not appearing in the picture above). The king, whose proportions are colossal, is represented as standing erect and threatening, with his arms stretched out, the group of prisoners and foreigners, whom he is holding by the hair with one of his hands. He conducts before the Theban triad, (i. e. Amn, Neith, Khunsu,) the chiefs of more than thirty nations, whom he has subdued: they are bound by the neck, and each of them has near him an embattled shield or buckler, in which is inscribed the name of the conquered country or city. The prince whose figure you see above, is one of these: he has a pointed beard, and the physiognomy of an Asiatic, and the name of his kingdom is written in the shield. The king, whose arms effected all this, bears the name of Sheshonk, the Sesonchis of Manetho's lists, and evidently the same as Shishak of the Scriptures.* In order that you may see how the hieroglyphics are interpreted, I subjoin those contained in the cartouche above, with the names of the phonetic signs and their equivalent letters:

= two reeds: sound I, originally, AA.

= duckling (hen): sound U.

 = open hand: " T.

= maeander: " HA.

 = stand of a boat: " 'M.

= arm: " A, like Heb. א

= lion: " L, R.

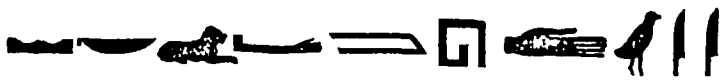
= bowl with a handle: " K.

* "Les Monuments Egyptiens encore subsistants confirment hautement ces recits de la Bible: la première cour du grand palais de Karnac à Thèbes, est,

= a hill: determinative of districts and countries.

= walled fort: determinative of names of foreign prisoners, which it incloses.

When arranged according to the manner in which the phonetics are to be read, they are as follows, beginning at the left hand:—



Country. K L(U) A M HA T(A) U I

That is, as Chevalier Bunsen gives it, IUTAHA MALUK,* the "kingdom of Judæa." Wilkinson expresses the hieroglyphics by YOODA-MELCHI: Champollion-Figeac gives JOUDA HAMALEK; but all, as you perceive, amount to the same thing in substance.

And now, my dear S., perhaps this evening or some time to-morrow, we shall say farewell to Thebes forever; not without many regrets at the shortness of our stay, and at the brief and rapid manner in which we have been compelled to

en partie, ornée de bas-reliefs. L'un des plus étendus réprésente un roi de proportions colossales, menaçant de ses armes un groupe de prisonniers étrangers qu'il tient par les cheveux, d'une ses mains. Le même roi conduit aussi devant la trinité thébaine les chefs de plus de trente nations qu'il a vaincues; ils sont liés par le cou, et chacun d'eux a près de lui un bouclier crénelé, dans lequel son nom est inscrit. Or, un de ces princes de ces peuples vaincus, à barbe pointue et à physionomie asiatique, est nommé dans son bouclier *Jouda Hamalek*, le royaume de Juda, et le roi qui l'a soumis à ses armes, porte, dans cette même scène, le nom de Scheschonk; c'est le Sésac vainqueur de Juda à Jérusalem, et Sésonchis des listes de Manéthon."—"*Egypte Ancienne*," par M. Champollion-Figeac, p. 359.

* See Bunsen's "*Egypt's Place*," &c., vol. I. p. 561. I have copied from his valuable Appendix, the forms, sounds, &c., of the phonetics; the smaller letters at the sides of some of the larger ones are the vowels supplied to make up and pronounce the words.

go over its time-honored remains. Personally, I shall have the less sadness at going away, partially satisfied, if I can but feel persuaded, that what I have written will meet your approbation, or minister to your pleasure in any wise. May I entertain that hope?

LETTER VIII.

Dendera—Es-Siout—Beni-Hassan.

Remains at Dendera.—Visit to the Temple.—Description.—Date.—Inferior Style of Architecture.—Interesting as a Whole.—The Zodiac.—Unfounded Views once entertained.—Cleopatra.—Singular Representation.—Es-Siout.—Visit to the Coptic Bishop.—Appearance.—Conversation.—Characteristics.—Second Visit.—Coptic Churches.—Style and Arrangements.—Bishop of Esneh.—Character and Standing.—Stabl Antar.—Interesting Locality.—Beni-Hassan.—General Character of the Grottoes.—Paintings and Sculptures.—Supposed Connection with Joseph and his Brethren.—Exciting Interest of the Scene.

GROTTOES OF BENI-HASSAN, Feb. 16th, 1849.

MY DEAR S.,

THOUGH I date my present letter from this deeply interesting point, in our journey down the Nile, I find that there are several rather important things, which it will hardly be proper to omit altogether, and which, therefore, I must beg your indulgence to permit me to speak of, before describing the grottoes of Beni-Hassan. I refer to our visits to Dendera and Es-Siout: the former of these was attended with pleasure of no ordinary kind, in the opportunity thus afforded of seeing a temple in a state of comparative perfection and completeness; and the latter was hardly less interesting and agreeable to me, from the fact, that I was privileged in this way to gain some insight into the condition of the Coptic church and its bishops and clergy. Bear with me awhile, should I seem to enlarge too much upon these matters, or lose sight of the fact, that, perhaps no locality in Egypt has greater claims upon the traveller, than the one whence I am now writing.

The ruins at Dendera, or Tentyra, are situate on the west

bank of the Nile, four hundred and sixteen miles from Cairo, opposite Kineh, which is a modern town, of some importance, because of its proximity to Kosseir, on the Red Sea, and its connection with the probable course which the overland travel and trade to India will assume. According to Wilkinson, the name Tentyra, in Coptic *Tentoré* or *Nikentore*, seems to have originated in that of the goddess Athor or Aphrodité, who was particularly worshipped there; and the hieroglyphics, as well as the Greek inscription on the front of the main temple, show that it was dedicated to the goddess of love and beauty. As our boat lay up at Kineh for the day, we crossed the river in our small-boat, and took donkeys for the ride to the temple, which is about three and a half miles, and through an uninhabited and rather desolate region. We passed, now and then, a flock of goats and sheep, tended by some children and noisy dogs, and were saluted with the usual cry, *bakhshish*, *ya khawágeh*, and in the course of an hour and a half, arrived in the vicinity of the temple. We entered a rather fine pylon, and walked several hundred feet up a narrow dromos, with walls of crude brick on either side, which leads directly to the portico of the temple. A descent by steps of some twenty feet, brought us to the level of the floor, and gave us an opportunity to inspect an Egyptian temple, in a better state of preservation than any which we have seen. The massive columns of the portico are but little injured by time or violence; the walls are all standing, and the sculptures and hieroglyphics in a state of comparative completeness; the roof is preserved; and the interior rooms and chambers, though more or less defaced from various causes, enable one to form a good idea of the internal arrangements of an ancient temple, devoted to the worship of an Egyptian deity. Without pretending to enter into an accurate description of the various portions of the temple, I may mention that the portico is supported by twenty-four columns, the circumference of each of which, I found on measurement, to be nearly

twenty-nine feet. The portico is open to the front, above the screens that unite six of its columns; and in each of the side-walls is a small doorway. To the portico—I use Wilkinson's words—succeeds a hall of six columns, with three rooms on either side; then a central chamber, communicating on one side with two small rooms, and on the other with a staircase. This is followed by another similar chamber (with two rooms on the west and one on the east side), immediately before the isolated sanctuary, which has a passage leading round it, and communicating with three rooms on either side. The total length of the temple is about two hundred and twenty feet, by ninety-four, or across the portico a hundred and fifteen feet: its date, according to the inscription on the fillet of the cornice of the portico, is of the time of the Emperor Tiberius.

The circumstance just mentioned will account for the fact, which is quite evident even to an inexperienced observer, that the temple at Dendera is of a later and a declining style of art. I was struck with this, more especially at this time, when I had only three or four days before left Karnak and the wonders of ancient Thebes, where, despite the defects which I have presumed to allude to, there is a nobleness and massive grandeur in the architectural remains of the temples, obelisks, statues, &c., which cannot but attract the attention of the most unscientific visitor. Here, however, the capitals of the columns appeared to me deficient in taste, quite to the extent with which they are over-ornamented: they want the simplicity and grace which characterized the earlier works of art in Egypt; the sculptures are not executed with the skill and care which might have been expected; and, as has been asserted, the hieroglyphics are ill adjusted, and in crowded profusion. I speak with the utmost diffidence on these points, because I am entirely conscious how unfitted I am by the habits of life in which I have indulged, to speak either scientifically or with precision, of architecture in its respective branches. I should not venture to say even one word, were I

not aware, that you will look for some opinion from me on such subjects, little worth as that opinion may be in general. If you will do me the kindness to receive it, as from one who looks at the wonders of Egypt with feelings of profound astonishment, and the deepest interest, and who has no other standard of judgment save that which belongs to all travellers, without reference to their scientific attainments, I shall be satisfied, and you will not be liable to err to any extent, as to the value of any sentiment herein expressed. But, to return from this digression: the temple of Dendera is certainly open to criticism, and yet it wears an imposing appearance, and is not devoid of beauty and grandeur; and I well recollect, that by the older travellers, before its actual date was known, it was spoken of in terms of the highest, nay, most extravagant admiration. However it may be esteemed by those who come after the present race of Egyptologers and travellers, there can be no doubt, that it will always be looked upon with interest, as a noble specimen of architecture, as it existed in the days of the early Roman emperors, and when science was on its decline in the land of the Ptolemies.*

We spent some considerable time in exploring the various chambers and halls of the temple, many of which required torches to enable us to distinguish the sculptures and ornaments which they contain. Since the late pasha, Mohammed Ali, effected the entire clearing out of the accumulated rub-

* "Though the columns of this temple, considered singly, may be said to have a heavy, perhaps a barbarous appearance, the portico is doubtless a noble specimen of architecture; nor is the succeeding hall devoid of beauty and symmetry of proportion. The preservation of its roof also adds greatly to the beauty as well as the interest of the portico, and many of those in the Egyptian temples lose their effect by being destitute of roofs. Generally speaking, Egyptian temples are more picturesque when in ruins than when entire; being, if seen from without, merely a large dead wall, scarcely relieved by a slight increase in the height of the portico; but not so the portico itself; nor did a temple present the same monotonous appearance when the painted sculptures were in their original state; and it was the necessity of relieving the large expanse of flat wall that led to this rich mode of decoration."—"*Hand Book for Egypt*," p. 328.

bish and dirt which had almost filled up the interior of the portico and rooms behind, it is not so easy as one could desire, to examine the zodiac on the ceiling of the portico. I shall not trouble you with the learned controversy in regard to this, as well as the only two other known in Egypt (at Esneh and the neighboring Ed-Deir); it is sufficient to be assured that the fears of some who apprehended danger to the authority of the Scriptures, and the exultation of others who imagined that here was a monument reaching back into almost indefinite antiquity, are equally groundless; and so far from this zodiac "being of early Pharaonic time, or of an antediluvian age, it is (in fact) confined to the more modest and more probable antiquity of eighteen hundred years:" the same, too, is true of the other zodiacs, which are of Ptolemaic or Roman date. It was difficult, as I have said, to get much satisfaction in looking at the zodiac so far above our heads; so after examining a few points with care, we searched out the chamber on the ceiling of which was the small planisphere, which I well recollect poring over many a time last summer in Paris: it has been placed in one of the lower rooms in the "Bibliothèque Royale;" but its value, as is evident from its probable date, is not very great or important. I do not pretend to say that it is not right to carry off objects of science and art from the temples and ruins of Egypt; you will pardon me, however, I trust, for expressing a feeling of regret, which I am sure comes over almost all travellers who visit Egypt, that it is not possible to see everything which belongs to a particular edifice or locality in the place which it once occupied, and where its interest is a hundred-fold greater than when severed from its legitimate connection. How much to be deplored is it, that the ruler of this land has not the spirit and the knowledge which would prompt him to preserve the many remains of art in Egypt, and to form a grand museum of antiquities, unrivalled by aught which the world contains!

Before leaving Dendera, I must tell you of one sculpture in particular, which interested me equally with every person who has heard the name of Egypt's beautiful but licentious queen. It is rather curious, and well worth a few moments' examination, which was all that we had time to devote to it. On the back wall of the exterior, we found several colossal figures, two of which represented the far-famed Cleopatra and her son Cæsarion, so named from his father, Julius Cæsar. I can hardly express my surprise that this singularly unhandsome figure should be meant for one whose charms of person were no less renowned than her seductive graces and brilliancy of mind. The features are heavy, and the whole face wears a dull and inexpressive look: if it be a portrait in any sense, Cleopatra could have possessed none of that striking beauty which all story attributes to her; and we must suppose both that the artist never saw the queen, and that he possessed but little skill in representing the face and person of his far-famed mistress. The accompanying hastily-made sketch, will, I hope, enable you to form an idea of what the artist has done in this matter, and may also serve as a specimen of the usual mode of soulpturing the human figure on the walls and columns of ancient Egyptian temples: my only objection to it is, that it is too favorable, rather than the reverse, and you do not in the picture feel the singular ill proportion to exist, to the same extent as in the colossal figure on the wall of the temple itself. To show you what I mean, let me give you the measurements which I made on the occasion: the feet are very flat or thin, and two feet in length; the height of the figure to the top of the head is fourteen feet, the crown being four feet nine inches high, making in all eighteen feet nine inches; and yet, notwithstanding this, the waist is only fifteen inches; and the legs, and body, as a whole, are equally thin and pinched, as it were, out of all fair proportion.

There are several other buildings or chapels in the immediate vicinity, at which we gave a hasty look; but they

do not require that I should dwell upon them at this time. The most curious thing, perhaps, in or about the temples, after what I have noted in regard to Cleopatra, are the representations of goddesses or mothers suckling their children; generally the child sits astride the lap of the mother, and thus obtains nourishment from the breast; but here I observed, in one instance, the mother sitting and the child standing and suckling, and in another, both the mother and child were standing, and the lips of the boy were pressed to the breast of his goddess-mother, in the act of drawing thence his needful sustenance. But of these and such-like matters, neither time nor space permits me to speak, in the terms which they really deserve. I shall therefore pass on to another point, which I promised to say something upon, before telling you of Beni-Hassan and its interesting grottoes. To be strictly accurate, I ought to have sent you in a previous letter an account of my visit to the bishop of Es-Siout; but not having had a good opportunity before the present occasion, I am obliged to introduce it here. I trust that its interest will be none the less in your eyes from the fact that some weeks have elapsed, since I had the pleasure of seeing the diocesan of the capital of Upper Egypt, my interviews having taken place when we were going up the Nile, whereas now our faces are turned towards Cairo.

It was on a Sunday afternoon that we arrived at Es-Siout, having been nearly three weeks in accomplishing a distance of two hundred and fifty-four miles. As I had been furnished with a letter by my highly esteemed friend and brother, the Rev. J. R. T. Lieder, to the Coptic bishop of Es-Siout, I embraced the earliest opportunity of going ashore with our dragoman, to pay my respects to him, and also to present him with an elegant quarto copy of the Gospels in Coptic, with an Arabic version on the side of the page. This elaborate and valuable addition to the stores of Biblical literature, is mainly due to the learning and perseverance of the able and excellent

missionary of the "Church Missionary Society," who has been many years resident in Cairo, and it has been brought out by the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge," in a style of beauty and accuracy unsurpassed by any work of the present day. Besides the simple discharge of my commission from Mr. Lieder, I was desirous to see, and if possible learn something of the actual state of the Coptic Church in Upper Egypt, which, so far as is generally known, is in a lamentable state of depression and ignorance, and if we may believe the statements furnished to Mr. Lane, and published by him to the world in his "Modern Egyptians," deserves our pity in a degree quite equal to that bestowed upon the heathen. Very probably we shall know with greater accuracy the history and condition of this portion of the Church, when Mr. Lieder's labors for a number of years in this department, are brought to that state of advancement which will warrant publication.

Having mounted a donkey, the principal means of locomotion in Egypt, a short ride of about two miles brought us to the city, which is one of the principal towns in Upper Egypt, and a place of considerable importance. The general appearance of things is much the same as in all oriental towns; the streets, if so I may call them, are very narrow, crooked, winding and unpaved; there is the same bustling and noise, without any particular cause, the same crowding together of camels, horses, donkeys, people, men, women and children, in one scene of confusion, which appears to disturb no one, but rather to be necessary to their notion of things; there is the same up and down, steep places and deep holes, heaps of dirt and rather pretty houses, scattered here and there; and the same number of dirty, fly-eaten children, with diseased eyes, and half-naked or wholly nude persons; now and then you see a handsome minaret, an imposing tomb of some great man or Mohammedan saint, an attractive-looking café, with turbaned Turks smoking, and looking grave enough to be cogitating over the most abstruse subjects; and you have the

satisfaction of knowing that you are a source of great surprise to the passers-by, and are scrutinized in a manner which to a vain or conceited man might not be at all unpleasing, but rather the reverse.

We alighted in the interior of the city, in front of a nondescript-looking house, which might, so far as I could see, be used for any purpose whatever, from an Episcopal residence, down to a cobbler's stall. I followed Antonio through several dark passages, twisting about and going up and down steps in a way not at all agreeable, and after a while emerged into daylight again, and was invited to enter a room, partly covered overhead with matting, and closed in on one side with some rough boards, and having on the floor carpets and mats, with pillows to lean against when you had deposited yourself on the floor and crossed your legs under you, after the oriental fashion. The inmates were two venerable-looking old men, who scanned me with evident curiosity, and hastened to pronounce the simple but really touching eastern salutation, "Praise be to God, you are welcome." I bestowed myself as well as I could on the floor, but our habits are so different, and the use of boots so interferes with the Eastern mode of sitting, that I cannot boast of my success; nor will I sacrifice truth to politeness, by saying that I fancy sitting on anything but what is known to our occidental customs. The old gentleman inquired who I was, as a matter of course, and one of them when he heard that I was a priest, rose instantly, and coming up to me made a low obeisance, and took my hand and kissed it with a reverential respect, which surprised me quite as much as it may be thought to have gratified me: I could observe also, that he looked at me with additional interest, and seemed to watch my words with particular care, as indeed was the case with all whom I saw on the present occasion. Coffee was brought, and though it was a rather bitter draught, I managed to swallow it, but when a pipe was proposed I had to beg off, by stating that

it was not the practice for priests to smoke pipes in our country, and so the matter was not pressed, and out of complaisance to me, none of them took their much-loved *shibuk*.

In a short time the bishop, who had been sent for, arrived, and all rose at his entrance and saluted him with reverence, though not to the degree that I had looked for. He took a seat in one corner, and politely invited me to sit by him, assuring me that I was welcome, with other complimentary and kind expressions. His appearance, though not striking, is on the whole pleasing, and not unimpressive; imagine a pleasant smile, a rather good countenance, a dress after the manner of the country, with dark blue turban, beard over his whole face, flowing robes, &c., and a person rather below the usual height, and you have the bishop of Es-Siout before you as nearly as I can describe him. Three or four priests were also present and joined in the conversation, which was carried on through Antonio, though I frequently understood their inquiries before translated into our dragoman's indifferent English, or good French. A variety of inquiries were made, some of them rather amusing, and showing a very limited knowledge on the part of the dignitaries of the Coptic Church, and in one or two cases not precisely the delicacy which suits our western ideas of propriety. For instance, after some general remarks on the topic of America, and the difference between it and Egypt, where externally the fields, and trees, and indeed everything indicated the summer or autumnal season of America, which is now suffering from the wintry cold and snow and ice, the bishop asked if our Sultan or *Melik*, was a Mohammedan! On being assured that we had neither a king nor any of the religion of Mohammed in the United States, he seemed very much astonished and somewhat incredulous, as though it were hardly possible to escape Turkish domination, or live without a king to rule and govern the country. On my asking in general respecting the churches in Es-Siout, the bishop did not appear to have

any clear information; he said that there were two or three in the city, and about six thousand Coptic Christians; but I imagine that no great reliance can be placed upon the number of Christians under a state of things like that in Egypt, where it is impossible to tell what the population amounts to, since even the absolute power of Mohammed Ali did not suffice to obtain a census of the people. As a finishing speech, the bishop asked if I had not something to give for the Coptic Church, and indeed on several occasions he pressed the matter in a way which we should think anything but polite or proper to a stranger or brother clergyman. Antonio was quite unwilling to tell me exactly the terms of this and other requests, but I am sure they were plain enough, and were I disposed to condemn indiscriminately, would afford ground for the charge of that mercenary and selfish spirit which is usually affixed to the name of Copt in Egypt. As it was getting late, I assured the bishop that I would have the pleasure of seeing him in the morning, and of bringing with me the present which Mr. Lieder had kindly intrusted to my care, and an appointment was made for "three o'clock," i. e. between eight and nine, A. M., according to our mode of reckoning time. A gentle pressure of the hand, some words of blessing on his part, and the motions usual in the East at meeting and parting, when the hand is put to the heart or breast, and to the forehead, with an inclination towards the person saluted, and my visit was concluded. As I rode back to the boat, and rested for some little time on the bank, gazing at the lovely scene, the beautiful lines of Kirke White came into my thoughts, and I repeated them with more than ordinary enthusiasm:

"How beautiful upon the element
The Egyptian moonlight sleeps!
The Arab on the bank hath pitched his tent;
The light wave dances, sparkling o'er the deeps;
The tall reeds whisper in the gale,
And o'er the distant tide moves slow the silent sail."

In the morning, accompanied by the other gentlemen in the "Ibis," I called again on the bishop, and presented the elegant volume containing the Gospels, as before stated. He thanked me for it, but not very heartily, and immediately after asked if I had not some books in Arabic to give him! He talked of sending us a sheep, but that was mere compliment, and meant nothing, since on our thanking him nothing further was said or done in the matter; we had to return the compliment, however, by sending something from the boat, which was done, and was, we learned, very acceptable. The usual formalities of coffee handed, &c., were gone through with, and some general conversation carried on which it is not worth while to record; but as I was curious to see a Coptic church, the bishop was kind enough to offer to show me the principal one in the city, and rose to lead the way.

The church was near at hand: a few turnings through narrow passages and we entered the door of a building in no wise to be distinguished from others externally, and with hardly anything which we should consider meet and proper for the temple of the Lord our God. Let me try in few words to give you an idea of a Coptic church. The entire area devoted to the church was large, and appeared to me nearly square; the walls were plain, and the ceiling, whence the light was obtained, was some forty feet high. There are three divisions of the space thus appropriated, and they do not differ much in extent; the first portion is for the congregation in general, and is separated from the adjoining space by a partition of open wood work about ten feet high; the second compartment is appropriated to the priests, who read the lessons, &c., to their assistants in performing divine service, and to some of the higher classes of the members of the church; the third portion, which is the smallest, is screened from the rest of the church by a partition of rather elaborate inlaid work, having small openings or holes at intervals perhaps a foot in diameter, and a door usually covered by a cur-

tain. This compartment contains the altar and sacred vessels, and here, it appears, only the Coptic language is allowed to be used, which is explained in Arabic to the people by the priests outside. No furniture of any kind was in the church, no seats, or aught save a rude stand containing the copy of the Scriptures in MSS., from which the bishop or priest reads; I saw, however, a number of crutches hanging in the holes of the partition, which the people, who stand during a great part of the service, are allowed to use for a support. On the floor were mats, and I noticed that the persons who accompanied the bishop, together with himself, laid aside their slippers, and walked without shoes during the whole time we were in the church. Attached to the walls were several wretchedly executed paintings of the Virgin Mary and the infant Saviour, and—what may appear rather curious—the legendary story of which we all have heard often enough, that of St. George and the Dragon. An old chandelier, and some other contrivances for lighting the church at night, a small bell or two for various parts of the service, and curtains for covering the pictures of the blessed Virgin and St. George, comprise about all which it is needful to specify, in order to render intelligible what I would describe. Of the two other churches, which are close by, and partly under the one above spoken of, I need not say anything, as they offer no peculiarities at which I have not glanced already. Being much older, they were less clean and neat than the one which the present bishop has built, and which he took some laudable pride in showing to us; they have, too, in greater abundance, that active little animal the *pulex*, to whose propensities I believe that no one who has ever been in a church or convent in the East, has long remained a stranger. Leaving the church we were courteously invited to sit again, but as our time was limited we were obliged to decline, and making our adieus we left the bishop of Es-Siout and his clergy with feelings of kindness and respect, not unmingled with disappointment.

I may mention here, as connected with the same subject, though occurring some days afterwards, that I had the pleasure of calling upon the bishop of Esneh with a letter from Mr. Lieder. He received me with great kindness and courtesy, was very much pleased with the present which I had brought, and appeared to be deeply interested in the cause to which his life is devoted. Personally his appearance and address are more striking than those of the bishop of Es-Siout, and from considerable intercourse with him, both at home and afterwards at Luxor, I should be disposed to think highly of his intellectual capacity and his general information. His character, too, as an energetic and faithful bishop—I mean of course to the extent of his knowledge of the truth—stands high among those who are competent to judge, and disposed to judge fairly. By his invitation, I visited some of the churches of Esneh; but as they do not offer anything special or different from those already spoken of, I need not detain you with any attempt to describe them.

As our reis had chosen Es-Siout as the place where he would bake bread for his crew's supply, we had the rest of the day before us, to spend in any way we chose. Accordingly we concluded to visit the grottoes cut in the limestone rock near the modern town, of which Sir Gardner Wilkinson gives a full and accurate account. We rode out of the town on donkeys, in a southwesterly direction, passed through several beautifully green fields, crossed over a canal intended for irrigation, by means of a rather large and well-built stone bridge, and in about half an hour came to the foot of the lofty hill, called by the modern Egyptians *Stabl Antar*. We climbed up the steep sides of the hill for about two-thirds of the way, when we were gratified by a sight of the porch or entrance-chamber, which is cut out of the limestone rock, and open to the air. It is this chamber of which M. Denon speaks in glowing terms, declaring "that all the elegancies of ornament, which the Greeks have employed in their

architecture; all the wavy lines and scrolls, and other Greek forms, are here executed with taste and exquisite delicacy."* The inner rooms are large, and deeply interesting to the antiquarian; the roofs are adorned with paintings, the colors of which can even yet be tolerably well distinguished, and on the walls are many hieroglyphics, some of them of considerable importance. Of course it would be quite out of the question, for me to pretend to speak fully of these curious catacombs; at most, I can but hope to convey to you some faint idea of a high hill, which has been cut into in hundreds of places, and is so full of grottoes and smaller excavations, that it is pronounced by Denon cavernous, and is said to resound under the foot. We made our way through the sand and rubbish, into many of the inner chambers, and saw evidences of mummy remains, not only of human beings, but of wolves, which latter circumstance is in accordance with the fact, that the ancient city was called *Lycopolis*, "the city of wolves," and that that animal was held sacred by its inhabitants. Perhaps the most interesting thing to a Christian, in connection with these catacombs, is the fact, that they were once used as the abodes of the persecuted and despised followers of the cross, and at a later period became the favorite haunts of monks and anchorites. Egypt, as you well know, was the original home of monasticism, and from it spread a system, which had its advantages to a certain extent, but which very soon became corrupted and abused in the most lamentable manner. Probably, as Wilkinson suggests, it was from one of these tombs that John of Lycopolis gave his oracular answer to the embassy of the Emperor Theodosius, a circumstance which afforded Gibbon an opportunity to relate the story in his usual style of affected respect, but of real insult to Christianity.† As I stood, looking down from the summit of the hill, upon the city of Es-Siout, and during

* Russell's "*Ancient and Modern Egypt*," p. 211.

† See Gibbon's "*Decline and Fall*," &c., vol. ii. p. 179, Am. Ed. 1841.

our ride back to the boat, these things afforded abundant food for reflection.

It is not without hesitation that I venture at this point, having already occupied you a long time, to speak of the caves or grottoes of Beni-Hassan. Deeply interesting as they are, in connection with a question which Sir G. Wilkinson discusses with great good sense, and respecting which he draws a conclusion different from what we might have hoped the evidence would furnish, it may not, perhaps, be wise to introduce any account of them at the end of a letter; and I assure you, were I about to consult the taste of persons in general, I should omit, until another opportunity, all mention of Beni-Hassan and its catacombs. But with you, my dear S., I feel that I may take this liberty, and may beg that the indulgence which has so often been granted, may again be extended to me on the present occasion. It will be my aim to be as concise as I can, and, at the same time, as particular as my limited space will allow.

These grottoes or caves are perfectly accessible from the river at this period, when the water is low, though at the same time, it involves the necessity of a walk, rather long for comfort, under a hot sun, and rather toilsome for such persons as myself, who feel the labor of climbing a steep ascent. I was struck with the appearance which the large boulders, which lie scattered round on the side of the hill or mountain, present, in contrast with the usual absence of everything of the kind in the valley of the Nile. Wilkinson terms them calcareous, and says that they are full of shells, containing much silex, very heavy and hard, and externally of a dark-brown color. He also expresses the opinion, that probably these large stones were once in horizontal beds, like flints in chalk, and that the decay of the stratum in which they lie, has in many places disengaged them;—an opinion which is, no doubt, correct. On reaching an elevation of about eighty feet above the river, we came to the entrances of the caves which front

toward the Nile, and are excavated in the side of the mountain, at about one-third below its top. Their general character is simple enough; usually you enter a square or oblong chamber, say twenty or twenty-five feet long, and perhaps fifteen feet high. In many cases, the walls are rough and unornamented; in others they have been adorned with great care and skill. In nearly all very deep pits are seen, in which the mummies were deposited, but which have been rifled of their contents. Several of the caves have columns, both in front and in the interior; and in some instances I observed niches or recesses opposite the door or main entrance, where the figures or sculptures of the triad worshipped here, were placed.

We spent considerable time in examining the various sepulchral chambers, which so many centuries ago were hollowed out of the solid rock, for the purpose to which they were devoted. Several of the more northerly ones are disfigured by childish scrawls made by the ignorant Arabs, and nearly all of them bear the marks of that mania for recording names, which is so prevalent among travellers in general. Most of the grottoes which we visited are adorned with paintings on the walls, and various hieroglyphical inscriptions, which throw light, not only upon the date of their excavation, but also upon numerous interesting points, in regard to the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians. Some of these paintings are in excellent style, the colors being still good, and do credit to the artist, quite as much so as anything which we have seen in Egypt, not even excepting the tombs at Thebes. In one place we saw the ancient gymnastic exercises, represented with much spirit; in another we beheld a hunting scene, in all its details, and, with the single failure of perspective, as life-like as many a modern painting. Here we looked upon the peaceful occupations of the husbandman; there we saw the administration of justice, and the bastinado being inflicted upon men and even women, the latter in a sitting posture,

and beaten upon the shoulders instead of the feet. Now, the artist presents before us the various exciting scenes of war, and now, the more agreeable domestic avocations of every-day life: the scribes register for their master the accounts of his estates, and present them with the vouchers to him whom they serve: the women play on the harp, or they are engaged in preparing bread and delicacies: the servants are occupied in catching fish in nets, or in snaring birds and wild fowl, or in managing boats on the Nile, or something of the kind, which tends to illustrate many of the multifarious occupations of the ancient Egyptians, not far from four thousand years ago. I suppose, in all, we visited about fifteen, or perhaps more of these grottoes, and witnessed in them the variety of scenes, to which I have alluded, thrown together, so far as I could judge, without any particular connection, and representing such matters, and in such order, as either the artist or his employer chose, or as their respective fancies dictated. But it would be useless to attempt a detailed account of all that we beheld: I shall therefore, with your permission, speak of only one of these caves, which, for a reason presently to be stated, does not yield in interest to any of the monumental wonders of the land of the Pharaohs.

In front are two polygonal columns, cut out of the mountain's side, and appearing, as Wilkinson phrases it, to be "the prototype of the Doric shaft." As nearly as I could obtain the measurements, they are nine and a half feet in circumference, and about fifteen feet in height, slightly decreasing in thickness towards the upper end of the shaft, and crowned with an abacus, exceeding but little the summit of the column. The doorway or entrance is large, and only a few feet from the columns in front; it is covered with hieroglyphics, both in front and on its sides. The chamber itself I found to be nearly forty feet square, with a recess or niche opposite the doorway: there are four large columns, with sixteen sides or faces, similar to those just spoken of, placed at even dis-

tances, and supporting the ceiling, which is vaulted between the architraves, and ornamented in a manner, which is, even at this remote period, striking to a high degree. The ceiling is about twenty feet high in the most elevated parts: the columns, I ought to mention, are, according to the Egyptian custom, painted or stained with a reddish color, in imitation of granite,* and might readily deceive a cursory observer. On the walls are numerous paintings, representing scenes, in general like those alluded to above: the figures of the men, it struck me, were frequently badly proportioned, and stiff and unnatural in many instances, the arms, particularly, being extravagantly long, and out of shape. Most of the animals are well represented; and the fish on the wall opposite the doorway, are decidedly superior to anything which I have seen in Egypt; they would not discredit even some of our present artists.

It is a question of some moment, in connection with this grotto, which may easily be distinguished by the fish, painted on the wall opposite the entrance, to ascertain to whom we are to refer the procession of strangers, represented on the upper part of the north wall. It has been supposed, that as these caves were made in the time of Osirtasen, during whose reign, it is thought by some writers of eminence, Joseph came into Egypt, the persons here set before our eyes might be Joseph's brethren, and that thus we might have one of the most authentic and most deeply interesting mementoes, of an age fraught with importance to the chosen people. Of course, I do not feel myself competent to decide in a case of so much

* "All the caves of Beni-Hassan are ornamented with colored figures, or other ornamental devices; and the columns, with the lower part of the walls, in the northern grottoes, are stained of a red color to resemble granite, in order to give them an appearance of greater solidity. These imitations of hard stone and rare wood, were very commonly practised by the Egyptians, though it is a singular fact that granite and other stone used in their monuments, being generally colored, could not be distinguished."—"*Hand Book for Egypt*," p. 294.

consequence, nor in the present state of hieroglyphical learning and research into Egyptian history and antiquity, do I see how the objections of Sir G. Wilkinson to this view can be answered. He informs us that the hieroglyphics above these strangers, represent them as "captives;" that they have the number "37" written over them; that the person who should be Joseph, in case it were a representation of the scene supposed, has a name totally unlike his Egyptian name, "Zaphnath Paaneah," and is styled in hieroglyphics, "Nefothph," or "Nehoth;" and finally, that the names of the father and mother of this individual are too distinctly specified to admit the claims of Joseph. These appear to me fatal objections, and though it is not impossible that they may all be answered, and this grotto may, after all, assume an importance, which a settlement of the question in the way desired, would confer upon it, I dare not believe that I have, indeed, looked upon a picture so touchingly attractive as this would be, were it really the representation of the meeting of Joseph with his brethren. It is true, however, that I gazed upon these ancient paintings with an interest too deep for words: and it was not for a considerable time after my companions had left, and had called me to come with them, that I could consent to turn away from this grotto, and look no more upon what may be, perhaps is, connected so intimately with the history of the great and good Joseph. You will allow me, I doubt not, as a fitting conclusion, to refer you to the sentiments of two eminent living writers, whose spirit of reverence for Holy Scripture cannot be too highly commended in these rationalistic days: "I do not pretend," says Wilkinson, in reference to the question of who these strangers were, "to decide, nor do I see sufficient reason for supposing them to represent that event (viz., the arrival of Joseph's brethren); but should this ever prove to be the case, they will be looked upon with unbounded interest, and be justly deemed the most curious painting on the Egyptian monuments." The learned W.

Osburn devotes several pages to this interesting tomb or grotto, which he calls "the tomb of Pihrai," a person who held a high military office, in the reign of Osirtasen I. This monarch's reign "belongs to the time of Abraham or thereabouts." The learned author's view of the signification of the painting on the walls, is well expressed in few words:—"Without entering at all into the various conjectures which have been hazarded, as to the nation to which these captives belonged, we at once adopt the plain indication of the text, and assume, that it represents the tribe or clan of the Jebusites, who, subdued by the prowess of Pihrai, had sent an embassy to Egypt, to solicit peace."*

With these remarks, I must bid adieu to the various topics which have occupied my letters for some time past: it will be my design next to address you from the metropolis of Egypt, and to speak of those things which relate to the living rather than the dead, and which, just at this time, have an importance far beyond any previous period in their history.

* Osburn's "*Ancient Egypt, her Testimony to the Truth of the Bible*," p. 37–43.

LETTER IX.

The Metropolis of Egypt.

Promise to be Fulfilled.—Scenes during a Day from the Window of our Hotel.—Variety, Peculiarity, and Strangeness of everything.—Noise and Confusion.—A Walk in the Streets and Lanes.—Coptic Quarter.—A Cairene House.—View from the Roof.—The Bazaars.—Process of Buying a Garment.—Cries of the Metropolis.

CAIRO, Feb. 24th, 1849.

MY DEAR S.,

You will recollect that in a former letter dated from Cairo, I ventured to promise at a subsequent period, something of a lengthened and connected description of the metropolis and its many objects of interest. I was then hardly aware what such a promise might lead you to expect, or what a serious task I had imposed upon myself by this undertaking; and perhaps were I wise, or duly sensible of my inefficiency to add novelty or interest to topics already so fully, ably, and accurately dealt with by Mr. Lane, in his admirable volumes on the "Modern Egyptians," I should beg you to pardon me for not keeping my promise, and refer you to Mr. Lane's work, as calculated to afford you entire satisfaction. Yet, nevertheless, so perverse is human nature —especially the nature of letter-writers—that I am foolish enough to persuade myself that you would hardly be content were I to take such a course, and that having become accustomed to my freedom of speech in regard to Egypt in general, you would rather like, than otherwise, to know what my impressions are in regard to the metropolis. If it be true,

however, that I have deceived myself, and that you prefer the excellent and complete description of Mr. Lane's, to the rambling and often dull remarks of mine on these topics, I give you full liberty to pass over the whole, and to leave me to suffer the just punishment of my presumption.

Let me first invite you, if you will, to imagine yourself standing at the window of my room, and gazing upon the panorama which constantly passes before your eyes. You are looking out upon the Ezbekiyeh, a large park or plat of ground, planted with trees and arranged into walks: it is irregular in shape, being about half a mile in extent either way, and as you see, it winds, as it were, for a considerable distance, both right and left; the flowers and fruit trees, and the shady walks, make it a delightful place of resort for those who are fatigued or annoyed with the bustling, noisy streets. In former times this whole space was a lake, during the season of the high Nile; but a large canal which surrounds it, and at present is, as you see, dry, has drained it, and not only removed a disagreeable pool of stagnant water, but furnished to the Cairenes a beautiful public square and garden. Our street is one of the few wide enough for vehicles of any size to pass and repass, and most of the hotels for foreigners are collected together in this locality. You will readily see how great an amount of travel on foot and on horseback, on donkeys and in carriages, must here take place during the day.

Well, then, very early in the morning, the donkey boys assemble with their useful steeds on the opposite side of the street, and keep a sharp lookout upon the doors and windows of the hotel; every once in a while they make their selamát (the usual "how-d'ye-do,") to me, or some other passenger who has patronized them the day before, and endeavor to prevail upon me to engage for an indefinite period an animal which has perhaps shaken me almost to death, or—as on one occasion—precipitated me over his head, or has other and equally valuable qualities. Near by, under the same trees

where they keep themselves, is a fellâhah, squatted on some stones, with large trays of dates spread out before her; she appears to have one of the ugliest faces which is to be met with in the streets, and just in this proportion does she seem to be careful to cover it up with her dirty "burko," or face-veil. Nevertheless she has her customers, and the palatable, cheap fruit which Egypt furnishes in such abundance, enables many a fellah and poor boy to enjoy himself at a very small cost. At this hour, too, one of the hard-working and poorly-paid water carriers, with a very large goat skin full of water, goes to and fro in front of the hotel, and liberally dashes its contents upon the dusty street, so that instead of dust you have now mud, a choice of evils, but which is to be preferred I can hardly say, even after having effectually tried both.

As by the requirements of their religion the Mohammedans are early risers, so that they may say the appointed morning prayers, you perceive that many persons are astir before you have breakfasted, and that business of various sorts begins to be transacted at seven and eight o'clock in the morning. Now, comes ambling by on a donkey, a Coptic Christian, distinguished by his deep blue or black turban, and hastening to his daily occupation; like most of his brethren, he appears to be a scribe, for stuck in his girdle is the dawáyeh, or oriental inkstand and receptacle for reed pens, and under his arm or in his hand are some paper and blank books for present use. Now, a fat, lazy-looking Turk rides along, at a slow pace, casting looks of scorn or contempt upon the peasantry and others whom he meets or passes, and doubtless on his way to some greater man than himself, to whom he can and will cringe and bow with all that servility which renders the Eastern character so often despicable in our western eyes. Now, others of all classes, ages, sexes, and colors, from the deepest black to the palest white, pass our window; some have turbans of manifold colors, red, white, black, parti-colored, &c. Some

wear dresses of different descriptions, half Turkish, half Egyptian, partly Frank, partly Greek, some English, some French, more nondescript: here are women in veils and drawers, with yellow boots and slippers; there are women without covering to the face, with bare feet and legs, and having only a blue shirt of cotton; and mingled with all are boys and girls, dogs and donkeys, camels and horses, carts and carriages, sheep and goats, the gaudy splendor of some government officer and the ragged penury and filth of some miserable fellah, the concubines and wives of the rich man, astride of asses and guarded by eunuchs, and the half-naked peasant woman seated in like manner upon her load of vegetables, a plentiful supply of importunate beggars*—and many such-like curious sights.

As the morning advances, the scene changes somewhat; frequently you see Europeans in the street, moving about with all that freedom and utter indifference to the liking or disliking of the Turks and others, which characterize them: as they do not understand, so they do not care for the muttered imprecations which are every now and then bestowed upon them by some bigoted Mohammedan, who only wants

* The cries of the beggars who frequent the streets and frequently grow rich by the trade are curious enough, and well worth quoting, as illustrative of the extent to which the Mohammedans bring religion to bear on nearly all subjects, whether appropriate or not: "Among the most common cries are—'O exciter of compassion! O Lord!'—'For the sake of God! O ye charitable!'—'I am seeking from my Lord a cake of bread!'—'O how bountiful Thou art! O Lord!'—'I am the guest of God and the Prophet!'—in the evening, 'My supper must be Thy gift! O Lord!'—on the eve of Friday, 'The night of the excellent Friday!'—and on Friday, 'The excellent day of Friday!'—One who daily passed my door used to exclaim, 'Place thy reliance upon God! There is none but God!' and another, a woman, I now hear crying, 'My supper must be Thy gift! O Lord! from the hand of a bountiful believer, a testifier of the unity of God! O masters!'—The answers which beggars generally receive (for they are so numerous that a person cannot give to all who ask of him) are 'God help thee!'—'God will sustain!'—'God give thee!'—'God content, or enrich, thee!'—They are not satisfied by any denial but one implied by these or similar answers."—Lane's "*Modern Egyptians*," vol. ii. p. 28.

the opportunity to use fire and sword with as great fury as was ever done by any of the followers of the Arabian impostor.

About mid-day, a tremendous cracking of a whip by a groom on foot, and an unceremonious dispersion of the people on all sides, announce the approach of some one greater than ordinary; see, now: horsemen in elegant or showy trappings, with various appurtenances of a magnate's public appearance, are prancing slowly by; next comes a carriage and six, with the pasha inside, who bestows occasionally a nod or something of the sort upon the passers-by; following his carriage are a number of horsemen and others who form his suite; and these, as well as himself, require the utmost deference and respect, and while the whole cavalcade is going by, no one must dare to get in the way or move out of his appointed place; for, as you well know, it only requires a significant motion of the pasha's eye or hand to dispose of any unlucky fellow's head, or appropriate his heels to the horrible bastinado —such is the despotism of Egypt! Occasionally, too, other carriages, preceded in the same way by a groom, running ahead with a large whip, pass our window, and by the show which they make give the beholders an idea of the consequence which belongs to the respective consuls and consuls-general of foreign powers; or impress the common people with a salutary reverence for some of the pasha's officers who move to and fro in these novel vehicles. Listen, for a moment: what an uproar and disturbance in the street; what furious gestures, what shouting and screaming, what fast talking and fiery war of words;—and what do you suppose it is all about? Why, not a revolution, not a shouting for "equal rights," or "down with the pasha," but nothing more nor less than which one of the donkeys or boys shall gain possession of a Frank who has just appeared at the door of the hotel; see what a crowd gathers round him; now he is pushed toward one, now another; now he is nearly lifted by main force upon

a donkey, and now some opposition brute is all but thrust betwixt his legs; this boy shouts, that half-grown man screams, another praises the saddle of his donkey, a fourth beseeches the gentleman to try his beast, a fifth falls foul of number two, a sixth begins to belabor number three and his donkey—and so they go on, talking all known languages, and several that are not known, until the poor European at last gets on to one of the steeds, and the tempest subsides, only to be renewed again at the first opportunity.

As the day wanes, similar scenes are enacted; the streets present the same appearance of crowding and jostling; of threading one's way amid camels, with heavy, wide-spreading loads, and donkeys with panniers filled with stones or vegetables, or laden with water-skins or great bundles of grass; of escaping from being run down by a horse, and narrowly missing being crushed by a cart against the side of a house; of pushing your neighbor out of the way, and being as unceremoniously used by some one else; and such-like. Just listen to the donkey-boys, as they beat their little brutes, and warn pedestrians to get out of the way: '*yemeenak! shimalak!*' (to thy right! to thy left!) '*dahrak!*' (thy back!) '*wishshak!*' (thy face!) '*gembak!*' (thy side!) '*riglak!*' (thy foot!) *kaabak!*' (thy heel!) Hear them call out to a Turk, '*sakin!*' (take care!) to a Frank, '*ya khawageh!*' to some poor woman, '*ya bint!*' ('daughter' or 'girl'), to an old man, '*ya sheikh!*' etc., etc.* The street is full, very full, as it would seem, having no sidewalks to protect the pedestrian, but all being in common; the various classes, ages, and sexes use such part or parts of the street as they can find; and it is wonderful to notice how seldom an accident happens, how unfrequently any one is hurt, how well, on the whole, everybody manages to get along, and both to give and receive his or her share of jostling and pushing, without offence meant or taken.

* Lane's "*Modern Egyptians*," vol. i. p. 209.

Towards evening the scene changes again, and as night draws on, the donkey-boys, the old woman with her dates, the venders of other articles of food, the idlers and loungers, the dogs and monkeys with their masters, and the whole tribe of street walkers and travellers, gradually retire, and the thoroughfares become vacant and lonely. In the hours of darkness, hardly a person can be found or seen in the busy avenue in front of our hotel; occasionally one passes by with a lantern in hand, to save him from harm in picking his way where no light is furnished by the authorities; and during the evening and night, naught else is seen, and scarcely anything is heard, save the annoying bark of some mongrel curs, who thus take glorious revenge for your contempt of their prowess during the day.

Perhaps this may answer for a rude sketch of what is daily to be seen from my window: it would afford you, however, but a very imperfect view of what the streets of Cairo are in general, or of what this large city contains, were we to stop here, without penetrating into some of the recesses which give a special character to oriental towns. You well recollect, I doubt not, that eastern cities have many features in common with one another; and, unlike what prevails in the West, the streets or lanes are very narrow, winding, unpaved, uneven, and dirty to an extreme: the houses are built to suit the climate and the religion of the people, and externally have hardly a single mark of beauty or good taste; excepting, always, many of the projecting lattice windows, which are often very pretty. Heaps and mounds of rubbish meet the visitor at various points; and he is both astonished and annoyed at finding such things in the heart of a great city, almost as a matter of course. The places of business and trade are in various quarters, and are styled bazaars, where articles of all sorts are sold; and the merchants spend their time, with pipe in hand, chatting with a customer, displaying their goods, and sitting with their legs drawn under

them, lead a life of indolence and inactivity. These and other characteristics of the same kind, belong to nearly all oriental towns, and are more or less familiar to every one who has taken any interest in Eastern matters. It needs not, therefore, that I should enlarge upon these things in general; but I am sure that you will find something to amuse you in the streets and bazaars, during the walks that I propose you should take with me in Cairo. Let us sally out, then, in good season, and take a look at some of the many strange and curious things, to be seen in the streets and lanes of the metropolis.

Turning to the right, as we leave the Hotel d'Europe, we soon arrive at another quarter of the town. We enter through a large door, which at night is shut and guarded, and find ourselves in a narrow, crooked lane, hardly wide enough to pass any one on a donkey, and having a gloomy appearance and a damp atmosphere. It is the Copt quarter where we are: the Jewish quarter we shall find to be much worse; and the Turkish a very great deal better. Observe the change in the streets: here they are about five or six feet wide, and sometimes much less; and the little shops on either side, with the women squatted in the midst of their dates, or vegetables, or groceries; the men shouting forth their articles of trade; the children playing under foot; the slippery mud and filth in which we are treading, impress one very singularly, and far from pleasantly. One does not wonder that plague, cholera, and pestilence in general rage in Cairo. The only surprise to those educated in the belief that cleanliness of person and habitation, and the circulation of pure air, are essential to the health of the community, is, that the plague should ever leave such a fair field for its operations as this; or that the cholera and pestilential fevers should not sweep away the whole population, during the period of their ravages. Notice how scant is the supply of light, though it is noon-day, and the sun is shining in all its vigor. The interior of the petty

shops are quite dark, and it is not without difficulty that you can distinguish any objects at all. If you look upward for a moment, you discover that it is not altogether the narrowness of the street or lane which causes this sort of twilight; for there you see how the windows and upper stories, in many cases, project beyond the perpendicular, for two feet or more on both sides of the passage, which, of course, diminishes the space so much, that neither the sun nor the light can penetrate with any great effect. We leave this lane at this point, and turn down another, which, amusingly enough called "Broadway," goes at one time under portions of houses, and is quite dark; and at another becomes quite wide, i. e., some seven or eight feet, which appears well by contrast. Now we see houses in ruins, and the rubbish in the middle of the street, as is sometimes the case in *our* part of the world. Now we pass along, without meeting a single individual; now we meet a crowd of boys and donkeys; a number of veiled objects, which appear to be of all colors and ages; and a string of camels, with immense loads, which require the pedestrian to take shelter in a doorway, or where he best may, to avoid being crushed, as they stalk slowly by. And thus we continue, turning in and out, up and down, meeting all sorts of curious things, coming in contact with all classes, from the gaudily dressed lady, waddling along in silks, to the most miserable fellah woman, with scarcely half a blue shirt to cover her nakedness, and with a child devoid of clothing astride of her shoulder. And though, at times, in crowds and thoroughly jostled, yet often we are quite alone, and surprised to see how few people are in the streets and lanes of the city.

But let us enter a house; it is the mansion of a dear friend, yet in nearly all respects is like other houses in Cairo. At the door, or just inside, stands the porter who admits us. You see there is a small court, which in many cases is much larger, and has a well and some other things in it; but as yet there is no appearance of life or of inmates, and only

blank walls and an earthen floor, which do not seem to promise much. We follow the sober Arab, who moves at just such a pace, and rejoices in the name of Músa, and he leads us up a staircase of stone steps, which wind at every third or fourth step during the whole ascent: it is lighted from above, being open to the sky. By and by, we get to the third story, as we should call it, and leaving the stairs enter a broad space paved with stone, and having doors leading to rooms on either hand, and those again connected with others on the same floor. In this particular house, there are various things which indicate European habits and tastes: the drawing room is furnished with chairs, and has a carpet on the floor, together with many objects which could only interest a Christian and a lover of English literature; and the various other rooms, while oriental to some extent, still show that habit is a strong thing, and that our customs may not easily be dispensed with; but in general, as you will notice in other houses where eastern manners are adopted, the rooms are not at all furnished in this way; the stone floor is covered, sometimes only in part, with plain white matting, and at one end of the apartment, which is nearly square, is a long and broad díwan, raised about six inches above the floor, reaching entirely across the room, and having pillows against which to recline. Very few articles of any kind are to be seen, seldom a chair, usually a small table or escritoire; but very seldom is there an approach to the profusion of furniture which characterizes our parlors and drawing rooms; and at first one cannot but feel that it is cheerless and uncomfortable; but use, and the necessity of studying how best to pass the hot season, accustom one soon to these changes. You will notice, too, in the house where we are, that there is no harím, and of course no portion of it set aside as forbidden to any but the husband and female visitors; in others, where Europeans choose to adopt this custom likewise, the apartments of the women form an important portion of the house—a por-

tion, which, as you know, I have never seen, and cannot therefore describe from personal observation, but which several writers have admirably treated of, particularly some of the ladies who have visited Egypt, and have favored the world with the result of their intercourse with eastern females.

While here, it is worth our while to mount still higher, and from the flat roof or terrace, to observe what an appearance Cairo presents. A similar winding staircase leads to this attractive spot, as the citizens usually esteem it; for here in the cool of the morning and evening, they love to assemble and enjoy the delightful breezes which refresh and invigorate the wearied body and jaded spirits; here they have their pipes and coffee, and reclining on their díwan or carpets, spend hours in contemplation or cheerful conversation, as best suits their taste. Look now at the unique scene which lies before you; in the distance you see the lofty pyramids of Gízeh, those mighty monuments of a people and an age which have long since passed away forever, and, far beyond, the illimitable desert and hills of sand which bound the view on the African side; opposite to these, looking eastwardly, are the Mokattam hills or mountains, which stretch away to the south, and far into the Arabian desert. Mingled in one picturesque outline, you see the broad and winding Nile, which confers life upon Egypt, and renders verdant its productive banks; the vast collection of splendid tombs and mausolea for the dead of past generations, which serve to remind one of the certainty of death and decay of all things human; the beautiful palm groves, the numerous villages, the broad fields of grain, the gardens and residences of the great, the manufactories of the pasha's introduction, and such-like features, which, under the brilliant sun and the transparent skies of Egypt, have an attractiveness which, so far as I know, is peculiarly their own. But it is not these things which require our present attention, since there are several

elevated spots where this same scene, slightly varied, is spread out to view; the city itself, as we now see it, claims our notice on many accounts. In the streets and lanes, it is very difficult to form any idea of the actual state of the houses in which people live, or of the strange appearance which they present when seen from a high position, as ours is; but here, we look down upon such things as we could not have supposed to exist in a large and populous city, like the metropolis of Egypt.* Observe the air of desolation which seems to envelop every object; the houses are very generally partly in ruin, and being built of the dark-colored bricks, formed of the mud of the Nile, look still less inviting than would otherwise be the case. Crowded together, and having few avenues wide enough to be distinguished, were it not for the relief which the minarets afford to the scene, the dwellings of the people would in general strike one as little better than those in the villages; in short, Cairo looks like a city in ruins, and the reality is probably not very far behind the appearance.

Before returning to our hotel, let us go into the bazaars, which are in many respects the most interesting objects in the city, and will well repay us for an hour or two spent in examining them. Most of the streets, especially the larger ones, have a row of shops on either side, and, as you will observe, certain portions of the city are devoted to some particular branch of trade or manufactures: thus, there is the

* "The modern Egyptian metropolis is now called 'Masr;' more properly 'Misr;' but was formerly named 'El-Kahireh,' whence Europeans have formed the name of *Cairo*. It is situated at the entrance of the valley of Upper Egypt, midway between the Nile and the eastern mountain range of Mukattam. Between it and the river, there intervenes a tract of land, for the most part cultivated, which in the northern parts, (where the port of Búlak is situated) is more than a mile in width, and at the southern part, less than half a mile wide. The metropolis occupies a space equal to about three square miles; and its population is about 240,000. It is surrounded by a wall, the gates of which are shut at night, and is commanded by a large citadel, situated at an angle of the town, near a point of the mountain. The streets are unpaved; and most of them are narrow and irregular: they might more properly be called lanes."—Lane's "*Modern Egyptians*," vol. i. p. 5.

market of the copper-ware dealers, the jewellers' market or bazaar, that of the hard-ware merchants, of the sword-mounters, of the silk dealers, of the perfume-sellers, of the gold and silver workers, &c. It will be quite impossible for us to do more than look at one of these thoroughly; let us then go to the great Turkish sook or bazaar, termed "Khan El-Khaleelee,"* from the sultan Khaleel, in whose reign it was built, A.D. 1292, and we shall obtain probably the best idea which Cairo affords of an oriental bazaar. It consists, as you see, of a number of short lanes, connected with each other, and has four entrances from different quarters. The shops are on both sides, and are worth stopping to look at, and to contrast with the large and splendid shops in our western cities: a square recess or cell, perhaps seven or eight feet high, and about half that distance in width, with narrow shelves for the articles offered for sale, constitutes a shop in the "Khan El-Khaleelee." In front of the shops, you observe that there is a raised seat of stone or brick, built up to a height even with the floor, i. e., about three feet above the ground: this seat is about a yard wide, and having a carpet spread over it, with a cushion to recline against, is used by the shop-keeper as well for his own purposes as to accommodate a customer with a pipe and means of resting during the tedious process of concluding a bargain. Several of the bazaars, as you observe here where we are at present, are covered over with matting laid on loose reeds, or supported by more solid planks, extending across the street, at a slight distance, usually, above the houses.

* "The Khan Khaleel (or Khan Khaleelee) was built in 691, A.H. (A.D. 1292) by one of the officers of the reigning sultan, whose name, Khaleel, it bears. This man, under the pretence of removing the bones of the caliphs to a more suitable place of interment, is said to have thrown them carelessly on the mounds of rubbish outside the walls; to which profane conduct they ascribe his miserable end; having been killed in battle in Syria, and his body having been eaten by dogs. This, like many other Arab stories, may be doubted."—"*Hand Book for Egypt*," p. 141.

Notice, now, for a moment, what is passing before our eyes; crowds of people are constantly moving along, some having come to buy, and some merely to look; different cries are shouted in our ears by those who vend articles about the streets; women of the lower classes are haggling with the shop-keeper about some trifling purchase; ladies in silks and satins are stopping to examine some jewelry or ornaments, where not only the bijouterie attracts their attention, but something else in the merchant himself, a circumstance which strikingly reminds one of the Arabian Nights, and the love stories in them based on the visits of ladies to the bazaars; on the mastabah, or raised seat, at various shops, are customers, who having taken off their shoes and drawn their feet under them, are gravely smoking a pipe or drinking coffee, as a necessary part of making a purchase; or having concluded these operations, are soberly discussing the value of the article, and what may be considered a fair price; some of the shops are empty, the master having left his property to the care of his neighbors, who in general thus aid one another; in one or two places the merchant is very devout, and is saying his prayers upon the mastabah, in the sight of everybody, according to the custom of the Turks and other Mohammedans; and mingled with all are foreigners from nearly all nations, and persons of all colors, which form a medley rather curious and interesting. As we stroll through this extensive bazaar, we see that a great variety of articles are on sale; such as ready-made clothes, arms of different descriptions and qualities, the seggádehs or prayer-carpets, silks, linens, muslins, amber mouth-pieces, pipes, copper-ware, &c. &c.

Let us see if we can make a bargain for an article of dress which I expect to use in going into Syria; it will serve to illustrate the oriental manner of buying and selling, which is in some respects very diverse from our own. I wish for a burnoos or heavy capote, and in a shop close at hand I see several exposed to view: we stop at an old acquaintance's,

with whom we have dealt before. He is delighted to see us, presses us to mount the mastabah and take a pipe; the latter we decline, courteously of course, and beg him to show us the burnoos. I find one which fits me tolerably, and I inquire the price; being a customer, he does not advance on what he means to take more than eighty or a hundred piastres, and for the same reason, I do not offer him less than a hundred below what I purpose giving: then begins the speechifying; he expatiates upon the superior quality of the article; beseeches me to handle it and see; and declaring that he cannot for a moment entertain my offer, diminishes his price, nevertheless, thirty piastres. I listen with the utmost gravity, assure him that I do not particularly care about the burnoos, and am in doubt whether to buy one or not; but on reflection, I advance my offer twenty-five piastres. This only excites the Turk, and the phlegmatic merchant gets on his feet, and with a gesture of impatience at my hardness, solemnly declares his ultimatum, which is sixty piastres less than the original price asked. At this point I determine upon my course; as I do not specially need the garment at this time, I say to him, rather indifferently, "Well, as you please; in consideration of having traded with you before, I will tell you what I will do; I will give you a hundred and seventy-five piastres for the burnoos, and no more." This, by the way, is within fifteen of what he has offered it to me for; he shakes his head, and says, no; so I get up and take my leave, to try elsewhere; but hardly have I got ten feet away from his shop, before he calls me back, and says, "Well, well; allah akbar; take it; you are an old customer, and I can't refuse you." So, by this roundabout and time-losing process, I get what I want at about a fair price: and so, in fact, is the way with nearly every purchase which one makes in Cairo.

On the whole, I am not sure but that you will be wearied with this attempt to give life to scenes which must be viewed

with one's own eyes really to be appreciated; and I assure you that I have rarely felt more acutely than at present how difficult it is to describe accurately and intelligibly the ordinary habits and customs of oriental life. There are so many peculiarities arising out of the national characteristics of the people, so many little things which exemplify the mental development of the masses—so far as this term can be applied to them—and so many finer shades which are necessary parts of the picture as a whole, that I shall be surprised if you are not disappointed with what I have written, or if you do not censure the vagueness and unsatisfactoriness of the present letter. Perhaps you will allow me, as a fitting close to my lucubrations on these topics—even though I know I shall suffer much by comparison—to quote a passage or two from Mr. Lane, in illustration of some of the many and various cries heard in the streets of Cairo; allusion was made to them above, and they are sufficiently curious and peculiarly oriental to merit attention: "the seller of sour limes cries, 'God make them light, (or easy of sale)! O limes!'—The toasted pips of a kind of melon called 'abdallawee,' and of the watermelon, are often announced by the cry of 'O consoler of the embarrassed! O pips!' though more commonly by the simple cry of 'Roasted pips!'—A curious cry of the seller of a kind of sweetmeat ('halaweh'), composed of treacle fried with some other ingredients, is 'For a nail! O sweetmeat!' He is said to be half a thief: children and servants often steal implements of iron, &c., from the house in which they live, and give them to him in exchange for his sweetmeat.—The hawker of oranges cries 'Honey! O oranges! Honey!' and similar cries are used by the sellers of other fruits and vegetables, so that it is sometimes impossible to guess what the person announces for sale, as when we hear the cry of 'Sycamore figs! O grapes!' excepting by the rule that what is for sale is the least excellent of the fruits, &c., mentioned; as sycamore figs are not so good as grapes.—A very singular

cry is used by the seller of roses: 'The rose was a thorn; from the sweat of the prophet it blossomed.' This alludes to a miracle related of the prophet.—The fragrant flowers of the henna-tree (or Egyptian privet), are carried about for sale, and the seller cries, 'Odors of paradise! O flowers of the henna!'—A kind of cotton cloth, made by machinery, which is put in motion by a bull, is announced by the cry of 'The work of the bull! O maidens!' "* Other illustrations of the cries of various street merchants are found in Mr. Lane's volumes, to which I beg to refer you in case your curiosity extends beyond what I have quoted; at present I leave the whole subject, in the hope that, in my next letter I may interest you more successfully in some other features peculiar to the East.

* "*Modern Egyptians*," vol. ii. p. 18.

LETTER X.

Mosks—Citadel—Heliopolis.

Religious Edifices.—Great Number of Mosks in Cairo.—Mosk of Ahmed ibn et-Túlun.—Oldest.—Minaret.—Anecdote.—Mosks easily Visited.—Description of Interior.—Mosk of Sultan Hassan.—Finest in Cairo.—Interior.—Citadel.—Massacre of Memlooks.—Mohammed Ali's Mosk.—Splendid View from Citadel.—Adventure.—Objects of Interest in the Environs of Cairo.—Heliopolis.—Obelisk.—Sad Reflections.—Joseph and the Daughter of the Priest or Prince of On.—Sycamore of the Holy Family.—An Oriental Bath.—Description of one.—Its Peculiarities.—Great Enjoyment.

CAIRO, March 6th, 1849.

MY DEAR S.,

I DO not know that there is anything in any country, which, to a thoughtful mind, is more full of interest, and more strikingly illustrative of the character and condition of the people, than their religious edifices. Go where we will, we are sure to find evidences of some sort of belief in superior power and agency, whether it be the wretched idolatry of the Hindoos, the false creed of the Arabian impostor, or the pure and true faith of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; and we are equally sure to meet with houses of worship, and edifices devoted to religion, which afford us an insight into the nature of their belief, and tend to show the near approach of nations and people to the truth, as it is in Jesus, or their vast remove from that which constitutes the glory of Christian lands. It was, therefore, with feelings of no ordinary character, that I spent some days, in visiting such of the mosks as are accessible to Franks, and in noticing their peculiarities, and their points of difference from the churches and temples devoted to the worship of the Triune God of our sal-

vation. You will not be displeased, I am confident, if I describe one or two of these mosks somewhat at large. They are said to be very numerous in the metropolis—Wilkinson thinks about four hundred; but they do not differ much, except in size and variety of minarets, and would not repay one for the trouble of visiting them all: hence I shall confine my remarks to those two, which seem to have the greatest interest connected with them,—the one as being the oldest, the other the finest mosk in Cairo.

The mosk of Ahmed ibn et-Túlun, commonly known as the "Gama Taylun," is the oldest in the metropolis, having been founded nearly a hundred years before any other part of the city, in the year A.H. 265 = A.D. 879; and though it is not particularly attractive on the score of architectural beauty, it is very interesting in another point of view, as establishing the use of the pointed arch, some three hundred years before its introduction into England. The exterior, like that of most of the mosks which I have seen, presents a singular want of taste, according to our ideas, in having the walls daubed, for I can call it nothing else, with alternate horizontal stripes of coarse red and white paint, which seems to me to give the building a childish and almost ridiculous appearance. The edifice, as a whole, is very large, and the windows are few, small, and protected by thin bars of wood or iron, which form a sort of lattice-work, through which the air circulates freely. This particular mosk has a very singular mád'neh or minaret, unlike, I believe, any other in Cairo; for the staircase, by which the ascent is made, winds round the outside. The cause of this peculiarity is thus given by Wilkinson: "It is said to have originated in the absent habits of its founder, and an observation of his wizeer: he had observed him unconsciously rolling a piece of parchment into a spiral form; and, having remarked, 'it was a pity his majesty had no better employment,' the king, in order to excuse himself, replied, 'so far from trifling, I have been thinking

that a minaret erected on this principle, would have many advantages; I could even ride up it on horseback: and I wish that of my new mosk to be built of the same form.' "*

There is little or no difficulty attendant upon visiting the mosks of Cairo at the present day; and, with the exception of two of them (viz., the Hassanín and the Ezher), a person in a Frank dress may freely enter a mosk, and look about him as much as he chooses, without fear of insult or molestation. For this we have to thank the French, in great measure; for it is only since their invasion, that the privilege of even passing *before* several of the mosks, has been allowed to Christians and the persecuted Jew. Happily, too, Mohammed Ali has had sense enough to see, how impolitic is all this bigotry and intolerance, in which the lower classes delight. Some two or three days ago, accompanied by Antonio, I set out to spend a day in looking through the Mohammedan houses of worship, visiting first the mosk of the Sultan, above alluded to. The entrance is mean, comparatively speaking, and has usually about it a number of loungers or idle fanatics, and beggars, who go as far as they dare, in muttering imprecations upon the "Christian dogs," and in gazing at them with countenances fairly lighted up, at times, with malignity and Pharisaic pride. We walked some little distance through a rather dark passage-way, till we came to an open doorway, leading to the inner part of the building. Here we were stopped by the servant or keeper of the mosk; and before we were allowed to step over the low railing, and enter, we had either to take off boots, and go in barefoot, or encase our feet, boots and all, in a pair of heavy reed slippers. I chose the latter, not feeling it quite safe to spend any time barefoot on the stone floor inside. Antonio, however, followed the usual fashion. We now found ourselves in a large, open, square court, paved, and having in the centre a large fountain, covered with a dome, and used by the people for ablutions, pre-

* "*Hand-Book for Egypt*," p. 133.

vious to prayer. On each side of this court are colonnades, those on three of the sides consisting of two rows of columns, about sixty feet deep, and that on the eastern end, of five rows, all supporting pointed arches. On two sides, however, as I was informed, the colonnades have been converted into houses, by order of the government. The mosk itself is said to be built on the plan of the Kaaba at Mecca. Crossing the court, we came to that portion of the building, which is principally used for the place of prayer. It is more spacious than the other parts of the mosk, and is divided into three aisles, by rows of columns, parallel with the outer wall. Mats are spread over the entire space, and the worshippers go through with their devotions, high and low, rich and poor, all together, without distinction of classes—a feature of Mohammedanism, which reminded me rather painfully of the different notion of things, which Protestant Christians are apt to entertain in arranging their houses of prayer. In the centre of the exterior wall is the mehrab or niche, which points out the direction of Mecca; towards which, as you know, every Mohammedan turns when he says his prayers. To the right of the niche is the pulpit, which is about ten feet high, I suppose, and reached by means of a wooden staircase, remarkable rather for solidity than beauty. "Opposite the mehrab, in the central part of the portico, there is a platform (called 'dikkeh'), surrounded by a parapet, and supported by small columns; and by it, or before it, are one or two seats, having a kind of desk, to bear a volume of the koran, from which a chapter is read to the congregation. The walls in the mosks generally are quite plain, being simply whitewashed; but in some of them, the lower part of the wall of the place of prayer is lined with colored marble, and the other part ornamented with various devices, executed in stucco, but mostly with texts of the koran (which form long friezes, having a pleasant effect), and never with the representation of anything that has life." In one corner of this part of the edifice, is the

tomb of the Sultan Túlun (whose reign dates A.D. 868–884); it is railed in; and what little light there is here, comes principally from above, the ceiling being very lofty. At this hour, being about the middle of the forenoon, there were very few persons present; one old man, doubtless a mendicant, from his looks, lay stretched out at full length, asleep on the matting, not far from the pulpit: a number of children were running about, and playing very noisily; and several women seemed to be lounging around, more to gratify their curiosity than anything else.

Escaping from the importunity of the beggars, and the cupidity of the door-keeper as well as I could,* I next set out to visit the mosk of Sultan Hassan, which is said to be, and justly, I believe, the finest in Cairo. It is situate just at the foot of the lofty hill on which the Citadel stands, between the Roomaylee and the Soog e' Sullah. The Cairenes are exceedingly proud of this mosk, and well they may be, since it is the only one that I have seen in Cairo which has any pretensions to what we consider architectural beauty or grandeur. It has a high and rather finely ornamented porch; the cornice of its lofty walls is rich in decorations; its minaret is one of the most striking in the whole city, and the arches of its spacious court cannot fail to interest every admirer of architecture. But after all, how far short does it fall of the sublime conception and execution of an edifice, like hundreds of Christian churches, in which our Lord and our God is worshipped and adored, with a pure and holy worship! In the temples of the true God, we see a grasping after the pure,

* Thefts are sometimes committed in the mosks; Mr. Lane tells an amusing story which was related to him by a friend:—"I went there," (to the Hasaneyn Mosk) said he, "to pray; and as I was stooping over the brink of the meydaah, to perform the ablution, having placed my shoes beside me, and was saying, 'I purpose to perform the Divine ordinance of the wudoó,' somebody behind me said to himself, 'I purpose to take away this nice pair of shoes.' On looking round, I found an old worn-out pair of shoes put in the place of my own, which were new."—"*Modern Egyptians*," vol. ii. p. 235.

the spiritual, the infinite: in the edifices of imposture and false religion, all is sensuous, materializing, utilitarian, expedient;—and thus will it ever be, as it ever has been. After mounting a number of steps, and making our way through a crooked, narrow passage, we came to the entrance or door nearest the tank for ablutions. Here I had to go through the same operation, of putting on slippers over my boots before I could enter. The interior is very large, and differs from "the mosks of early times, and from the generality of those in Cairo, consisting of a hypæthral court, with a square recess on each side, covered by a noble and majestic arch, that on the east being much more spacious than the other three, and measuring sixty-nine feet five inches in span." Besides the pulpit, niche, etc., as in the mosk of Sultan Túlun, I noticed a number of chains for lamps, which are suspended from the ceiling, and the two rows of pretty colored glass vases, of Syrian manufacture, bearing the name of the Sultan, and hanging from the side walls: these add much to the effect of the interior. Passing through a door, we came into a large room, with a very lofty dome of wood and plaster, and some curious ornamental woodwork at the corners of the ceiling or top of the wall. In the centre of this apartment is the tomb of the Sultan Hassan: it is railed in, has a large old copy of the koran lying upon it, and bears the date A.H. 764 (= A.D. 1363). The pavement here is a good deal out of repair, and there is not that neatness which I had expected to find in this celebrated mosk. On the whole, however, it well repays the visitor for the time spent in going through it, even if it have no other effect than to lead him to the conclusion of the superiority of Christian art, and the true value and excellence of the religion of the cross.

In connection with this subject, it may not be out of place to speak of several matters in and about Cairo, which are in a degree related to that of which I have just been writing. I refer to the Citadel, Mohammed Ali's mosk, the tombs

of the Khalifs, of the Kings, &c. The Citadel is one of the most interesting spots in the city: every traveller makes it a point to visit it, and enjoy the splendid view which is there spread out before him; of course we did the same, and were well rewarded. The ascent is by a wide carriage road, which winds gradually up to the summit, and affords many a pleasant glimpse of the city, as well as distant objects. Of the fortifications, which are on a large scale, it is needless to speak; the only really interesting point in connection with them is the spot near the Roomaylee gate, where Emin Bey—this was in March 1811—escaped during the massacre of the Memlooks, by leaping his horse over a gap in the then dilapidated walls. You may be sure that, however policy, or what is called state necessity, may serve to justify or palliate the detestable treachery of Mohammed Ali, we could not refrain from a strong feeling of indignation against him and all other tyrants who take such means to rid themselves of their enemies. Within the Citadel is the new mosk of Mohammed Ali; it is very large and peculiarly imposing, as well from its position as from its style, and the material of which it is built. The stone is the oriental or Egyptian alabaster, and is very showy, and on the whole pleasing. At present the mosk is but partially finished, and it will probably take some years before it can be completed. They have a curious notion in Cairo and the neighborhood, that the old Pasha, who is now in his dotage, and may be removed at any moment, is to be spared till his new mosk is entirely finished. It is quite possible, that this same delusive idea has place in his thoughts, and that he counts upon several years yet, before he goes to his final account.* The view from the platform or level space in front, which forms the court of the

* Alas for all human calculations! Mohammed Ali is dead; he expired August 2d, 1849, aged 80 years, and was buried in his unfinished mosk, and not in the large and splendid mausoleum which he had provided for himself and his family.

mosk, is really grand, and surpasses anything which I have seen in Cairo. You have spread out before you the whole city, the arsenal below, and the surrounding country. Just outside of the Citadel gates is the mosk of Sultan Hassan. Immediately beyond, and in every direction, the numerous minarets rise, as it were, from amid the ruins of a great city, and form one of the features on which the eye loves to rest. In the distance are the mighty Pyramids, and the valley of the Nile, reaching to Sakkhara on the south, and the point of the Delta on the north. Besides the things already mentioned, the Citadel contains other objects worthy of a visit, as the Pasha's palace, where Abbas Pasha receives official visits, and the well of Joseph, that is, of Saláh ed-Din, or Yusef ibn-Eiyúb, who, though you might not easily guess it from the Arabic name, thus spelled, figures in history and romance as the chivalrous Saladin, the worthy opponent of the Lion-hearted Richard of England. We visited these, as a matter of course, while we were about it; but they are not of consequence enough to demand special description at my hands.

As we were leaving the Citadel, on our return, I chanced to be some distance behind our party, and alone; a number of noisy boys came along, and excepting some abusive words, passed me without notice. I rode on very quietly, not expecting anything further, when the first thing I knew, a large stone struck me in the back, having been hurled with considerable force. Convinced that insult of this kind ought not to be submitted to in silence, I immediately wheeled my donkey to the right about, and dashed into the midst of the boys at full speed. I happened to have a stout stick in my hand, and I assure you, I whirled it about to the infinite annoyance and no little risk of these young fanatics. I demanded to know which was the one that dared to throw a stone; but, terrified, pale and trembling, every boy denied it, and thus prevented my castigating the real offender, a course which I had made up my mind to take, without hesitation,

and effectually. After giving them a good lecture, I let them go, and in a few minutes rejoined our party ahead, having been taught a useful lesson as to the actual hatred instilled into the minds of the young against Christians. I understood now, pretty well, the instruction which is given in many schools in Cairo, as summed up in the prayer quoted by Mr. Lane (vol. ii. p. 424), and used every day; and I have little doubt, that if the present Pasha suffer it, we shall see a return, in part at least, to the outrage and insult manifested against Christians in former days, before Mohammed Ali's rule in Egypt.

There are a number of other things of which I might speak, and which, perhaps, I might succeed in making interesting to you. The environs of Cairo have several features, not wanting in attractiveness; and as we have spent a longer time in the metropolis than we intended, owing to circumstances of a private nature, we have visited pretty thoroughly all the objects worth seeing, and some that do not repay one for his trouble. We have ridden to Búlak quite frequently, and explored that busy suburb of Cairo with much interest: we have been again to old Cairo, to see the mosk of 'Amr, which is in ruins, but undergoing repair, and to make a pilgrimage to the Grotto of the Virgin, over which the Copts have built a large church, and in which they devoutly believe the Virgin Mother to have nursed and watched over the Holy Child, during the sojourn in Egypt. We have wasted some precious hours in looking at the Nilometer, on the island of Rhoda. We have had a delightful ride out to Mohammed Ali's palace and gardens at Shubra, where we spent several hours, in looking about and enjoying the fragrance of the flowers, the lemon and orange groves, &c. We have spent two days in excursions to the large and imposing tombs in the vicinity of Cairo, viz., those of the Memlook kings, of different dynasties, that of Mohammed Ali and his family, and others in the neighborhood. We have had occasion, both

to admire the imposing and richly wrought domes and minarets of these mausoleums, and to muse over the fleeting character of earthly grandeur and glory, in visiting many that are dilapidated, uncared for, and fast sinking into ruin;—

"Pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres:"*

but I will not extend this mere enumeration of objects of interest or curiosity; I will rather ask your indulgence to one of our excursions, in which, as it in part, at least, relates to Holy Scripture, I am sure you will find something worthy your attention.

It was a pleasant ride, in an easterly direction, of rather more than two hours from Cairo to Matarieh, near which are the few scant remains of once glorious Heliopolis. Some considerable time before reaching it, the obelisk was plainly in sight, and presented a singular appearance in the midst of cultivated fields and gardens; whereas formerly, ages ago, it and its companion stood, at the entrance of the magnificent Temple of the Sun, and was approached by a grand and imposing dromos of Sphinxes.† Rarely, even in this land of ruins, is there to be found a monument, which more aptly illustrates the fleeting character of earthly greatness, than this noble obelisk, almost the sole remnant of a city, renowned for learning, wisdom, and splendor. It stands all alone, though in the centre of a fertile garden. The fellahín whom we saw, and who here pursue their daily labor, have no

* Horat. *Carm.* I. iv. 13, 14.

† The faces of the obelisk measure at the ground six feet one inch on the north and south, and six feet three inches on the east and west. Its height above the level of the ground is sixty-two feet four inches. The annual deposits of the Nile have in the lapse of time covered the base and pedestal. Wilkinson found the base, or first pedestal of the obelisk, to be about six feet below the present level of the ground; and a larger pedestal a number of feet still lower down. This may give you some idea what changes have taken place in the course of time in the valley of the Nile—the river bringing down its fertilizing products and depositing them on the land, as well as retaining a portion in its own bed, year after year, as it has done from a period beyond the range of authentic history.

knowledge or conception of its meaning or significance; and they gaze at it with listless indifference, roused only by the visits of inquisitive foreigners, whom they count little better than fools or madmen. Far, far back into antiquity does its history reach, not much short of three thousand six hundred years ago (Mr. Gliddon dates it about B.C. 2070); and yet here it stands, while everything else in connection with Heliopolis, that famous seat of learning and Egyptian wisdom, has faded away, and become very dust and ashes. You will not wonder that I fell into my usual musing way, or that I spent a long time in striving to realize the lessons which such monuments ought ever to teach, of the unsatisfying nature of human glory, and the utter worthlessness of this world's fame, power, and magnificence. I read the inscription as well as I could, though it is not easy, in consequence of a multitude of wasps, or insects of that sort, having deposited the materials for their homes on a considerable portion of the obelisk's faces. Mr. Osburn translates it as follows, stating that on each face is the same hieroglyphic inscription:—

> "Horus the life-giver, the king of an obedient people (Sun offered to the world), lord of Upper and Lower Egypt, the life-giving son of the Sun, Osortasen, beloved of the spirits of Poone, the hawk of gold, the life-giver, the great god, (Sun offered to the world), the celebrator of the festivals, giving eternal life."

Rosselini's translation, as given by Mr. Gliddon, is substantially the same:—

> "The Horus [living of men], Pharaoh, SUN OFFERED TO THE WORLD, lord of Upper and Lower Egypt, the living of men, son of the Sun, OSORTASEN, beloved of the spirits in the region of Pone, ever-living, life of mankind, resplendent Horus, beneficent deity, SUN OFFERED TO THE WORLD, who has begun the celebration of his two panegyries to him who makes him, vivifier forever."

Truly, methought, as I stood looking at this really beauti-

ful obelisk, all such boasting is vain, and all the might, majesty, and dominion of man, is like his life itself,—"a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Alas, how little do we know of him, the monarch of Egypt, who once trod the earth so proudly, rejoicing in his strength, surrounded by sycophants and flatterers, and vainly hoping to escape the doom of man—oblivion and nothingness! This single block of stone is all: it tells his name, and parades his kingly titles; his wars and conquests, his magnificence and glory, his virtues and vices, his qualities of head and heart, his trials and successes, his domestic life, and those manifold characteristics which link him to us and the great family of man,—what do we know of them? and what is Osortasen to us but a name, a mere name, to which we attach no idea? O, instead of seeking those things in which fallen man so much rejoices, may our inheritance be that of which St. Peter speaks, "incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us;" and may we be among the wise, and them that turn many to righteousness, for they "shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever."*

It was not the least interesting feature in connection with Heliopolis, to call to mind the Scripture story—so inimitably told—of Joseph, the good and noble Joseph. He, you remember, by his wisdom and the blessing of God resting upon him, was made ruler over all the land of Egypt: "and Pharaoh called Joseph's name Zaphnath-paaneah;† and he gave him to wife Asenath, the daughter of Poti-pherah,‡

* 1 Pet. i. 4; Dan. xii. 3.

† Gesenius's Lexicon is worth looking into for the signification of this name. The Septuagint give Ψονθομφανήχ, which means, according to Egyptian authorities, "the Saviour of the world." Jerome also interprets it *Servator mundi;* Kimchi, however, makes the Hebrew words to signify "Revealer of secrets."

‡ This name Poti-pherah, Pete-phra, he who belongs to the sun, is very common on the monuments of Egypt. "The ancient Egyptian name of Heliopolis was in hieroglyphics Re-ei or Ei-re, 'the house' or 'abode of the Sun,' cor-

priest of On,"—which city was afterwards by the Greeks called Heliopolis. It was an alliance of great moment as well to Joseph and his family, still in Canaan, as to the monarch and people of Egypt. It established Joseph's power on a firm basis, by connecting him with a noble family, and enabled him to make such arrangements as might best subserve the end which Divine Providence purposed accomplishing in this way. For, you will observe, that not only were the priests, as a body, possessed of very great power and influence, but the particular college at On, or Heliopolis, was renowned above all, and of course the high priest of On was the most distinguished; his son-in-law, as ruler of Egypt, must have been supreme. It would seem, also, as Osburn suggests, "that in name, in dress, in language, and in manners, (doubtless so far only as was consistent with the service of the God to whom he was so eminently devoted,) he appeared as an Egyptian, (Gen. xlii. 23.)"* In later times, the prophets speak of Heliopolis under names signifying the same thing as the Greek word; he, Nebuchadrezzar, "shall break also the images of Beth-shemesh, that is in the land of Egypt;" "the young men of Aven (On) shall fall by the sword."† After the accession of the Ptolemies, it ceased to be the seat of learning and influence, the new capital, Alexandria, outrivalling all competitors; and in the days of Strabo (B.C. 30) it had become deserted, several of its obelisks had been removed, and its importance had dwindled into almost nothing. Since then it has sunk into entire ruin, and it would not be easy to find the site of the city, were it not for the obelisk and a few fragments noticed by Wilkinson. Let me conclude this

responding to the title Bethshemes, of the same import, which was applied to it by the Jews; and in Scripture and in Coptic it is called On."

* "*Antiquities of Egypt*," p. 16. See Hengstenberg's "*Egypt and the Books of Moses*," p. 32–34.

† Jer. xliii. 13; Ezek. xxx. 17.

brief notice in his words: "On a red granite fragment, lying some distance from the obelisk, are the name and mutilated figure of the great Remeses; and Mr. Salt found a pedestal with a bull and Osiris, about a quarter of a mile to the eastward. The bull Mnevis shared with Re or Phra the worship of this city, and was one of the most noted among the sacred animals of Egypt. It was kept in a particular enclosure set apart for it, as for Apis at Memphis, and enjoyed the same honor in the Heliopolite as the latter did in the Memphite nome."*

At no great distance from the obelisk is "the fountain of the Sun," which has the reputation of being the only real spring in the valley of the Nile, though in fact it is supplied, like the other wells in Egypt, by filtration from the river. Passing by this, we rode a little way further, and like many thousand pilgrims before our days, we went to see the Sycamore of the Holy Family. It is a large old tree, in the midst of a neat, pretty flower garden, and has been visited by great numbers of persons in years that are gone by. We saw here several names of countrymen and others which we recognized, and could hardly forbear smiling at the strength of that propensity for cutting names in famous localities, which seems to characterize the race to which we belong. Tradition—though here of little if any value—relates that the "fountain of the Sun" was once salt, but that by the visit of the Holy Family it became sweet and pure; and further, that this is the very tree, under which more than eighteen hundred years ago, the blessed Virgin and Child with Joseph reposed for a season, after their long and wearisome journey from Judea. We spent some little time musing over the circumstances connected with the Scripture history to which the tradition points; and inclined more to pity than censure the credulity of the poor pilgrim who believes all that is told him on these

* "*Hand-Book for Egypt*," p. 168.

subjects, we bade adieu to Heliopolis and its vicinity, and rode back to Cairo.

There is not much congruity, I confess, between visiting and exploring ruins, and enjoying the luxuries of an oriental bath; and you may not be able to see exactly why I introduce the latter into such grave and staid company. In good sooth, I have no especial reason, though I suspect one might be found for this as well as other things; the simple honest truth is, that I have a page or two to spare at this time, and I have really enjoyed this sort of bath so much, that I quite want to tell you all about it; it is needful, too, in order to illustrate a striking feature in oriental life and customs.

It was one of the best establishments in the city, though in an out-of-the-way street, to which we went, on our initiation into one of the greatest sources of pleasure and amusement to orientals.* The entrance is through a narrow door and passage-way, which introduce the visitor into a large apartment, paved with different colored marble, intermixed with pieces of red tile. Round the sides of the room are high raised seats or díwans to recline on, and according to one's taste, to use for saying his prayers against the jinn and other evil influences, or to undress and get ready for the bathing operation inside. Several bleached objects were lounging here after their bath, smoking, chatting, or sitting in dreamy vacuity, which delights the Turk especially on such occasions. We passed on to an inner room, which is considerably smaller, and has an arched ceiling overhead, whence the light comes, two raised seats, etc. The warm vapor in this apartment had an immediate and sensible effect upon our feelings, and we were very glad to disrobe ourselves as quickly as possible. Leaving our clothes, &c., in the hands of the keeper, who is held responsible, and with a napkin round the loins and wooden clogs on the feet, to save one from slipping, as much as any-

* There are some sixty or seventy baths of various sizes and qualities in Cairo.

thing, we entered through a small, low door, into a large, square apartment, in most respects like the outer one, having seats or díwans, being paved, etc.; in the centre of the room is a fountain of hot water, which keeps it filled with hot vapor, and very soon throws one into a profuse perspiration. Here a one-eyed Arab, like myself with only a napkin round his loins, took me in charge, and depriving me of the clogs, led me up several steps into a small adjoining chamber, to undergo the first process in an oriental bath. A tank of water, hot enough to scald one if introduced suddenly into it, is in the middle of this chamber, and the vapor or hot air is so filled with moisture, that it is only by the gradual approach which one makes in getting to this point, that he finds himself at all able to endure it. My friend, the Arab, spread a napkin on the marble pavement within a few inches of the tank; then laid me flat on my face; and next taking a small coarse woollen bag, began to rub and scour me with right good will. When he had finished this portion, he turned me over and performed the same service to the rest of my person; continually throughout the process dashing me with handfuls of the scalding water, and begging me to let him go through the joint-cracking operation, which, you may be sure, I decidedly declined. He revenged himself, however, by jesting and laughing at my white skin, and he passed his witticisms—at least he thought them such—to some acquaintance of tawny hue who was amusing himself in the tank of hot water, and between them I underwent a rather severe wordy castigation. When the rubbing was over, though I did not much relish the idea, I was prevailed upon first to dip my feet into the scalding water, and then boldly to plunge into the steaming caldron up to my very neck. O it was curious to see what the human body is capable of, and what pleasure may be found in a tank of hot water, provided one be not plunged into it too suddenly; I assure you I enjoyed it immensely. Leaving this apartment, I was taken into another, also small,

and devoted to the second process. The one-eyed operator placed me on the top of a round stone seat, and then began to lather me with soap and water over the head and neck, in such abundance as nearly to choke me, and for some moments to deprive me of breath. He uses for this purpose the fibres of the palm, much as we would a sponge; these fibres are white (those of Egypt are brown), and as Mr. Lane states, are brought from the Hejaz. After a thorough washing and cleansing with water almost cold, from a small reservoir near-by, my Arab attendant had the assurance to ask me for *bakhshish*, which, as I told him—not very clearly I fear—was a very great piece of impudence, all things considered. I was next led back into the large room above spoken of, covered with four napkins over the head, shoulders, and loins, and then conducted into the apartment where we had undressed. Here, laid at length on our carpets, we luxuriated in the delicious languor produced by the hot bath, and according to our respective tastes took coffee, inhaled the fragrant tobacco from the bubbling sheesheh, or lay half asleep dreaming of those far away in freezing New York. In the course of an hour or so we had taken our fill of this sort of enjoyment, and after giving the grumbling bath-men about five times the usual price (to a Turk or native it is two or three piastres, = nine or fourteen cents), we left them, and emerged once more into the open air.*

Here, however, let me close for the present; we have begun to make our arrangements for leaving Cairo, and venturing into the vast desert on the East; our thoughts are turned toward the "land of promise," and I find myself a good deal occupied in getting various matters in readiness for the expedition. But I mean, notwithstanding, to write you once more before bidding a final adieu to Egypt.

* See on this subject, Lane's "*Modern Egyptians*," vol. ii. p. 43–54.

LETTER XI.

Coptic Church—Public Men and Events.

Christian Privileges of Travellers.—Rev. Mr. Lieder and Family.—Missionary Operations in the East.—Visit to the Coptic Patriarch.—His Character and Position.—Church Services in the Patriarch's Church in Cairo.—Arrangements Internally.—Robes of the Priests.—Customs of the Worshippers.—Coptic and Arabic used in the Services.—Communion Service.—Consecration of the Elements.—Peculiarities of Administration.—Public Men in Cairo.—Mohammed Ali.—Ibrahim Pasha.—Abbas Pasha.—His Character and Course.—Presentation of Mr. Macauley, the American Consul-General.—Description of the Scene.—Did not go off Well.—Mr. Lane and Family.—Conclusion Respecting Egypt.

CAIRO, March 19th, 1849.

MY DEAR S.,

IT is one of the most delightful of a Christian traveller's privileges, to find in the places of his sojourn, the services of the English branch of the Catholic Church, conducted in their purity and integrity; and to be permitted on the Lord's day, to assemble with even the few who meet together for this purpose, and to offer up united prayers and praises, in the very words which have become consecrated by long use, and thorough conviction of their entire accordance with Holy Writ. I shall ever esteem it as one of the brightest spots in my recollections of Egypt, to have been favored, not only with an opportunity to kneel in the house of God, and listen to His servant, who there expounds His Holy Word, but also with the privilege of becoming acquainted with the learned and excellent Missionary and his family, who have been laboring for many years, so zealously and so effectively, among the Coptic Christians of Egypt. I have been partaker of so many acts of kindness, and been treated with such warmth

of fraternal affection, by both Mr. and Mrs. Lieder, that I dare not give utterance to my feelings as I would, lest I be deemed extravagant, or trespass upon the sanctities of private life. And yet I cannot refrain from saying something which shall manifest the exceedingly high respect, esteem, and gratitude which I entertain towards Mr. L. and all of those under his roof, with whom I have had for weeks almost daily intercourse. Of their labors, in the sphere of their proper duties, I may not here speak; not for the reason that I might not find much to say, but simply because in all missionary labors in the East, among its decayed and corrupt Churches, everything good is the result of time, often a much longer time than falls to the lot of those who spend their lives in this portion of the Lord's vineyard. Nothing, if I may venture an opinion, can be more fallacious, than to judge of what has been, or can be done, by the fruits of rapid growth; nothing can well be more uncertain—apart, of course, I mean, from the blessing of God, who alone can give effect to any labor in His cause—than what a short period might promise; and nothing, I am certain, can be more unsafe, than to build an opinion upon single instances or isolated facts, in missionary labors. For this reason, I know you will excuse me, if I do not pretend to pronounce upon the mission of the Church Missionary Society in Egypt, further than to express my firm conviction and assurance, that it has been, and may yet be, still further, the means of great good to the bodies and souls of thousands in the metropolis of this deeply interesting land. May God, in his mercy, pour out upon His ministering servant here, and all connected with him, His choicest blessings!

I have been led to think the more deeply on these matters, in consequence, not only of what I have stated in respect to the bishop of Es-Siout and the Church there, but of some circumstances and further opportunities of observation, which have occurred since our return to Cairo. By the kindness of

Mr. Lieder, I have been privileged to have an interview with the patriarch of the Coptic Church, who, though residing in Cairo, is styled "Patriarch of Alexandria," and occupies the chair of St. Mark. He is chosen generally by lot, from the monks of the convent of St. Anthony, in the Eastern desert, near the Red Sea, and his jurisdiction extends over all Egypt and Abyssinia. In Nubia, the people are nearly all Mohammedans. The present patriarch is said to be well learned in ecclesiastical matters, particularly those relating to the controversies and disputes, in which the East has always been rife; but in respect to general information, I am sorry to say that his holiness knows no more than the bishops and clergy under him. The daily habits in which he is obliged to indulge, the listlessness, languor, idleness, and, as we should esteem it, inefficiency, of his life, are such as to cause one pain and deep regret, that the duties of a bishop are not better understood, and more earnestly performed, in Egypt. While I cannot bring myself to believe, that the informant of Mr. Lane is correct, in stating that the patriarch is guilty of manifest tyranny, corruption, and lust for money, and that the inferior clergy are little better than robbers and wolves to their flocks, and both ignorant and vicious to a lamentable degree;* I must confess to you, that so far as appearances go, I have seen very little to impress me favorably with either clergy or people. The patriarch does not much else than sit and smoke, hour after hour, sleeping a portion of the day, and being obliged to be awake and watch all night. Excepting such duties as fall upon him, in connection with his metropolitan jurisdiction, and some few of a civil character, none of which are to be considered onerous, he passes his time in the manner to which I have alluded, going out only one day in the week, and never leaving his house save when he takes part in the services in church. Sermons or expositions of Holy Scripture, neither he nor any one ever composes; and

* See Lane's "*Modern Egyptians*," vol. ii. p. 351–374.

the thousand ways in which our bishops labor are unknown and unimagined by the dignitaries of that Church, which boasts of Athanasius as one of her great lights in other days, and claims St. Mark as her founder. When I had the honor of seeing the patriarch, some days ago, he received me very kindly, and invited me to a place near himself, on the elevated díwan or raised seat, in the court of his residence. His personal appearance is not prepossessing; he is a man of perhaps sixty years of age; his face is heavy, dull, and, except when lighted up by excitement, rather stupid and unmeaning; and, so far as I could gather from the conversation carried on by Mr. Lieder, and occasionally made clear to me, his holiness had no idea of America, asked no questions, and felt no interest in regard to its spiritual condition; and had confined his mind to an extremely limited range of subjects. I found it quite as difficult to get any information from this quarter, as from any other, in regard to the number of the churches and Coptic Christians in Cairo. The patriarch said that there were thirty churches in and about the metropolis, but that, I know from other sources, is not correct, being greatly overstated. Of the spiritual condition of this decayed branch of the Church, it would have been idle to have asked particulars, especially as what passed convinced me that the patriarch had not thought much on that point, and probably deemed it secondary to maintaining and increasing the power of the Church, and going precisely through the stated routine of forms and ceremonies. After a short time spent in rather unsatisfactory conversation, we took our leave, with, on my part, I confess, a feeling of considerable disappointment.

When in Upper Egypt, you may recollect, I sent you a brief account of a visit paid to some Coptic churches, and attempted, I fear not very successfully, to describe one to you; as I felt great interest in this corrupt branch of the Catholic Church, I determined at some period to endeavor to be present at the public services, and see how nearly they assimi-

lated to what we know of those of the ancient Church. Until the Sunday just past, I had found no convenient opportunity of attaining my desire; but yesterday, the 18th, being the Fourth Sunday in Lent, I visited the church where the patriarch assists in the services, and was present during the long and to me tedious performance of their established ritual. I think you will not be displeased to have somewhat of a description of what I witnessed on this occasion.

The services commence at daybreak; consequently, at about half-past five, A.M., accompanied by an intelligent young Abyssinian, who speaks French very tolerably, I went to the church. The entrance, like all which I have seen in Egypt, was through a narrow, winding passage, which gives one a mean idea of the edifice into which he is going. Several beggars, principally women and cripples, were stationed along the sides of the passage, and were very importunate for alms. On entering the first compartment, I found quite a number of the poorer people already assembled, and was surprised to hear a loud buzzing noise of persons talking throughout the church, walking to and fro, and appearing to have very little reverence for the building in which they were. The floor was covered with matting, and occasionally pieces of carpeting; and I noticed that every one who came in took off his slippers, and, placing them sole to sole, as the Mohammedans do in the mosks, continued barefoot during the entire service. The divisions and ornaments of the interior of the church, were nearly the same as I mentioned in speaking of my visit to Es-Siout. The first and second compartments were devoted to the uses of the congregation generally, the women being in a place by themselves, entirely disconnected with that used by the men. The church appeared to me to be nearly square, with a deep recess at the end, opposite the entrance, containing the chancel, altar, &c., and separated from the rest of the edifice by a close partition, rather handsomely inlaid with ivory, and other substances.

Various pictures—if so I may call these miserable daubs—are affixed to the walls in different places, and over the chancel partition are representations of the Saviour and the Apostles. As in the Greek Church, pictures are allowed to any extent, but images of every description are positively prohibited. The light is admitted by some small grated windows above, about fifty feet from the floor of the church. This arrangement is effected so as to give the church very much the appearance of possessing a clerestory, since the height of the ceiling is by no means equal, and near the sides of the building is comparatively low and supported by pillars. At this early hour, however, there were a great number of candles burning, the chandelier was lighted, the large candles on the altar were burning, and no dependence was placed on the light derived from the windows above. During the whole service, which lasted several hours, the priests, attendants, readers, &c., used the small tapers, partly for symbolic purposes, but more commonly for to throw light sufficient to read by, upon the copies of the Gospels which are read on these occasions. The robes of the priests who officiated in the heykel or chancel, as well as those of the youthful attendants, were meant to be, and probably were once handsome; but as they were now quite dirty, and very carelessly put on, they appeared to me rather shabby than otherwise: the other priests, who were stationed apparently without any regard to order, near the chancel door or in its vicinity, were in nowise to be distinguished by their dress, from the members of their congregation; neither had the patriarch anything peculiar to his office, so far as his garments were concerned, which were precisely the same as he had on when I saw him some days ago.

As I was known to be a priest, my young Abyssinian friend conducted me through the compartments to the front of the chancel, and near the patriarch's chair, where, provided with a seat which he brought for the purpose, I could

observe all that was going on. Every person, when he came into the church, went first to the chancel door, prostrated himself there towards the altar, and touching his lips to one side of the entrance, bowed, crossed himself, and kissed the hand of one or more of the priests stationed in this compartment. After the patriarch had entered and taken his seat, the same ceremonies were performed towards him,—a fact which I was pained to learn, since, however the former might be excused, as done with reference to Him whose altar they were bowing before, the latter seemed to have no palliation, and tended to superstition in its worst form. A part of the time the congregation sat, cross-legged, on the floor, but during the most of the service they were obliged to stand, and then, I observed, very many of them used a crutch to support themselves: it is a simple cane, about four feet and a half long, and having across the top a piece of wood perhaps eight inches in length. Much confusion and disorder prevail in the church, and I can well believe that it is, as Mr. Lane asserts, often the case that great indecorum, and even profanity, may be seen and heard in the patriarchal church in Cairo: there is constant moving about of persons, particularly boys and the church attendants; often some one will cry out quite loud, in angry and irreverent tones, and I several times heard one or two of the priests give directions in a style and manner exceedingly unsuited to the house of God.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Coptic is a dead language, and not understood by either priests or people, the major part of the service is performed in it, particularly the Communion service; as respects the Gospels and Homilies which are read in the church, after the reader has gone over them in Coptic, another person, standing in the doorway of the compartment before the chancel, reads or chants the lessons or explanations in Arabic, the vernacular tongue of the people at the present day. There is a good deal of this monotonous chanting, and some loud singing and beating of

cymbals, and occasionally a procession of one or more priests and attendants through the church, carrying a censer, and putting the hand of blessing upon the heads of the congregation. When the patriarch entered, which was about half-past six o'clock, he was preceded by several persons, one bearing a large torch composed of three lights, and another carrying his staff, which was—rather singularly, as it appeared to me—Moses's rod, and not the pastoral staff of the episcopal office. In his hand he held a small Greek cross of gold, with which he made the sign of the cross over those who prostrated themselves before him, and which he held out to the priests and others to kiss on these occasions. As a great part of the service was unintelligible to me, being in Coptic and Arabic, I am not able to give any account of its character, further than to state, that it appeared to me to have much repetition, and, as in Romish churches, to be in great measure a dead letter; few seemed to be in any wise affected by solemn feelings, or to derive any fresh incitement to leave off sin, and follow hard after righteousness. Many used their beads, just as the Mohammedans and Romanists do, and fairly gabbled over the same words for fifty or a hundred times, with the utmost speed, and very little attention to their meaning. The acolyths, and attendants, went through with their duties as unceremoniously as possible, and behaved generally in quite an unseemly manner.

During the Communion service, as a special favor, I was admitted within the chancel recess, and had an opportunity to witness the consecration of the elements, and the mode of administering the Lord's Supper. The bread, which is in the shape of a round cake, about three quarters of an inch thick, and about three inches in diameter, is placed on a gilded or gold dish, which has a napkin laid across the bottom: the wine is contained in a cup or vessel placed in the top of a small cabinet, made of wood, about ten inches broad by fifteen high, and the priest, who had a number of napkins

of different colors laid near each hand, standing in front of the altar, with his back to the people, went through a very long consecration service in Coptic, frequently bowing and prostrating himself, and not venturing to touch the bread with his hands, except in one or two instances. I could not see that the wine was included in the service of consecration, for nearly all the time of the priest was spent over the bread, and once or twice he dipped it in the vessel of wine, which remained in its receptacle. During this long service, the priest rested a few times, but was not allowed to sit down, and in the interval, several bells were rung, and cymbals struck, together with a loud monotonous chant kept up, which indeed is the custom throughout the entire Sunday services. There were several boys of different ages who assisted the priest in various ways, but principally by holding lighted tapers near the place where the elements were, and occasionally by chanting, in a high key, some sentences in Coptic, the only language allowed in the chancel. I was sorry to observe a great deal of noise and great want of reverence in these boys, who appeared to have no regard whatever to the sacredness of the matters in which they were engaged. I was still more grieved, and almost shocked, to see and hear the priest—a hard-featured, and not pleasant-looking man—scold and threaten the boys, who now and then annoyed him, in words and tones which were disgraceful at such time and in such place. The mode of administering the consecrated elements was peculiar: the priest first broke the cake into a number of small pieces, dipped them one at a time in the wine, and began by putting a piece into the mouth of a very little boy, with a taper in his hand, and then into the mouths of the other boy-attendants; he afterwards went out into the church, and administered in the same manner to the congregation.

Shortly afterward, and just before the people were dismissed, I took my leave, having been in the church rather more

than four hours, and being very much fatigued with the length and monotony of the services. I will confess to you that I was disappointed with what I saw and heard, and am not able to express any very great hopes of the increase of pure religion among the Copts, while their public services are so apparently inoperative and listened to and joined in so much as a mere matter of form. But I express this opinion with no particular confidence, since I do not esteem myself sufficiently acquainted with the people and their actual condition, to judge accurately. Perhaps time, and the influence of the labors of missionaries among them, may produce all that we could hope or desire.*

Having spoken above of the Coptic patriarch, a person of some note in the East, you will perhaps allow me to say a word or two of some other residents of Cairo, who occupy positions of no little importance in public estimation. The old pasha, Mohammed Ali, I have seen a number of times, riding past our hotel and through some of the streets which are wide enough to admit of the passage of carriages: he is evidently in his dotage, takes but little notice of things in gene-

* It may not be unacceptable here to quote Mr. Lane's estimate of the population of Egypt in general, among which are included the various bodies of Christians. His view is that the whole amount of population is "less than 2,000,000."

Muslim Egyptians (fellahin and towns-people) .	1,750,000
Christian " (Copts)	150,000
Osmanlis, or Turks	10,000
Syrians	5,000
Greeks	5,000
Armenians	2,000
Jews	5,000
Western Arabs, Nubians, Negroes, Franks, &c., (about)	70,000

In Cairo he estimates the Mohammedans, about 190,000; the Copts, about 10,000; the Jews, 3000 or 4000; strangers from various countries, about 36,000. In the times of the Pharaohs, Egypt appears to have had a population of about 7,000,000; and Mr. Lane is of opinion that the country could readily yield enough, under proper care and cultivation, to support 8,000,000 inhabitants.—See "*Modern Egyptians*," vol. i. pp. 30, 31.

ral, and is as capricious as a spoiled child: his attendants and suite go with him wherever his fancy may suggest, and hardly a day passes without their being on the move to and fro, between the palaces and other places of resort. The old man's energy is all gone and he knows nothing of what is going on, and takes no interest in those matters to which his whole life of ambition has been devoted. I shall not here pretend to enlarge upon his career, or that of his step-son Ibrahim Pasha; tyrants they were both, undoubtedly, according to our view of the correlative duties of ruler and subject; and many are the acts of treachery, wrong and outrage, recorded on the page of history against them; but if we judge them by the standard of the country and people over which they ruled, we shall find occasion to mitigate very much the severe censure which rightly attaches to a large part of their public and private acts; and if we consider how much real advantage has resulted to Christians and strangers from the desire Mohammed Ali had of cultivating European customs and introducing European improvements into Egypt, we shall be disposed to rejoice at the good which has sprung out of evil and too often corrupt motives. Much, very much has already been written by both French and English authors, respecting these two remarkable men; and I am well convinced that you can spare any lucubrations of mine on the subject. Abbas Pasha, however, the present ruler of Egypt, may be thought worthy of a sentence or two. He is the son of Toosoom Pasha, the eldest and favorite son of Mohammed Ali; and a short time ago he went to Constantinople to be invested by the Sultan with the pashalic of Egypt. There, it appears, they had discovered and understood what he is, and though treated with a great deal of outward attention, he was in reality shabbily used, and obliged to put up with things that would have roused all the ire of his grandfather. His character may be summed up in few words; he is a mixture of the bigot, fool and debauchee: he has none of the

talent of his grandfather, and all the concentrated dislike and ignorance of foreigners which belong to the most fanatical of his countrymen. His career, thus far, has been short and inglorious, and his measures—if they may be dignified with the name—have done him no credit, and involved him in disputes with the representatives of nearly every foreign power resident at his court. That he has his good points I should be the last to deny, and some steps which he took with reference to certain aged but disgraced public men under the former pasha, have given evidence of capabilities for better things; but alas, there is no dependence to be placed upon such trifles, light as air, when the general tenor of his life and principles is corrupt, unjust and unworthy his elevated position. How true are the prophetic words, and how often have they recurred to my mind since I have been in Egypt,—"it shall be the basest of kingdoms;"* it shall sink low and become mean and degraded, and shall no more have a prince of its own to rule over it: "which," as says a learned divine, "hath accordingly come to pass; for not long after the expiration of the said forty years (Ezek. xxix. 13), the Egyptians were made a province of the Persian empire, they became subject to the Macedonians, and after them to the Romans, and after the Romans to the Saracens, and then to the Mamelukes, and are now a province of the Turkish empire."†

Speaking of Abbas Pasha, recalls to my recollection the events of Saturday last, the 17th instant, when the newly appointed American consul-general, Mr. Macauley, was formally presented in his official character, to his highness, the Pasha. It was a beautiful day, and the scene from the windows of the "Hotel d'Orient," where Mr. M. is at present, was unique and striking. About ten o'clock, there had arrived a half-battalion of troops, sent as an escort, who paraded in front of the hotel in very creditable style, and had a band

* Ezek. xxix. 15; see xxx. 13.

† Prideaux's "*Old and New Testament Connected*," vol. i. p. 110, Am. Ed. 1836.

of music which would not disgrace the martial arrangements of any country. The costume of the troops is peculiar, but not unhandsome; the red tarbúsh, the white cotton dress, the red slippers, the dark-brown skins of the soldiers, and their neat accoutrements in general, formed rather marked points in the view: and when, besides, the eye glanced over the motley group of lookers-on, of all classes and descriptions, with the Esbekiyeh behind, serving as an apt relief to the foreground, it was impossible not to be interested in, and pleased with, this panoramic illustration of oriental life and manners. Mr. Macauley was desirous of making the presentation as imposing as possible, and for this purpose had invited Captain Gwynne and the officers of the U. S. frigate Constitution, lying at Alexandria, as well as all the Americans in Cairo, to be present and go in procession to the Citadel. Quite a goodly number assembled: the consuls of other powers paid Mr. M. their respects, the troops took up the line of march, and the consul-general and his countrymen, in carriages, followed slowly on. This was about eleven o'clock; but so crowded was the Mooskee, the main thoroughfare, and so much curiosity was there manifested to get sight of the strangers, that it took us more than an hour to reach the Citadel: occasionally, too, on the road, some bright eyes and pretty faces would be seen from the half open harím windows, their curiosity getting the better of their prudence. On arriving at the palace, there was a strange scene of confusion, crowding and jostling, to get into the reception room, and for a time, I was not sure but that the consul-general and his countrymen would be completely excluded from the presence of the Pasha. By pushing and knocking about for a while, however, we all succeeded in getting in. The room is large, of oblong shape, has a beautifully painted ceiling, and high díwans upon three sides. In the centre of the díwan, opposite the entrance, was perched a short, obese figure, with not a bad, though rather brutified face, and apparently about

thirty-five years old. As I looked at him, I felt that it would be a sorry matter to be within his power, if one should have happened to come across his path of lust and sensuality. Mr. Macauley was conducted to the right of the Pasha, who got down from his seat, and made an awkward sort of bow on his entrance. Both the Pasha and all present remained standing while he received the firman of the Sultan, touched it with his lips, raised it reverentially to his forehead, and then handed it over to an attendant officer. Mr. Todd, the consul, Capt. Gwynne, and others of less note, occupied positions near Mr. Macauley, on the same side: poor I got off on the left, among a number of persons as insignificant and unnoticed as myself. Immediately after we were seated, a number of eunuchs and slaves, dressed, for a wonder, in coats and pantaloons, brought in pipes with jewelled mouthpieces, and coffee, presenting the Pasha with his, on bended knee. The honor of a pipe and cup of coffee, however, was confined to a few, even, of the dignitaries present, which I thought rather queer hospitality. Mr. Macauley made a short speech in French, which was translated to the Pasha by his interpreter, a fine-looking fellow. Abbas succeeded in getting out a compliment or two; but anything like the tact and skill of Mohammed Ali, in conversation, was too deep for him. So, after a rather ridiculous silence, for some little time, he sent for the present he intended to bestow on the consul-general. It was a handsome sword or sabre, which was put on Mr. M., in presence of the Pasha; and, together with the horse outside, was bestowed on the representative of America, in a pretty little speech, made by the interpreter. Another half French bow was graciously given to Mr. M. and party, after which we took our leave, partly vexed, but more inclined to be amused, at the way in which the thing had gone off. Altogether, it was an insipid affair, and did not tend to raise Abbas Pasha in our estimation. Nor do I think that he would have felt particularly complaisant to our countrymen and others, could

he have heard the free, and not altogether complimentary remarks which were made about him, at Mr. Macauley's levee, that afternoon. However, let me not condemn him without reserve: he is but an agent in the hands of greater men, whose thoughts are turned towards Egypt, and who, when the time comes, will sweep him away, and all that belongs to him, without a moment's hesitation. The Christian man, too, cannot doubt, that both he, and they who use him, are only instruments in the hands of God, for carrying out His designs with reference to the East, as well as the West: and if I may venture to speak of what is yet future, I may express the decided conviction, that the day is fast approaching when Mohammedanism will sink into nothingness, and pass away, and the Gospel of Christ will resume its supremacy over those fair and fertile regions, so long groaning under the yoke of heresy and schism, and the foul imposture of Mohammed. May it soon be, "that the Word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified."*

It would be unjust in a high degree, and wholly contrary to my own feelings, not to speak of one whom I am proud to have the honor of knowing, and who is no less distinguished as an author and profound orientalist, than a man of liberal, large mind and heart. You know, my dear S., my tastes and habits, and you can well understand what pleasure it was to me to visit and spend many an hour at the house of Mr. Lane, where I enjoyed the delights of social and literary intercourse in their fullest extent. Rarely have I met with a learned man so interesting and so attractive, so full of matter, and so wholly free from pedantry and assumption; and were it allowed to speak of those things which I know and feel, but which belong rather to the sacredness of private intercourse, I might tell you much of the increased pleasure afforded me by having become acquainted with Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Poole, (Mr. Lane's sister, and author

* 2 Thess. iii. 1.

of the "Englishwoman in Egypt,") and her two sons, noble and interesting youths as they are. But I will not presume to enlarge upon a point like this; it may suffice to mention, in this place, that Mr. Lane's great work, the Arabic and English Lexicon, is still unfinished, and it will be probably two years before it can be looked for from the press. His nephew, Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole, bids fair to be among the first Egyptologers of the present age, a fact which I am the more gratified at communicating from knowing, as I do, his conscientious and firm convictions of the truth and Divine authority of Holy Scripture. May all under that roof be long spared to discharge rightly the high and holy duties of their rank and calling!

And now, my dear S., the hour of our departure from Cairo draws nigh. We have looked, for the last time, upon many of the scenes of which I have so feebly spoken in former letters; we have made all our arrangements, got our camels and our multifarious luggage in readiness, bade adieu to our friends, and to-morrow, if God will, we set out for the Holy Land. As, on this last evening of our stay in Cairo, I look back upon what we have seen, and call to mind what we have thought, I cannot but recollect good old Fuller's energetic and wise words: "The sins of the Eastern countries, and chiefly their damnable heresies, hastened God's judgments upon them. In these Western parts, heresies, like an angle, caught single persons, which in Asia, like a drag-net, took whole provinces."* I feel, too, that there is not much hope at present for Egypt, so far as our eye can see into the dim, unknown future. "There *is* a gleam in the sky, as if the light of civilization were about to rise, but, like the false dawn in India, it will fade away, and deeper darkness will succeed. Yet the true dawn will come at last, and brighten into perfect day; and then, and not till then, will Egypt, Christian Egypt, rise from the dust, and resume

* Fuller's "*Holy Warre*," bk. i. ch. 6.

her seat among the nations."* As she is now, I know not more apt and fitting words to tell her story in, than those of that quiet but deep thinker, Sir Thomas Browne, in whose quaint but striking language let me say farewell to the land of the Pharaohs:—"Of their living habitations they made little account, conceiving of them but as *hospitia*, or inns, while they adorned the sepulchres of the dead, and planting thereon lasting bases, defied the crumbling touches of time, and the misty vaporousness of oblivion. Yet all were but Babel vanities! Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth on a Sphinx, and looketh upon Memphis and old Thebes; while his sister, Oblivion, reclineth demi-somnous on a pyramid, gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller, as he paceth amazedly through those deserts, asketh of her, who builded them? and she mumbleth something, but what it is he heareth not. Egypt itself is now become the land of obliviousness, and doteth. Her ancient civility is gone, and her glory hath vanished as a phantasma. Her youthful days are over, and her face hath become wrinkled and tetrick. She poreth not upon the Heavens; Astronomy is dead unto her, and Knowledge maketh other Cycles. Canopus is afar off, Memnon resoundeth not to the sun, and Nilus heareth strange voices. Her monuments are but hieroglyphically sempiternal. Osiris and Anubis, her averruncous deities, have departed, while Orus yet remains, dimly shadowing the principle of vicissitude and the effluxion of things, but receiveth little oblation."†

* Lord Lindsay's "*Letters on Egypt*," &c. p. 34.

† "*Works of Sir Thomas Browne*," vol. iv. p. 276.—London, 1846.

EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND.

"Thy holy cities are a wilderness,
Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation.
Our holy and our beautiful house,
Where our fathers praised thee,
Is burned up with fire;
And all our pleasant things are laid waste."

"Jerusalem is ruined, and Judah is fallen."

"Egypt shall be a desolation,
And Edom shall be a desolate wilderness,
For the violence against the children of Judah,
Because they have shed innocent blood in their land.
But Judah shall dwell forever,
And Jerusalem from generation to generation."

"They shall call thee, The City of the LORD,
The Zion of the Holy One of Israel.
Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated,
So that no man went through thee,
I will make thee an eternal excellency,
A joy of many generations."

"The LORD shall inherit Judah his portion in the Holy Land,
And shall choose Jerusalem again."

Isaiah lxiv. 10; iii. 8; Joel iii. 19, 20; Is. lx. 15; Zech. ii. 12.

LETTER XII.

Life in the Desert.

Delights of a Lazaretto.—Our Original Plan determined on.—The Short Route.—Number of our Party.—The Camel.—How arranged for Riding.—Peculiarities of this Sort of Locomotion.—Its Pleasures and Pains.—A Day's Scenes and Occurrences described.—The Punishment of the Rebellious Jews.—What is Seen and Felt in the Desert.—Our Route by El Arish.—Land of Goshen.—Locusts.—El Kanka, Tel Jehudieh, Belbeis, Salahieh, &c.—Arrival at El Arish.—Enter Asia.—Route to Gaza.—Quarantine.—The Town or City.—No Opportunity to Visit it.—Vexatious Loss of Time.

GAZA, LAZARETTO, April 2d, 1849.

MY DEAR S.,

THE annoying, and in some respects, absurd quarantine regulations of various parts of the Ottoman empire, having put a stop to our travels for nearly a week past, I embrace the opportunity thus afforded of giving you some account of what has transpired since I last addressed you from the metropolis of Egypt. I say nothing of the delights of a lazaretto, where you have the chance not only of catching the plague or any other disease which may be on hand,* but are exposed to the fierce assaults of armies of flies, mosquitoes, fleas, and other vermin not named in polite society, and are stopped without reason and put to expense without compunction, though Egypt is perfectly healthy, and we all are as well as men can be, after the fatigues of crossing the desert. Of these things poets have sung and eloquent writers have discoursed: I being neither the one nor the other, shall leave

* "Quarantine has been justly defined 'imprisonment,' with the chance of catching the plague."—"*Hand Book for Egypt*," Introd. p. xxiii.

them here unrelated, as I cannot speak of them with any patience, and am too keenly sensible of the annoyances here suffered, to dwell upon them a moment longer than I can help. You can imagine all that I might say, though it would be less than the reality, and has deprived us of the inestimable privilege of spending the entire Holy Week in the Holy City. Were it not that no power can prevent my writing to you, my dear S., I should feel disposed to anathematize the very name of quarantine for the rest of my life; but as it is, I shall try to forget some of our troubles in telling you of our wanderings during the past twelve or thirteen days.

Originally, it formed a part of our plan to enter Syria at another point, after visiting Mount Sinai and other localities connected with the history of the Jews. I felt a deep interest in the questions which have been so ably discussed in some recent publications, respecting the passage of the Red Sea and the true Mount Sinai; and I was desirous of investigating on the spot, several points, which appear to me to settle the matter, so far as Jebel Mousa is concerned, and to verify the very ancient tradition in favor of the mountain, which is generally thought to be that on which the Lord God descended and held converse with His servant Moses. But, much to my regret, circumstances prevented our taking this route, and we determined upon crossing the desert by way of El Arish: this route has the advantage of being much shorter and of course less fatiguing than that by way of Mount Sinai; and if I may judge by my experience of ten days' steady riding on a camel, gives one quite as much as he desires of life in the desert.

Our rather extensive preparations having been completed, we left Cairo on the afternoon of March 20th, and proceeding as far as Matarieh, the ancient Heliopolis or On of the Scriptures, we halted for the night, and were the next day joined by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright and Mr. R. B. Minturn, of New York, with whom it has been our privilege to travel

across the desert. We had nine camels, five of which were used for luggage and the multifarious provision necessary for a journey of this kind; our friends and fellow-pilgrims had eight, and were provided in much the same manner with ourselves, with dragoman, cook, tent, canteens, &c. Beside our own forces, we had a volunteer who kept us company with his dromedary, and at night numbers of pilgrims, from India by way of Mecca, took up their quarters in our vicinity, feeling a degree of safety in being near to Franks in the desert. All together, we numbered four gentlemen, two dragomans, two cooks, eight Arabs and a boy to lead and attend to the camels; and as you may suppose, we presented a rather imposing and formidable appearance, as our long train wound its devious way through the waste and dreary wilderness of Shur. As desert life has some points of interest as well as novelty, I presume you will like to have such idea as I may be able to give of it in brief compass, and also, to know something of the route by which we have entered the Holy Land.

The most striking feature in this sort of life, is certainly the peculiar mode of travelling which one has to undergo on a camel's back. This animal, which seems to have been fitted in every respect by nature for the uses to which it is applied, is variously esteemed by different persons. Some speak of its "gentle and womanish ways" and the love which the traveller soon learns to feel for its companionship; others term it a heavy, stupid creature, constantly complaining, and possessing no sensibility or emotions of any sort worth noticing;*

* Kinglake, the author of "Eothen," with more of fancy than truth, speaks in this style of this invaluable animal in the desert: "The camel kneels to receive her load, and for a while she will allow the packing to go on with silent resignation, but when she begins to suspect that her master is putting more than a just burthen upon her poor hump, she turns round her supple neck, and looks sadly upon the increasing load, and then gently remonstrates against the wrong with the sigh of a patient wife; if sighs will not move you, she can weep; you soon learn to pity, and soon to love her, for the sake of her gentle and womanish ways." (P. 136.) Dr. Robinson talks in a much more practical

many are fatigued excessively with the motion so unlike anything else in the world; and many, finding it very much easier than they expected, are delighted with it from its novelty, and break forth into praises of the camel and camel riding. For myself, I must say that I had anticipated great hardship, much greater than experience warranted. I had often in Cairo, and various parts of Egypt, looked with special interest upon the trains of camels which I had seen, and had endeavored to get as good an idea as I could of the effect which their rather awkward gait was likely to produce upon persons like myself not very well fitted for undergoing great fatigue; but it was not till I had actually mounted and had tried several days' travel, that I understood what a camel is, and what a serious undertaking it is for an invalid to get upon his back with a long journey before him. In general, I have found it very hard work, but as I did not suffer in the way that I had anticipated or to the extent to which I had been led to suppose, I cannot in justice speak of it as either unendurable, or on the whole unpleasant.

The Arabian camel, as you know, has a large hump upon his back,* which would seem to forbid the idea of attempting to mount him. To obviate this difficulty, a large pack saddle of straw is fitted on his back, so as to raise his sides, so to speak, to the level of his hump: on top of this saddle a wooden frame-work is placed, by means of which, loads of mer-

manner, and, according to my experience, much more veraciously. The camel is "commonly represented as patient; but if so, it is the patience of stupidity. They are rather exceedingly impatient, and utter loud cries of indignation when receiving their loads, and not seldom, on being made to kneel down. They are also obstinate, and frequently vicious. . . . . At all times, the camel eats and drinks little, and secretes little; he is a cold-blooded, heavy, sullen animal having little feeling, and little susceptibility for pain. . . . . There is nothing graceful or sprightly in any camel, old or young; all is misshapen, ungainly, and awkward."—"*Biblical Researches*," vol. ii. pp. 633, 634.

* The Bactrian species has two hunches or humps, one on the shoulders, and the other on the croup. His height is said to be considerably greater than that of the Arabian camel.

chandise are secured upon the camel, or heavy panniers are hung upon its sides. The arrangement for riding is a little different; the wooden frame has two short, round pieces of wood, reaching up in front about eight inches and the same in the rear, making a surface or saddle for the rider about two feet in length between these short posts: here are placed cushions, or something of the sort, on which the traveller sits, and the pieces of wood, both before and behind, prevent his sliding backwards or forwards, and often save him from falling off of the camel's back. I may mention here, that the animals trained for riding are usually termed dromedaries, but are in no other respect distinguishable from the ordinary camels. Well, then, the dromedary having been properly fitted for your use, you make your first essay in mounting. Unlike a horse, as well in beauty as in speed and intelligence, the camel stands too high to be mounted by means of stirrups; consequently, it is compelled to kneel and bring its huge body nearer your own level before you can get upon its back. The driver standing at its head, makes a singular clicking or gurgling sound in his throat, which the animal understands, and after a few moments and some growls of discontent, falls upon the knees of its fore legs, then bends its hind legs partly under its body, and finishes by stretching out its fore legs upon the ground, and remaining thus, its belly touching the sand, as long as may be wanted. In this position it is easy to mount, and being fairly astride, the camel gets up again. It first raises its hind legs, and then scrambles up on its fore legs. The effect of this, as you perceive, is to give you a sudden pitch forwards and almost as sudden a pitch back again to a level position: unless you are very careful and have got perfectly secure on your seat, you are almost certain to be thrown over the camel's head (as I was on one occasion) which is no trifling matter, I can assure you. In general, persons ride without stirrups, but we thought that they would prove serviceable in resting our legs, which, other-

wise, would be dangling all day without any relief. Consequently, we had these useful articles attached to the fore part of our wooden saddle, and found them very excellent for the purpose intended. At first you are apt to feel that your position is rather too elevated for comfort, and it is not to be wondered at if you look somewhat anxiously at the height from the ground, and think very seriously of the chances of a broken head, or neck, it may be, in case you are pitched off unawares. But a little experience reconciles you entirely to this arrangement, and when you have spent a hot day in the desert, where on the sand the heat is intolerable, but on the camel's back there is usually a nice and free circulation of air, you feel the value of a lofty elevation like this, and are glad, at any price, to purchase some exemption from the power of the burning sun. All being ready, the camel-driver leads the dromedary forward, and you immediately find that the motion produced by its long strides and peculiar gait, is by far the most singular of anything you have ever experienced. Now you pitch forward, now backward, now sideways, and now you have a movement consisting of a mixture of all three. For a while you are in great terror of falling off, and grasp the pommels, if so I may term them, of the wooden saddle with desperate earnestness; and if your head is not good or you are easily affected with nausea, you *may* feel something of what is commonly called sea-sickness: ladies, I have been told, not unfrequently suffer in this way. But supposing that you escape this mishap, you are some little time before you dare look around you, or try to enjoy the novel scene. You still feel suspicious; you are uneasy at the growling and unpleasant noises of the camels; you do not yet understand the habits of the animal, and you suspect that some dreadful accident will most certainly occur before you are through with the matter. By and by, too, your back begins to ache, and you find this perpetual see-saw sort of motion, which is not discontinued for a moment, so

unnatural and so hard upon the muscles of that part of the body, that you are soon fatigued and soon convinced that you can never endure it for any great length of time. And when towards evening you dismount, running the same risk of a fall as when you went through the operation of getting upon your camel's back, you ache all over so badly, your limbs are so stiff, and you are so completely fagged out, that you are ready to lie down almost in despair, and groan bitterly over the prospect before you.

This is usually the first day's experience: on the second, you find camel riding more tolerable; on the third, you become quite reconciled to it; and subsequently, when you are entirely at home in your place, riding in any one of a half-dozen different positions which you may choose, forwards, backwards, sideways, cross-legged, and so on, and are so much at ease as to read comfortably, and even make notes as you go along, you get rather to like this kind of locomotion, and actually find that you can go through more on the back of a camel than on horseback; you are convinced, too, that for a long journey, the former is preferable to the latter in many respects, and has advantages which cannot be attained in any other way. I do not mean, in speaking thus, to conceal from you the fact that I found it a tedious and wearisome thing thus to ride day after day, at so slow a rate. I will confess to you that I suffered not only from the ordinary discomforts of this sort of travelling, but was very much troubled with pain in my side, sometimes in one, sometimes the other. I was but little satisfied to go at a pace of between two and two and a half miles per hour, which is the usual rate of a camel's walk; and I felt the want of that pleasurable excitement which generally attends other and more common modes of travel. Hence, while the other gentlemen in our expedition, experienced much enjoyment in riding on camels, I am obliged in candor to say, that, so far as I was concerned, I was not at all sorry when it was over,

at least for the present, and shall not care particularly, ever again to resume this primitive mode of travelling.

I do not think I am wrong in terming this the most striking feature in life, in the desert; yet you must not suppose that there are not other and many curious things connected with an entire abstraction from the world and its social privileges, and a manner of living not very unlike that in which, we doubt not, the patriarchs of old passed their long and peaceful days. To illustrate what I would say, let me endeavor to describe to you the events of a day or two spent in the desert.

We rose usually at day-break, so as to secure an early start in the pleasantest part of the day. Our toilet was very simple, it being enough if we could get our hands and faces clean; our breakfast was equally simple and soon dispatched. Next came the packing up; the tent was struck, the camels were made to kneel down and receive their loads, our dromedaries were arranged for riding, and in the course of an hour and a half, we took up our line of march. Under no circumstances could we manage to save time here, where it was so important, for hurry as much as we chose, there were just so many camels to load, and just so much to do, and we found that it always took about the same amount of time to accomplish all this in; consequently seven, or a little before, was our usual hour of starting. For a while, the temperature was very delightful, and the bright sun, shining in all his glory, gave something of an air of animation even to the desert: but towards noon, and during the middle hours of the day, the heat became at times well nigh unbearable; and had it not been that almost always we had plenty of wind in our elevated positions on our dromedaries, I fear that besides having my face and hands burnt black, I, at least, should have suffered much more serious injury from exposure to the scorching rays of an African sun at this period of the year. But we did not stop on account of the heat, nor fortunately

were we impeded by any storms or any mishap of any kind: on we travelled, slowly, it is true, but steadily, not making much, but always doing something, our faces set towards the East, and our thoughts and hearts intent upon reaching the Holy City in time for the holy season which precedes the great and glorious festival of Easter. At one time, our way was through the soft deep sand, into which our poor beasts would sink over the hoofs and labor exceedingly in getting onwards; at another, we came upon some level tracts, where the salt water had lain, but being dried up, there was now presented a curious appearance as the salt lay like scattered snow or ice upon the surface of the ground; sometimes the surface of the desert was nearly a plain, covered with only here and there some prickly shrubs, clumps of bushes, stunted grass, &c., but, more generally, we met with low hills and valleys, and more variety and unevenness of ground than I had been led to expect. For miles and miles, on our right hand and on our left, we beheld vast, broad hills and mounds of fine, light, yellowish sand, which had drifted from one place to another just like snow drifts, and at every high wind, kept changing more or less its position; and we could not but be struck with the desolate and disheartening look which such a scene presented to our eyes. The life and beauty which the cultivated and fruitful regions of the earth offer to the admiration and gratitude of the beholder, are here extinct; and the spirit of man sinks within him, as he contemplates a prospect so terrible, were there no hope of escape from it, and so fearful, were he condemned to pass in such a spot the remainder of his days. As I gazed upon the desolate wilderness—the ἄβατος ἐρημία of Æschylus—through which we travelled, I felt as never I had felt before, the severity of that punishment which the rebellious Jews brought upon themselves; and while riding slowly onward, or at night, in our tents, I read in my Bible of the wandering of the children of Israel with a deeper and clearer sense of the meaning of

God's Holy Word than it had been my lot at any previous time to attain. How forcible appeared now the expressions of Scripture respecting what this stiff-necked people were compelled to undergo!

"A desert land . . . the waste howling wilderness."

"That great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where there was no water."

"Wherefore have ye made us to come up out of Egypt, to bring us in unto this evil place? It is no place of seed, or of figs, or of vines, or of pomegranates; neither is there any water to drink."

"The soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way. And the people spake against God, and against Moses, Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? for there is no bread, neither is there any water; and our soul loatheth this light bread."

"While the meat was yet in their mouths,
The wrath of God came upon them,
And slew the fattest of them,
And smote down the chosen men of Israel.
. . . . . .
Therefore their days did he consume in vanity,
And their years in trouble."

"Neither said they, Where is the LORD
That brought us up out of the land of Egypt,
That led us through the wilderness,
Through a land of deserts and of pits,
Through a land of drought, and of the shadow of death,
Through a land that no man passed through,
And where no man dwelt?"*

Would God that there were such an heart in Christian people that they would ponder upon these things, and that they would consider and know that He will not at all spare the wicked, nor suffer to go unpunished the guilty nations who break His commandments or set at naught His holy will!

Towards mid-day, we usually halted for a short time to lunch and to give our camels an opportunity to browse awhile upon the prickly shrubs and stunted bushes which are found in considerable abundance nearly everywhere in the desert.

* Deut. xxxii. 10; viii. 15; Numb. xx. 5; xxi. 4, 5; Ps. lxxviii. 31, 33; Jer. ii. 6.

We would, on such occasions, spread our seggadeh upon the clean sand, and Antonio having set before us a cold chicken, or something of the sort, with some dates, oranges, &c., we would enjoy our repast as well as the burning sun would admit, and would quench our thirst, as best we might, with the dark reddish colored water which was carried in leathern buckets attached to our camels' sides. Remounting again, we pressed onward with renewed vigor; now, one after another new or strange thing met our view. Here and there, we beheld some groves of palms which looked doubly refreshing and attractive in the midst of the waste and dreary desert on all sides: occasionally some dome-covered tomb of a sheikh or Mohammedan saint, served to add variety to the scene: very frequently, we came upon the carcasses and bones of some poor camels which had dropped down with fatigue or thirst, and had been abandoned to the vulture and beasts of prey that watch unceasingly the track of caravans in the desert: and at such times we thought of the touching lines of the poet:—

"In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past;
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contained a scanty store;
The sultry sun hath gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!

. . . . . .

"'Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales, bestow;
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds forever howl around.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Shiraz' walls I bent my way!'"*

* Collins's "*Hassan, or the Camel Driver.*"

At one time, we saw the desert quails, some small birds, lizards, and several of that beautiful and most graceful animal the gazelle, who, with ears erect and bright glancing eyes, looked timidly at us for a few moments, and then bounded fleetly off to a place of greater security; at another, not a vestige of life was visible, all was silent as the grave and gloomy as the sepulchres of the dead, and our spirits sank within us, and we longed once more to revisit the abodes of men and look upon the green fields, the trees, and gardens of an inhabited land: occasionally, though but rarely and in the neighborhood of marshy places, there appeared a larger bird or two, and we were forcibly reminded of the striking figure used by the Psalmist when he was overwhelmed by affliction and poured out his complaint before the Lord;—

> "I am like a pelican of the wilderness;
> I am like an owl of the desert."*

Now we saw the mirage, that singular illusion, which often deceives the most experienced, and which for the moment, gladdened our eyes with the prospects of quiet and refreshing lakes, and trees on their banks, most desirable for their enticing shade, only to depress our spirits the more when the conviction forced itself upon our minds, that all which we beheld was unreal and baseless as a dream: now, again, we came upon flocks of goats, cropping the scanty herbage which they could find in the desert, and not far off we noticed a Bedawy encampment, with some children, females and noisy dogs, close by, the former hiding themselves under the coarse blankets rudely supported on sticks stuck in the ground, and peeping out at the Frank strangers, the latter barking and snarling most disagreeably: as the day advanced, we found out, occasionally, what it was to travel through the territories of the wild sons of the desert, for, at intervals, some keen black-eyed Bedawin suddenly started forth, as it were, from the ground,

* Ps. cii. 6.

and in peremptory tones, demanded tribute for the privilege of crossing *their* desert, a demand, which on the whole, we deemed it best to satisfy for the sake of peace, though with our large party, we might easily have resisted all such claims.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, our thoughts began to be turned to our evening encampment, and between that and sundown, we looked out rather anxiously for a good place to pitch our tent in. This being obtained, the caravan halted, and the tired camels being made to kneel, were released from their loads, and turned loose to roll in the sand, and browse upon the various sorts of nutriment, which a kind Providence has furnished for them, even in the arid desert. In the course of an hour or so, we were comfortably seated in our tent (which consisted of canvass, upheld by a single pole in the centre, and kept in its place by numerous ropes, fastened to pins driven into the sand), and were glad to sit down to our dinner, and refresh our jaded bodies with food convenient. Generally, we were too much fatigued, to do more than write down some brief notes of the day's events; and, save, perhaps, a stroll out to gaze at the bright stars, and listen, if so I may speak, to the profound and solemn stillness of the vast desert, we rarely pretended to attempt anything in the way of occupation. At an early hour, we lay down on our beds, which were much like the ordinary cot bedsteads, only arranged to fold up into small compass, and commending ourselves to the protection of Him, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, we slept as only the weary and wayworn pilgrims rest, in security and peace. Sometimes in the night, I was aroused by the low-toned and monotonous songs of the Arabs, who take this method of keeping themselves awake, and manifesting their watchfulness, or by the braying of a donkey, or the noisy and sharp barkings of the wolfish Bedawin curs; but never had I or my companions any cause of apprehension from the attacks of robbers, or the thievish propensities of many of the lawless inhabitants of the desert. Most thank-

fully do I record the fact, that we met with no mishap, and suffered no loss whatever, during our entire journey from Cairo to Gaza.

Our route by way of El Arish, will not require any very lengthened description, and I shall simply call your attention to a few points, which, I hope, will interest you. We left Cairo, as I stated above, on the afternoon of March 20th, and made that day, only as far as ancient Heliopolis or On, now called Matarieh, about eight miles from the metropolis. Here we encamped, having in full view the lofty obelisk, which, as we had visited it on a former occasion, we did not now stop to examine. The wind blew quite strongly from the north, and at night I found myself cold and uncomfortable. Having sent back to the city for one or two articles which had been forgotten, we arose early the next morning and got under way, in as good season as we could; though as it was the first morning, there was more than ordinary delay in striking the tent, arranging the camels' loads, &c. Our general course was a little to the east of north, and for several days we were skirting that portion of Egypt, where, no doubt, was the land of Goshen. At various times during the day, we saw immense swarms of locusts, which were of a light, yellowish color, about two and a half inches in length, and gave the sky something of the appearance which it presented in a snow-storm; and we were struck with the marked contrast between the desert, in all its waste and dreary loneliness on the one hand, and the rich fields of green grass and grain on the other. At various times, too, we thought we saw reason to suppose, that the desert tract, over which we were passing, had been once under cultivation; for it is an established fact, that the land now rendered fertile by the Nile, could not support more than half the population of ancient Egypt; and it is a necessary inference, that in earlier days, before conquest and misrule had brought ruin upon Egypt, much more of what is now the desert was included in the cultivated and

fruitful soil of the country. We passed through El Kanka, a large village, at eleven o'clock, and had a view of the outside of one of the Pasha's army-schools. It is very large, and with two or three others, serves for the education of the Egyptian troops, some of the officers, &c. About two hours later, some little distance to the west of us were some mounds, called Tel Jehudieh, the "Mound of the Jews," which plainly points to the former occupants of this district of Egypt. In the course of the afternoon, we were joined by Dr. Wainwright and Mr. Minturn, who had left Cairo on donkeys early this morning, and we encamped together near a small village. From the low hill on which we were, we saw plainly the Great Pyramid, which was more than thirty-five miles to the south of us.

The next day, the 22d, at half-past nine A.M., we passed near the large town of Belbeis, which is said to be well supplied with bazaars, &c., and seems to be of some consequence in this part of the country. The locusts still were visible in great abundance, a fact of which we were sorry to be aware, for the people consider it a bad sign, at this season, for the prosperity of the land. We began to find the sand of the desert more soft, and with less appearance of vegetation than we had previously noticed. About four P.M., we passed through a village, called Ras el Wad, which is about sixty miles from Cairo. On the 23d, we began to turn rather more to the east in our course, and entered more into what may strictly be termed the desert. We noticed, both to-day, and all the way through the wilderness, many small lizards, and occasionally some birds, which appear to make this their home. We saw considerable marshy ground, and some pools and ponds of salt water. There was also a good deal of wind from the north, which rendered it quite cool, almost cold, at times. We arrived at Salahieh at three P.M. Wilkinson gives the distance from Cairo as eighty and a half miles. All the village turned out to look at us, and to sell us such arti-

cles as they had. Here we were compelled to lay in water for four days, as none could be had that was good short of El Arish. The twenty-fourth of March brought us into the desert in reality, wild, waste, and without water. A strong wind was blowing, and, save some little birds, we saw nothing which had life: thistles, prickly shrubs, bushes, in clumps usually, stunted grass, and such-like, were quite abundant, and very serviceable to our camels, who cropped them with great relish. The surface of the sandy ground was slightly undulating, and there was, for the most part, a regular beaten track or road. Beside the occasional encampments of the Bedawin, a flock or two of goats, the bleached bones of camels who had died on the road, we had frequent experience in the mirage, which is one of the most singular optical illusions that I have ever witnessed. During the afternoon, we passed an inlet or arm of the sea (perhaps the Lake Menzaleh), and pools and salt marshes. The night was very cool, and having ridden eleven hours, we felt very tired.

Our course for the succeeding days was nearly east, and we traversed the desert of moving sands, which meets one before arriving at El Arish. Our poor beasts sank into the soft sand very much, and were frequently in over their hoofs. Now and then we passed a grove of palm trees, and saw some birds, bugs, lizards, &c. The vast hills of yellowish sand, which is drifted or blown together, looked very singularly, and reminded us very much of the snow drifts in America; and all day, we were passing through ravines, formed by these hills and mounds of fine sand, and over a very uneven surface. At two P.M., we came upon a large, broad plain, and in half an hour arrived at Katieh, the ancient *Casium*, which, though put down on the maps, as if it were actually in existence, is in entire ruins. It was formerly a place of some importance, in a military point of view; but when the French evacuated it, during Napoleon's campaign in Egypt, they blew up the fortifications, and destroyed the

town entirely, to prevent its being of any value to the English. There are now some palm trees on the site, two old tombs of Mohammedan saints, some remains of the old walls and fortifications, &c. Just beyond, we passed the third of Ibrahim Pasha's camel stations. It consists of a deep well of brick, of circular shape, say ten feet in diameter by eighteen feet deep: the water is very brackish, and unfit to drink, though the camels, who had had no water for six days, managed to satisfy their thirst upon it. Beside the well there is a long, wide trough of masonry, about forty feet in length, into which the water was conveyed, by means of a sakieh: this machine is not now in use, and the water is obtained by means of a rope attached to a small jar, let down into the well.

The succeeding two days offer nothing of special import to mention; we had the same unmitigated desert, and passed through much the same scenes, as previously. We came near the sea, which was close on our left hand, saw some gazelles, some of the desert quails, and other birds, herds of camels feeding, &c. The Bedawin tax gatherers came upon us to claim tribute, and every now and then, we would light upon some one of their encampments. On the 28th, at ten A.M. we arrived at El Arish, the ancient *Rhinocolura:* it is nearly two hundred miles from Cairo, and only about a mile from the sea. There is here a large brick fort, in unserviceable condition at present, and the town consists of a number of mud walled huts or houses. The medical officer stopped us on the frontier of Egypt, and we found it necessary to register ourselves, our camels, and other matters, which is done merely to give a fee to the officer there, and was of no sort of use to us. We saw here, the most villainous-looking soldiers and hangers-on, about the quarantine station, which I have ever met with. After an hour's detention, we were suffered to depart, and crossed the Wady el Arish, which is supposed to be the mountain torrent, or *flumen Ægyptiacum*, the ancient

boundary of Egypt, on the side of Syria.* From this point, we wrote two or three short letters, and put them in charge of an Arab of the party, who wanted to go back to Cairo. He was to have four dollars paid him at the Consulate, should he deliver our letters safely. I have wondered many a time since, how the poor fellow has got along, and whether he has managed to evade the quarantine and the Bedawin of the desert. I fear the fate of our mementoes of the wilderness is very uncertain.

As it was an object to reach Gaza as soon as we could, in order to save all that was possible of the stupid quarantine, there imposed, we made a great effort on the 29th; we got up at two, A.M., and were off before four. At a quarter before eight, we saw the tomb of Sheikh Juideh, from which our boy brought some dust, and sprinkled the camels with, to preserve and bless them. A tax gatherer came upon us again, and was disposed to give us some trouble; but we paid him and sent him off. The appearance of the country was certainly better as a whole, and we had an opportunity to notice the primitive mode of ploughing among the Bedawin; a rope is passed over the camel's hump, and being attached to the plough, an Arab walks behind and guides the machine. It was intensely hot between nine in the morning and one, P.M. At eleven, A.M., we came to Refah, the ancient *Raphia*, which is now only a mound of ruins, covered with grass; two pillars of gray granite are still standing, and some are lying about; the Arabs call the deep well here, Solomon's, but why, I did not learn. At one, P.M., we arrived at Khan Yunús, (Jonas's Inn), the ancient *Yenisus*, a neat town, if so I may speak of any village with mud huts, and the peculiar habits of Eastern people. A soldier stopped us

* At the great feast made by Solomon, at the dedication of the temple, all Israel were assembled, "a very great congregation, from the entering in of Hamath unto the river of Egypt." Hamath is situate far to the north, on the road to Aleppo, in latitude 35° 15′.—See 2 Chron. vii. 8; Josh. xiii. 5.

on account of the quarantine. I demanded why, when Egypt was perfectly healthy, they stopped us for this purpose: he laughed, and said, "for the money, to be sure!" which is undoubtedly the fact. After an hour's detention, we went on towards Gaza, in charge of a soldier on horseback: the road is over a broad and fertile plain, with sand hills between us and the sea on our left: at a quarter past five, we crossed the Wady Gaza, which is a considerable stream in winter, but at this season is dry. The bed is of a fine sand and gravel. Gaza appeared in the distance, and looked rather well, on the hill, on which it is partly situate. Albeit not in the poetic vein, we did think of Tasso's lines:

"Upon Judea's confines, on the way
That leads to old Pelusium, Gaza stands;
Built on the shore, it overlooks the bay,
And on the east the bordering tract commands,—
A fruitless waste, a solitude of sands,
Which, like the waters of the tossing main,
The breathing whirlwind spreads o'er all the lands;
And scarce the pilgrim can his course maintain
Against the frequent storm that sweeps th' unstable plain."*

About half-past six, we arrived at the quarantine station, and were met with the disagreeable intelligence, that we had to spend five whole days, and parts of two other days, seven days in fact, in this vile prison-house. The rooms are damp, and when it rains, wet and nasty; and you can imagine what a trial it was to us, who had ridden nearly fifteen hours that day, to find such accommodations, and such a reception, when we arrived, fatigued and half sick, as we nearly all were.

Gaza is a name which will call to your mind some of the many interesting portions of the Old Testament history. It was once a city of great importance, and figured largely in the eventful life of Sampson, the mighty champion of his

* Tasso's "*Jerusalem Delivered*," Cant. xviii. 1

oppressed country. There are some traditionary remains connected with the Scriptural account of Sampson's exploits, but as the envious walls of the Lazaretto have restrained our liberty entirely, we have been unable to explore the town or its environs, and have had to be content with such knowledge of it as we could gain from gazing at it some two hundred yards off. Fortunately, a considerable part of the city is situate on a high hill between one and two miles from the sea, and is therefore a very prominent object to one who looks upon it with the interest which it inspired in us. I am sorry to say, however, that we could distinguish nothing with precision, and could only notice that it appears to be a large and populous town, abounding in monks, tombs of saints, &c. The ancient city appears to have stood on the hill, which is well calculated for erecting defences; the modern town is mainly in the valley on the east and north. To the south-east is a hill of no great height, called by some writers, "Sampson's Mount," as being the hill mentioned in the book of Judges (chapter xvi. 3) to which Sampson carried off the doors of the gate of Gaza. This hill might properly be said to be before, i. e. towards, Hebron, since there is no reason to suppose that the doors of the gate were carried to any great distance; certainly we can hardly imagine that they were transported to the vicinity of Hebron, a city some thirty-five or forty miles off. Dr. Robinson has collected together much interesting historical matter in connection with Gaza; permit me to refer you to his elaborate volumes for further information. As I have not had an opportunity to visit the city as I desired, I beg to quote from the learned author, a passage in respect to its present condition: "All vestiges of the ancient walls and ancient strength of Gaza have disappeared; and nothing remains to mark its former extent, except the bounds of the hill itself on which it stood. Even the traces of its former existence, its vestiges of antiquity, are very rare; consisting of occasional columns of

marble or gray granite, scattered in the streets and gardens, or used as thresholds at the gates and doors of houses, or laid upon the front of watering troughs. One fine Corinthian capital of white marble, lies inverted in the middle of a street running from north to south, along the eastern foot of the hill."* The same writer gives the population of Gaza as about fifteen thousand, which makes it, he says, larger than Jerusalem. Tischendorff calls it "a busy city, with a population of about sixteen thousand souls."† Others have rated it as low as two thousand; probably, at the extent it does not exceed eight thousand.

Here I must close this rather discursive letter. On the day after to-morrow we shall be released from our disagreeable prison-house, and once more breathe the air of freemen. If God spare my life, I shall next address you from the Holy City, that most deeply interesting of all the cities of the earth.

* "*Biblical Researches*," vol. ii. p. 376.

† "*Travels in the East*," p. 128.

LETTER XIII.

Palestina—The Mill Country.

Peculiar Emotions excited by Visiting Jerusalem.—Not easily Explicable.—Our Route from Gaza.—Our Wish to be in the Holy City before Good Friday.—Horses and Mules.—Weather.—Contrast.—Immense Olive Groves.—Fertility and Beauty of the Land of the Philistines.—Commands of God with Respect to the Canaanites.—Conduct of the Jews.—Mode of Computing Distances in Syria.—Villages and Towns on the Road.—Dwellings of the People.—Emmaus or Nicopolis.—Latrún.—"Gate of the Valley."—Terrible Road upward to Jerusalem.—Toil and Fatigue.—Time Occupied.—Abú Gosh.—Story.—First View of the Holy City.—Feelings of Disappointment.—Entered Jaffa Gate.—Hotel.—Severe Illness.—Confinement for Several Days.—Deprivation of Precious Privileges.

JERUSALEM, April 10th, 1849.

MY DEAR S.,

IT is not, perhaps, easy to explain why it is, but I can assure you of the fact, that a most singular hesitation, and a strange feeling of unwillingness, have come over me in regard to writing to you from the Holy City. For several days, I have been desirous to do that which I am sure will gratify you, and I have more than once taken up my pen to begin a letter, and every time, up to the present, have laid it down, without being able to express, in any wise, that which I wish to say. I do not know how to account for the state of mind which I have now so frankly avowed; a state of mind, in no respect accordant with my earnest desires to convey to you all the pleasure in my power, or with my determination, at all times, to write to you fully and freely, in regard to what I have seen and heard: it may be, that the intense longing which I had to get to Jerusalem, and the great excitement which was produced in me by drawing near

to it, and entering actually within its walls, added to some other and trying circumstances, which I will mention presently, were too much for me; and finding so much that I had not expected, and so many things different from what I had supposed; it is not, perhaps, unlikely that my mind became untuned, and my thoughts of such a discursive and unsettled character, as to be utterly unfit to record. Of course, you will not misunderstand me. I do not for a moment imagine, that it is of the slightest consequence to you or any one, to be made acquainted with the fact to which I have alluded above, only in so far as it may show the effect of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, upon minds and feelings of a cast similar to my own. I would not have believed it possible, a week ago, what I have just avowed. I came to the Holy City under a state of mind, as I supposed, most favorable to enjoy it and its sacred associations; I was full of the thoughts and wishes of a devout pilgrim; I longed, even to tears, to stand upon holy ground, where my Lord and my God had walked, in the days when He took upon Him our nature, and dwelt among us; I was planning to myself what I would write to you, and how fully I would tell you of all that I saw in the city of the Great King; but, alas, for all human calculations, I met with hardly aught else but disappointment. The excessive fatigue and exposure on the road brought on sickness, and I lay for four days, the most interesting days of the whole year, in my bed, or on my couch, unable to do anything, and with leisure abundant to reflect upon *my* sins, which added sharpness to the agony of our Lord, in the garden and on the cross: and when at last, through God's goodness, I was permitted to go out, and was allowed to see with my own eyes, what I had so often heard of by the hearing of the ear, the reality seemed to me so different from all that I had expected, the lessons which I learned were so new and so unlooked for, and the picture which my imagination had formerly dwelt upon, with so

much delight, was so little like Jerusalem as she now is, degraded and desolate, that I yielded to the pressure of circumstances, and gave way to feelings and emotions of which I had not believed myself capable. I trust, however, that you, who know me so well, will pardon even this at my hands, and excuse some of the defects which, I fear, will attach to most of my letters from the Holy Land.

Before attempting to tell you aught about Jerusalem, allow me, as briefly as I can, to describe our journey from Gaza upward to the Holy City.* We were permitted to leave the quarantine at any time after sunrise, on the morning of the fourth instant, our seventh day; and as we were desirous, not only to escape from the disagreeable confinement, but also to reach the Holy City as early in Passion Week as was possible, we had everything prepared in good season for our departure. Dr. W. and Mr. M. continued in company with us, and their train, added to ours, presented quite an imposing appearance, as we took up our line of march for the city of the Great King. The gentlemen of our party were mounted on horses—rather sorry beasts, at best—while our luggage and servants proceeded in the usual manner on the camels: originally, our engagement with the Bedawin was to have the camels as far as to Ramleh; but as we were hurrying forward as much as possible, we succeeded, after some discussion, in effecting a change in our route, and prevailed upon our headman to go by the shorter road to Jerusalem, by which means we expected to accomplish in two, what would otherwise require three days. The morning of our departure was rather unpleasant; we had had rain for nearly every day while in quarantine, and the weather proved to be,

* The expression is strictly accurate, more so than, perhaps, might at first sight appear. Gaza is near the sea, and of course not much above its level; Jerusalem is situate among the hills and mountains of Benjamin, about 2700 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. It is worth noticing, too, that in the direction given to Philip by the angel, he is told to "go toward the south unto *the way that goeth down* from Jerusalem to Gaza." (Acts viii. 26.)

on this occasion, cloudy and damp, with a prospect of rain during the day. Perhaps no one thing reminded us more forcibly of the fact, that we had left Egypt, where it very seldom rains, and where one never thinks of providing against it, than this circumstance, that now we were compelled to provide against wet, and to watch with some anxiety the threatening clouds, which might at any moment pour down their contents upon our heads. During the day, as it happened, rain fell frequently, and I experienced once more the discomforts of riding in wet or damp clothes, over roads neither smooth nor easy to traverse;—but these are the common trials of travel in Syria.

Our road passed to the right of the city of Gaza, which we did not now stop to examine, in consequence of the strong desire which each one of the party felt, to get to the Holy City at the earliest possible moment in the Holy Week. We rode for some time through hedges of prickly pear, which serve to protect the gardens and fields from incursions, and which also afford more or less shade to the narrow lanes, or roads, which wind their devious way through them. Shortly afterwards, we entered most extensive groves of olive trees, the largest, I think, which I have ever seen: for nearly two hours we were riding through these beautiful groves, and were filled with many thoughts of that land, of which we had so often read, and whose richness is so often spoken of under the expressive figure drawn from the olive as well as the vine. We next came upon a broad and fertile plain, extending from the neighborhood of the sea backward to the hills on our right, and stretching out to the north and east as far as the eye could reach. In the distance, on the one hand, were the hills or mountains of the Hebron range, whose dark-colored sides and summits formed a most striking contrast to the plain beneath our feet Toward the sea, on our left, the hills of yellow sand presented an equally strong contrast; and the scattered villages here and there, on some gentle slope, or some

more commanding elevation, in the midst of the bright and verdant fields of grain for miles in extent, gave a picturesqueness and beauty to the scene, far beyond the power of words to express. In truth, the land of the Philistines, through which we were passing during the day, appeared to me one of the most lovely tracts of country which I had ever seen; and its exceeding fertility served to remove from my mind some of the wonder which I used to feel at the vast, and, as it were, almost numberless population, which it anciently possessed, and which warred with the children of Israel so frequently and so successfully. The beauty of the country, too, as well as the ease and facility of travel over so level and fertile a tract, seemed to me decisive of the question in regard to that passage in the Acts, where Philip was directed to "arise and go toward the south, unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, *which is desert;*" for it would be quite out of the question to term a road or way desert, which passed through a country like this. I have no doubt, therefore, that the reference is to Gaza itself, which at this date was partly in ruins, and might properly be termed ἔρημος, desolate, desert, &c.

As we rode along, I could not help thinking over various portions of Holy Writ, in relation to the history of the chosen people; and I saw abundant occasion to recognize the hand of God, in His proceedings with the rebellious descendants of those who were so severely punished in the desert. You recollect, that it was the express command of JEHOVAH, that they should go up and destroy utterly the inhabitants of the land, whose iniquity was full, and the cup running over.*

* "When the LORD thy God shall bring thee into the land whither thou goest to possess it, and hath cast out many nations before thee, the Hittites, and the Girgashites, and the Amorites, and the Canaanites, and the Perizzites, and the Hivites, and the Jebusites, seven nations greater and mightier than thou; and when the LORD thy God shall deliver them before thee; thou shalt smite them and utterly destroy them; thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor show mercy unto them; neither shalt thou make marriages with them;

And He promised, that if they served Him with their whole hearts, and obeyed His commands, He would drive out all before them, and make their arms victorious on every occasion. While the great captain Joshua lived, "Israel served the Lord," and were blessed in their many and sharp contests with the idolatrous inhabitants of the land promised of old to the seed of Abraham; yet, not even then, were they perfectly minded to worship and obey God only: and so their success was not complete, and in various portions of the land the former inhabitants remained, tributary, it is true, but continual snares unto the chosen people. When that generation which came in with Joshua, and had known all the works of the Lord, that He had done for Israel, had passed away, "there arose another generation after them, which knew not the LORD, nor yet the works which He had done for Israel;"* these forsook the Lord, and bowed themselves down to the idols of the people round about them; so that wrath went out against them; their arms were powerless, their strength was gone, and the hand of the oppressor lay heavily upon them. The bitter cup of adversity, which they often drained to the very dregs, almost always brought them back again to their senses, and made them feel most keenly the enormity of their guilt against God their Saviour; and so they cried unto Him, out of the depth of their misery, and He heard them, and gave them relief. Many a time was this done: many a time did they rebel: their sins, as a people, brought punishment: their repentance and profession of amendment, obtained for them relief, at the hands of Him, who always remembered His covenant with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. And such, in brief, is their whole history: they *could* not drive out the Canaanites, because of their own unbelief and rebellion; and

. . . thou shalt consume all the people which the LORD thy God shall deliver thee; thine eye shall have no pity upon them."—Deut. vii. 1-3; 16.

* Judges ii. 10.

so God left various tribes and nations in their midst, "to prove Israel by them, to know whether they would hearken unto the commandments of the LORD, which He commanded their fathers by the hand of Moses."* Among those expressly enumerated as thus left, were "the five lords of the Philistines and all the Canaanites, and the Sidonians, and the Hivites that dwelt in Mount Lebanon, from Mount Baal-Hermon unto the entering in of Hamath:" and though Judah took Gaza, with the coast thereof, and Askelon, with the coast thereof, and Ekron, with the coast thereof; and though the Lord was with Judah, so that he expelled the inhabitants of the mountainous districts, yet he could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron;† though, too, in later times, David subdued the Philistines, and extended his dominion more widely than had been possible, either in former or subsequent times, still the Philistines remained, and frequently prevailed over the children of Israel.

About nine, A.M.,‡ we passed the village of Beit Hanún, near to the road on our right: we saw frequent evidences of the heavy rains which occasionally deluge a part of Syria, in the deep gullies worn in the plains, at intervals, along the road-side. At ten, we crossed a bridge over a mountain torrent, with a deep sandy bed. On Robinson's map, it is called Wady Simsim, and is marked as occasionally dry in nearly its whole extent: when we crossed it, there was not much water in the stream. During the day, we had considerable

* Judges iii. 4. † Judges i. 18, 19.

‡ In travelling in Syria, all computations of distance are made by the time occupied in the journey. Camels average from two to two and a half miles per hour; horses frequently perform more, especially when the traveller chooses to leave the luggage train, and urge his steed forward; in this way three miles, and even four, may be gone over in an hour. But it is well to remember that, with slight exception, the whole journey through Syria is performed at a horse's usual walking pace, which gives on an average rather less than three miles per hour. In speaking, too, of the distance of one place from another, the people always say, it is so many hours—not so many miles—to the point inquired for. Of course, I shall be compelled to adopt the same mode of speech.

wind, and an appearance of the clouds which reminded me very much of home, and as I have noticed above, we had frequent showers, which served to add brilliancy to the green fields through which we were passing. In general, our ride to-day was over one continuous plain, with occasionally gentle slopes, and some low hills and lovely valleys; as there are no fences in this part of the world, and as the road is simply a path for horses, camels, asses, &c.—no vehicles ever being used—the view is unobstructed, and the eye has a range as extensive as could be desired. We had opportunity, every now and then, to see the primitive mode of ploughing, which is not uncommon in this country; it is very simple and easy, since all that the Arabs do is merely to pass a rope over a camel's hump and attach it to a rude instrument for turning up the ground, such an one as our scientific farmers would despise as a plough; sometimes, too, we would see an ass and a heifer, yoked together, for this purpose, and the husbandman directing them with a long goad, pointed with iron; a circumstance, which called to mind that passage in the Acts (ix. 5), where our Lord declares to Saul, the astonished and trembling persecutor, "it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks," or goads,—it is insane folly for thee thus to injure and ruin thyself, by attempting to fight against God, and like a silly brute, which uselessly resists his master, to strive to thy own wounding and hurt against Me, thy Lord and Master.

At a quarter past eleven, we passed Burbareh, on our left, and about noon, Dimreh, and other small villages. At frequent intervals, too, we saw sheikhs' or saints' tombs, which, with their white domes and solid construction of stone, generally about twelve to fifteen feet in height, form picturesque and rather imposing objects in the midst of the plain and on the hill-sides. About two o'clock, from a slight elevation, we had a fine view of the sea; after which, we rode over a broad plain, commencing near Es-Sawáfir. Just beyond the town is an ancient well of solid masonry, some two or three

hundred years old, and a little further, may be seen ruins of a former city or town. But little can be traced of the foundation walls, yet the remains appear to be of an early period. Some distance to the left, on a hill, is Yasûr, supposed to be the Hazor of Scripture (Josh. xv. 25). Saphir, you may recollect, is spoken of by the prophet:—

> "Pass ye away, thou inhabitant of Saphir, having thy shame naked:
> The inhabitant of Zaanan came not forth
> In the mourning of Beth-ezel; he shall receive of you his standing."*

Eusebius and Jerome place it below Eleutheropolis and Ashkelon, which would coincide very well with the position of Es-Sawâfir; its ruins beyond, are not probably those of the ancient town. The people of the villages, and in the fields, looked at us with curiosity, and some degree of sullenness, but they did not at all molest us, or refuse to answer any questions which we chose to ask; in general, too, I was a little surprised at the light color of the inhabitants, who, with the exception of the effect of the sun upon those exposed in the fields, appeared to me as of much the same complexion as most of the people of our own country. This applies more particularly to the younger women and children, many of whom, I noticed, had very beautiful, sparkling, black eyes, and regular features, not infrequently of classic mould.

At half-past three, P.M., we passed through a village named Kastineh, situate on a hilly slope, with a pond of water near by. In most respects, the villages along the road wear the same aspect of degradation, and, as we should esteem it, of misery, as those in Egypt, being merely collections of huts or hovels, without order or arrangement, and sadly lacking in neatness and comfort, both externally and internally; there is, however, one striking difference between the Syrian and Egyptian towns and villages. In Egypt, the natives live in mud huts, half the time or more, without covering of any

* Micah, i. 11.

kind; but in Palestine, where the rains are abundant and at frequent intervals, the huts or houses are generally built of stone, and sometimes plastered with mud, having roofs of poles or beams, laid across, and over these, thick layers of dirt, grass, &c., by which means, the occupants are protected from the wet, and can easily keep themselves comfortable during the vicissitudes of heat and cold. Late in the afternoon, we crossed a small stream, which is named the Brook Sorek, on Palmer's map, having in sight, at intervals, the Mediterranean, and being about one hour distant from Esdud, or Ashdod, on our left. This, you will recollect, was one of the five cities of the Philistines; Irby and Mangles visited it in October, 1817, and give an interesting account of some ruins in the immediate vicinity. Gath is marked on Palmer's map as about the same distance to the east of our road as Ashdod was to the west; Dr. Robinson does not mark it on his map, since he was not able to find any traces of the name throughout the present region.* In the times of the Romans, the city was called Azotus, and is mentioned in the eighth chapter of the Acts, fortieth verse; it was here, that Philip was found after he had preached Jesus unto the eunuch of queen Candace, and baptized him into the true faith of our Lord and Saviour. Shortly before seven, P.M., we came to our proposed place of encampment, very much fatigued with eleven hours in the saddle, and glad to rest from the labors of the day.

We rose very early on the morning of "Thursday before Easter," in order to get through as much of the journey as we could before the heat of the day, and also to secure as early an arrival in Jerusalem as was possible: and that we might have no cause of delay, we mounted our horses, and with our dragoman to lead the way, pushed onward, leaving the camels and luggage to follow us more leisurely. I regretted particularly, that I did not feel as well as usual, since

* See Robinson's "*Biblical Researches*," vol. ii. pp. 420, 421.

it prevented my enjoying, as much as I desired, the deeply interesting scenes through which we were passing, and made me apprehend worse consequences in store for me. On many accounts, the day was more trying than the preceding, for not only had it rained hard during the night, and thus rendered the road or path disagreeably wet and muddy, but at frequent intervals, in the course of the day, I found it very difficult to protect myself, particularly my feet, against the abundant showers; and I thought it not unlikely, that I might be seriously sick in Jerusalem. I did not, however, let these things interfere with our journeying upwards toward the Holy City, for I felt the force of that excitement which the Christian mind cannot resist, quite as much as any one of the party, and I was as eager as the most enthusiastic pilgrim, to get a first view of the hills which stand round about Jerusalem, and to feast my eyes with gazing upon her towers. So we rode on, at a tolerably good pace, through a pleasant and fruitful country, in measure level and remarkably easy of cultivation, but, more than yesterday, presenting the varied appearance of hill and dale, and offering to the eye a scene, at times, of very great beauty. I can hardly pretend to enumerate all the villages along the road, for I was not always able to get the names exactly as the Arabs pronounced them; this, however, is of the less consequence, since the towns and villages are very sparse, surprisingly so, when one recollects what a large population this land has, at different periods, supported, and what an increase of its inhabitants might easily be made, without danger of its being overburdened with people. The villages are also, in general, a collection of huts of recent origin, and seldom connected with any interesting point in ancient or modern history. When, however, it may chance that they relate in any wise to the facts of the Scriptures, I have endeavored to make accurate mention of everything of a kind which I supposed would be worth your attention.

Crossing the dry bed of a small stream, Wady Surar, on Robinson's map, and having Ekron, or at least the village which occupies its site, to the north-west of us, perhaps an hour distant, we came at eight, A.M., to a region of hilly yet fertile country, near to which Dr. Robinson has pointed out the site of Nicopolis or Emmaus, now called Amwas, though he did not visit and examine it in person.* The road passed a little to the right, but the conical hill on which the town was situate, was a striking object which we stopped a few minutes to look at and admire. You will understand, however, that this could not be the Emmaus mentioned in St. Luke (chapter xxiv. 13), to which the two disciples were going when the Lord Jesus met them and revealed Himself to them in the breaking of bread; for it is expressly mentioned, that that village was sixty stadia (about seven miles) from Jerusalem, whereas, the ancient Nicopolis is about a hundred and sixty stadia, or not far from nineteen miles from the Holy City. It is to this town, near to Jerusalem, that Tasso alludes:—

> "Emmaus, a city at so short a space
> From regal Salem, that a youth in June,
> Walking for pleasure at a careless pace,
> From dewy morn, may reach the town by noon."†

Descending a rather steep hill, and crossing a brook of no great size, we entered upon the Ramleh road, near Latrún, which is situate on a lofty hill, and appeared to have been once a place of great strength.‡ We inferred this, not only from its natural adaptedness for military purposes, but also, from various evidences of massive buildings of this sort, and some ruins of paved road, and a bridge which we saw near the highway. The valleys here were very picturesque and

* Robinson's "*Biblical Researches*," vol. iii. p. 66, Notes 1, 2.

† Tasso's "*Jerusalem Delivered*," Cant. ii. 56.

‡ Latrún derives its Arabic name from the tradition that here was the *domus boni latronis*, the home of the malefactor pardoned on the cross. (Luke xxiii. 43.)

beautiful, and there appeared to be an abundant supply of water in almost every direction. I do not know when I have noticed a more pleasing contrast than on this occasion, between the verdant, well-watered valleys, rich in the manifold productions of the ground, and the rocky sides and sterile summits of the high hills which encompass them: indeed such features in the scenery of the Holy Land are so obvious, that they must impress the mind of every one who is privileged to visit its sacred localities.

During the day before, and the early part of the present day, we had been traversing the portion of country allotted to the tribes of Simeon and Dan, and had been journeying in a north-easterly direction. At Latrún we entered upon the main road which connects Jerusalem with Ramleh and Jaffa, or Joppa, on the sea coast. Our course was now rather to the south of east, into the land of Benjamin, and through a region so unlike everything which I had imagined, that the impressions there made upon my mind can never be effaced. At a quarter before ten, we came to what is called the Bab el Wady, or "Gate of the Valley;" near to which is a rural coffee-shop under a fig-tree, where it is customary for travellers to refresh themselves with a cup of this delicious beverage, and if they choose, to smoke a pipe under the shade of the trees. Here we entered upon a most dreary, uncomfortable, and, as I felt it, most terrible road, leading from the lovely valleys which we had just left, through the gorges and up the sides of barren mountains, with hardly a pleasant thing to relieve the prospect, and with everything to depress the spirits of the traveller. Let me beg you to imagine our position: the path or road, though a great thoroughfare, and in constant use, is not only narrow and steep, but also exceedingly rough and stony. At one time, we were winding our way slowly along, looking down over a precipice into some deep and trackless ravine; at another, we were making our way, always in single file, with overhanging

rocks and trees on either hand; seldom, indeed, was there a smooth or level spot of road, and rarely was there aught to dispel the deep gloom which seemed to hang over every surrounding object. Frequently we met horsemen, usually in companies of two or three, but sometimes alone, all armed to the teeth, and eyeing the passers-by with suspicion or looks of insult; and every little while we came upon persons with donkeys, or women and children on foot, but each was equipped in some way and carried some weapon or other, as if it were unsafe to traverse this road without means of defence. The slow and toilsome pace of the horses, the slipping and stumbling of our steeds, as they went plash, plash, through the wet and mud, and the fatigue of riding up or down steep hills, were trying beyond description. The rain, too, fell in profusion; the cold wind swept through the mountain passes with great force; dark and heavy clouds hung over the summits and sides of the hills; and the damp, raw air seemed to penetrate through everything, and to chill and dishearten me at every step. I can safely say, that I have never passed over a road equal to this, and I am sure you will pity me, when I inform you, that with little variation, or little relief, we were nearly seven hours in ascending from the "Gate of the Valley" to the hills on the west of Jerusalem.

About eleven, we halted near a well of rain water, by the road-side, for the purpose of taking some refreshment. From this point, and on one or two other occasions, on looking back, we were gratified with several fine views of the plain, to the west and north, and we could clearly make out Ramleh and Jaffa, with the blue Mediterranean beyond, forming a most refreshing and inviting picture, when contrasted with the stern and harsh character of immediately surrounding objects. After our lunch we remounted, and continued the gradual ascent, passing a village near by, where the drums were beating, the castanets jingling, the women making that indescribable noise not unlike an ullaloo, the yellow and red flags fly-

ing, and the people in a state of some excitement. The cause of all this, we learned, was the departure of pilgrims to Neby Músa, or the tomb of the Prophet Moses, which, for convenience' sake, the Mohammedans have located on the west side of the Jordan, about two hours' from the Dead Sea. We were rather glad not to have come in contact with these pilgrims, for they are full of fanaticism, and on such occasions seem to consider it a merit to insult and abuse Christians. Between twelve and one, P.M., we arrived at a rather noted locality, and one which affords a rather striking commentary on the wretched condition of Syria, under the feeble government of the Turks. Descending a steep hill into a valley, not wanting in fruitfulness and beauty, we were surprised to see on our right, and on the side of another hill, several large stone edifices, built evidently as towers of strength, and for military occupation. Besides these, there were a number of smaller stone houses, forming a large village, and, altogether, admirably adapted for the uses to which they were devoted. There was also, by the road-side, in good preservation, a solidly built stone church, of considerable size, with the small windows of the early style, and a handsomely Gothic-arched doorway:—alas, that I should say it, it is now used for a stable! It appears that in this locality, the noted robber sheikh, Abú Gosh, had his stronghold in former years. This being the great highway between Jaffa and the Holy City, as well for caravans as for travellers, he made it a profitable business to levy contributions on all who passed this way; and as he had some two hundred mounted men under his command, and had entrenched himself in a position from which it was not very easy to drive him, he succeeded in carrying on his robberies on a large scale, and almost with impunity. The pasha of Jerusalem signally failed in every attempt to put him down by force. When Ibrahim Pasha was in Syria, Abú Gosh was quite submissive to the power of that extraordinary man; and during the period of the

Egyptian rule in Syria, this, as well as all the roads, were quite safe for travellers and caravans. When, through the ill-timed intervention of England, Ibrahim Pasha was compelled to return to Egypt, and Syria once more came under Turkish domination, the robber sheikh, like many others, resumed his former vocation, and the road again became unsafe. It was certainly an object to break up this nest of thieves; but as the force at his command was not sufficient, the Turkish governor resorted to means, in which his countrymen are very expert. By some inducement or other, they prevailed upon Abú Gosh to be present at a friendly entertainment, when, having him within their grasp, they coolly put him in chains, and sent him to Constantinople. There he is kept in confinement, while his stronghold in the mountains has been despoiled of its importance, and his band dispersed. This is as the story was told to us, though I do not vouch for the accuracy of the details.*

I need not dwell upon unimportant matters connected with our toilsome progress onward toward Jerusalem: it was the same hard, tedious, up and down pathway, amid rocks and stones, and wet and mud, unmitigated, save by the exciting thought, that each moment we were drawing nearer the goal of all our hopes, and should soon be permitted to look upon Jerusalem in very truth. At last we came to the top of the hills immediately to the west of the city, and each member of our party pressed forward to catch a first glimpse of its walls and towers. It was late in the afternoon, about four, P.M., when, from an elevation not differing much from that on which the city itself is situate, we beheld its sacred and holy precincts for the first time. I was so excessively fatigued, and felt so unwell, that I seemed to myself not to have one spark of enthusiasm left. The view was disap-

* Lamartine (in 1832) gives an interesting account of his interview with this Arab chief of organized banditti. See "*Pilgrimage to the Holy Land*," vol. i. pp. 237-240. Am. Ed. 1835.

pointing, at best, being from a point where you see little else than a long line of wall, and can distinguish but few of the localities which must ever be dear to the heart of the Christian: the Mount of Olives, Gethsemane, and the holy spots about Kedron, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, Siloa's brook, the lovely vale of Hinnom, were none of them visible; and the Holy City appeared to have few of the charms with which imagination had invested it, and which had become familiar to our eyes by the skill and genius of the artist. Yet it was the city of the Great King on which we were gazing; it was here our Divine Lord and Master had walked in the days of His flesh, and here He had suffered as an atonement for the sins of the whole world: it was here the Holy Ghost had descended, in his life-giving power, and fitted the Apostles for the great mission which they had accomplished: it was here the proto-martyr died; here the disciples bore testimony to the truth, through evil report and through good report: here the persecuting Saul burned with intemperate zeal against the followers of the cross: here he returned years afterwards* as Paul the Apostle, and servant of Jesus, whom he loved and served. Yes, it was the city over which our Lord wept, He who came to His own, and His own received Him not: it was the city which, by its horrible guilt in rejecting the Messiah, brought upon itself the dread destruction and misery which befel it, when the Roman eagle lighted upon its prey. Weak as I was, my heart was full of deep emotions, and I kept uttering to myself, in a low voice, "JERUSALEM, O JERUSALEM!" I could not say more; it was neither a scene nor a time for words; it was not an occasion where speech could image forth the unutterable, unfathomable feelings of one, who counts it his highest glory to be a soldier and servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Descending the hill over which we had just been riding, and crossing a valley of no great depth, we came to the Jaffa

* Compare Acts ix. with Gal. i. 16–18.

or Bethlehem gate. We were stopped, for a few moments, by the guard, with reference to the bill of health, after which, we were allowed to enter; and then it was, that we could, and did exclaim with the Psalmist:—

"Our feet . . . stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!
. . . . . .
Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
They shall prosper that love thee.
Peace be within thy walls,
And prosperity within thy palaces!
For my brethren and companions' sakes,
I will now say, Peace be within thee!
Because of the house of the LORD our God
I will seek thy good."*

We found the streets narrow, often very steep, and just at present, very wet and dirty; after traversing a considerable portion of the city, we arrived at Meshullam's Hotel, which is not far from the Damascus gate, and is said to be the better of the two inns in the city. I was completely tired out and almost ready to fall off my horse, and, I regret to say, was compelled to go to bed immediately, and call for the services of a physician. I have before said, that for several days, I was unable to go out at all, or even to leave my room, which was the more trying, because I had particularly longed to be in Jerusalem during the Holy Week, and to take a part in the touching services of our Church at this sacred season; but it did not please Him, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, that thus it should be.

Good Friday, the day commemorative of our Lord's atoning sacrifice on the cross; Easter Even, during which His sacred body lay in the sepulchre; and bright and glorious Easter, when He burst the bands of death and rose triumphant from the grave,—all were spent in my room, where for hour after hour, solitary and alone, I lay and meditated upon the precious records of our Lord and our Master's infinite

* Ps. cxxii. 2, 6-9.

compassion, love and tenderness toward our guilty race. O may it please Him, that the aspirations of a penitent and believing, though unworthy, servant of His, may be answered according to that which He shall deem best for us all! My friends and fellow-voyagers saw many of the sights in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which I rejoice that I did *not* see; and they were very busy in examining localities, which I have, as yet, hardly had time to look at: since, however, it has pleased God to give me strength again, and to suffer me to walk about Zion, to see "how doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people;" how "the ways of Zion do mourn, because none come to the solemn feasts;" and how "from the daughter of Zion all her beauty is departed,"* I have most thankfully embraced the opportunity of seeing, what we have travelled thousands of miles to behold; and I trust, that I may be able to speak of the Holy City in such wise as will interest you in everything relating to it, and its most sacred associations.

* Lam. i. 1, 4, 6.

LETTER XIV.

The Holy City.

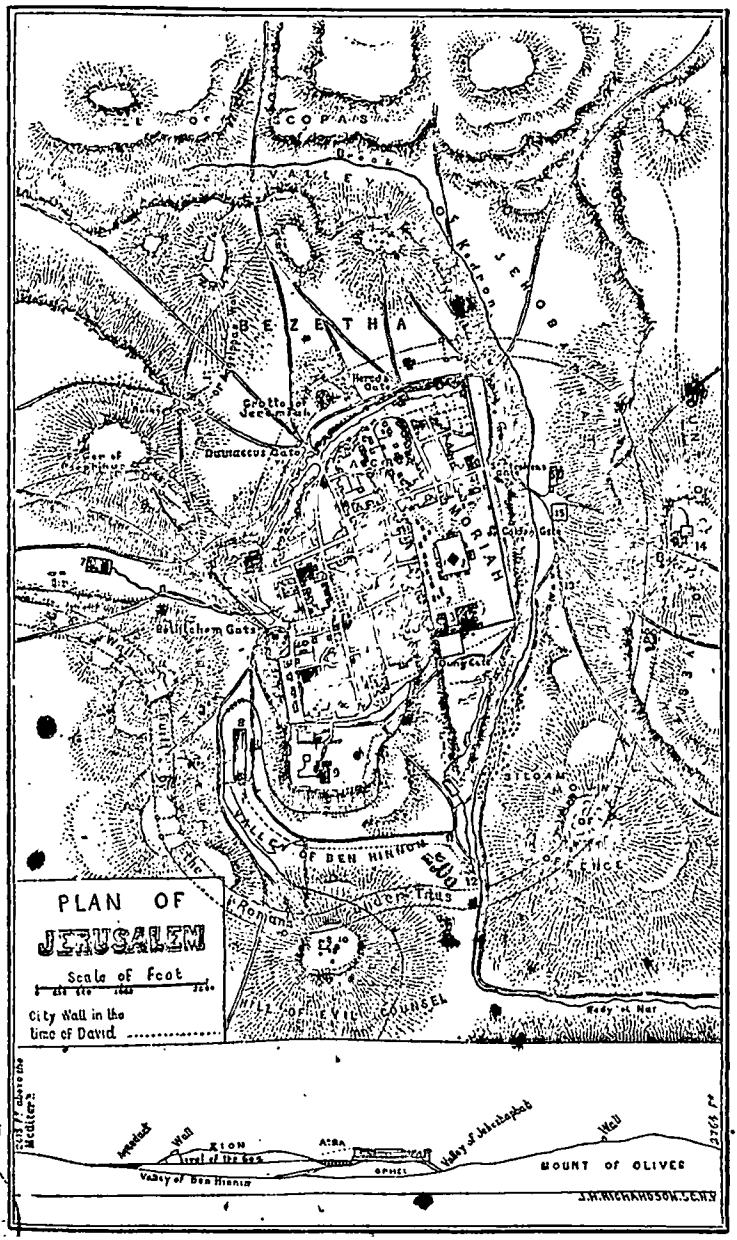
Extent of the Topics Involved.—A Few Points only Attempted.—The Streets, General Appearance, First Impressions, &c.—Houses.—Stone and well Built.—Peculiarity.—Population of Jerusalem.—Probable Amount of.—Character and Condition.—Jews.—Depressed Condition.—Jewish Quarter.—Visit to it.—Scenes there.—English Mission to the Jews.—Its Foundation and Objects.—Converts.—Jews' Place of Wailing.—Massive Masonry.—Ruined Arch.—Lepers' Huts.—Scene of Misery and Woe.—Mohammedan Population.—Their Character.—The Christians in Jerusalem.—Deplorable and Disgraceful Hatred and Dissensions.—Social State and Condition on the Whole.—Hope for the Future.

JERUSALEM, April 11th, 1849.

MY DEAR S.,

THE Holy City is, in many respects, unlike every other city in the world: there is no period in its history which is not full of interest; there is not a locality in or about it, which has not some connection with events of moment, or with the sad story of its degradation and ruin, or with its renown and glory in other days. I find it very difficult, in consequence, to make choice of the few points on which my limits will allow me to dwell: to speak of all, would require volumes;* for it would embrace nearly the whole history of the chosen people, and would need that every stone, every spot of ground, every tower and building, every single one of the thousand places which are enshrined in the memory of Christians, be spoken of with fulness and carefulness of detail. I should hardly dare, under any circumstances, to undertake a task

* As an illustration of this remark, see "*The Holy City: Historical, Topographical, and Antiquarian Notices of Jerusalem. By George Williams, B.D. Second Ed. 2 vols. 8vo.*" There are here nearly thirteen hundred pages devoted to the Holy City alone, and yet the subject is by no means exhausted!


PLAN OF
JERUSALEM
Scale of Feet
City Wall in the time of David
BEZETHA
Damascus Gate
Bethlehem Gate
Dung Gate
VALLEY OF BEN HINNOM
HILL OF EVIL COUNSEL
Wall
Valley of Jehoshaphat
MOUNT OF OLIVES
J.H.RICHARDSON.SC.N.Y.

of so great magnitude; much less may I venture at this time, when I must write rapidly, and in measure without books to consult, to enter upon aught, except such matters as would naturally strike a devout pilgrim to the Holy City, and would be likely to interest those at home, who, though their feet may not stand within the gates of Jerusalem, may, and do pray for her peace and prosperity. Let me have your indulgence, then, my dear S., while I attempt to describe a few of the many things in and about Jerusalem, which give it a charm, even in its present degraded state, above all that mere words can ever express.

To a European or American, accustomed to the broad avenues, and clean, paved and well-lighted streets, of most of our cities and towns, Jerusalem, like all oriental cities, must, at first, appear unpleasant and disagreeably dirty. Its streets are very narrow, extremely uneven, and by no means free from filth; the nature of the ground on which the city stands, renders it a constant succession of up and

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On the opposite page is a PLAN OF JERUSALEM, reduced from the Large Plan constructed by DR. SCHULTZ, late Prussian Consul at Jerusalem.

The numbers on the Plan indicate the following sites:

1. Mosk of Omar.
2. Site of Solomon's Temple.
3. Mosk el Aksa.
4. Church of the Holy Sepulchre.
5. The Citadel: Tower of David: Hippicus.
6. The English Church and Consulate.
7. Upper Pool of Gihon.
8. Lower Pool of Gihon.
9. Tomb of David: Mosk
10. Ruins of the Country House of Caiaphas.
11. King's Gardens.
12. En Rogel: Well of Job (Joab).
13. Tomb of Absalom.
14. Ruins of the Church of the Ascension.
15. Garden of Gethsemane.

Below the map is a section of Jerusalem from W.S.W. to E.N.E., on the line marked A. B. on the Plan.

down, the street being in many places paved in the form of stairs; the evident state of ruin, and almost desolation, which characterizes some portions of the town, not only annoy the traveller, who has to make his way as best he can, amid loose stones, dirt and nastiness, but fill his mind with sadness and regret, that the Holy City should be thus degraded and brought low. I certainly thought, when first we rode through the streets of Jerusalem, on our arrival, that I had never seen so dirty and uncomfortable, so ill kept and so unpleasant a city, as this; and I find that most of travellers receive much the same impressions; but you must not suppose that it is, in reality, worse than other oriental towns; it would be unfair and unjust, to single it out for censure, when in fact, while it has many things in common with most eastern cities, it has several features of interest peculiar to itself, and which render it more than ordinarily attractive to the Christian pilgrim.* After the rain had subsided, I was surprised to notice the difference; the streets soon became comparatively dry and clean, and though they are very narrow, and very crooked sometimes, though by the custom of building over them, you pass under arches and dark passages, not the most pleasant, and certainly not the cleanest in the world, yet after all, one soon becomes accustomed to such things. The necessity of having narrow streets becomes most sensibly evident, after one has been exposed to the scorching sun for an hour or so,

* Dr. Robinson, who is not certainly to be accused of being carried away by poetic fancy or fervor, expresses himself as agreeably disappointed with Jerusalem; he thus speaks: "From the descriptions of Chateaubriand and other travellers, I had expected to find the houses of the city miserable, the streets filthy, and the population squalid. Yet the first impression made upon my mind was of a different character; nor did I afterwards see any reason to doubt the correctness of this first impression. The houses are in general better built, and the streets cleaner, than those of Alexandria, Smyrna, or even Constantinople. Indeed, of all the oriental cities which it was my lot to visit, Jerusalem, after Cairo, is the cleanest and most solidly built. The streets, indeed, are narrow, and very rudely paved, like those of all cities of the East. The houses are of hewn stone, often large." &c.—"*Biblical Researches*," vol i. p. 328.

and the shade of the high stone walls of the houses is never felt to be more cool and agreeable, than under such circumstances. While it is true, that one cannot forget the frequent annoyances alluded to above, and while he feels that the romance with which his imagination had invested the Holy City, particularly as he called to mind the glowing and pathetic language of the "sweet singer of Israel," is almost entirely without foundation in fact, he learns to look on Jerusalem, with other and more sober eyes, and he strives to forget what she now is, in meditating upon the glory which she once possessed.

I fear that I do not express myself with any great clearness, in my anxiety to utter the truth, and the truth only, in regard to this matter. I am extremely desirous not to mislead you by giving you the impression that the Holy City is, in its present condition, either better or worse, than as I actually found it. In general, it disappoints the traveller, it must be confessed; but withal, it grows upon his affections, if he have any true love for its sacred localities; and notwithstanding all its defects and all those things which he might, and does wish otherwise, he is deeply pained to leave it, and deeply grieves that he cannot give months instead of days to the city of the Great King. His interest in the questions which have been so ably discussed of late years; his recollections of the vast multitude of wonderful and grand events which have here been enacted; and his ever present desire to profit, as a Christian ought, by the holy privileges placed within his reach; cause him to think little of, yes, even to forget, all minor things, in view of the great fact, that this is the Holy City, of which he has so often read, and from a child, so constantly longed to see. Its narrow and crooked streets become endeared to him, by the thoughts to which they have given rise; its elevated and hilly portions, as well as its valleys and recesses, shut out, as it were, from the busy mart, or the thronging thoroughfare, have a charm of association which

no words can adequately set forth; and its various quarters, and its many traditionary sacred spots, excite in him the most lively emotions, even though he feel convinced, that most of these traditions have no foundation in fact, and are only the result of that unwise effort to give local habitation to every event and circumstance of the Gospel history. Hence, if I mistake not, the general impression which a traveller carries away with him, is one of pleasure rather than of pain; and whenever his thoughts recur to Jerusalem, in after days, he forgets all minor trials and troubles, in the glowing and spirit-stirring memories of the city of our Lord and our King.

The houses in Jerusalem are usually built of stone, and the outer walls are laid with care and, in some cases, with much attention to architectural beauty and design. The windows, which look out upon the streets, are mostly plain, not large, and almost exclusively confined to the upper stories; only in few instances did I chance to see the lattice work, which adds so much ornament to the windows and houses in Cairo, and which is so essentially necessary to the strict seclusion of the Turkish harím. The first floor or story, as is almost universal in the East, is occupied for various purposes, but more as a receptacle of multifarious articles than as a place of abode: the family of the occupant always seek the upper floors, which, except in the hottest part of the season, are more pleasant, and furnished with everything which can minister to the enjoyment of an oriental's life: it is a safe rule, too, not to judge of what a house is, or what it contains, by the appearance of the first or ground floor. The entrance, as I should have mentioned before, is through a large, sometimes rather small door, of strong materials, and kept carefully closed; in Jerusalem, I think every door which I saw had an iron ring on it, which served the purposes of a knocker. One peculiarity in the rooms is well worth recording: there is not a house in the city, so far as I was able to learn or could observe, but what has several of its upper

apartments with dome-shaped ceilings, which are ornamented ofttimes with tasteful mouldings and other pretty things, to set them off to advantage. These project above, generally in the midst of the flat roof or terrace, and form one of the very singular and really picturesque features about the Holy City. The terrace is, of course, open to the sky, and at certain seasons of the day, particularly in the cool of the twilight and evening, or in the morning hours, before the sun has arisen in his strength, it is not only the pleasantest spot in the whole house, but is resorted to by all ages and classes. Of course, as I have been in but few houses in Jerusalem, I am not able to say much of the style of furnishing or the points in which in these respects they differ from our habitations. To one of our habits, if I may judge by my own feelings, oriental houses have not many attractions; but I am told, and I can well believe it, that use soon accustoms one to the style of living and the arrangements for comfort and convenience, which are common in this country, and after a time, it is said, foreigners become more attached to eastern than to western habits and customs;—but this is a matter on which I need not dwell.

The Holy City is, as you know, inhabited by a mixed population, consisting of Christians, Jews and Mohammedans. Of their numbers it is by no means easy to obtain any accurate estimate. I made many inquiries of those who had resided long in Jerusalem as well as of some who claimed this as their birth-place, and I was rather surprised at the singular variety of answers which were given to my questions. Every one spoke vaguely; there were about so many, or so many, people in the city; and not an individual, not even those in authority, pretended to know with any precision the number of the inhabitants. One person estimated the population at twenty thousand, in round numbers, of which five thousand were Jews; another thought that there were certainly more people than this resident in Jeru-

salem; while a third and a fourth, were clearly convinced that the number was much less than twenty thousand, estimating it at the extent as not more than fifteen thousand; of which less than four thousand were Jews. The truth is, no one knows much about the matter any way; and at best, we can only approximate to the actual result. The streets are never thronged, except during the season when the pilgrims visit Jerusalem, and not even then does the city become very much crowded; the bazaars have something of a bustling air, but in them also, you never find the crowds of people which make it so difficult to thread your way in a city like Cairo; and it is undoubtedly and strikingly true, that, in general, the streets of the Holy City are solitary, and that you may often walk a long distance without meeting or seeing a single individual. Hence, I am led to infer, that the population of Jerusalem cannot be, by any means, as large as the city is capable of containing; and, perhaps, we shall not be far out of the way if we suppose that there are five thousand Christians, four thousand Jews, and six thousand Mohammedans, making in all fifteen thousand. Dr. Robinson, in 1838, deriving his estimate from a calculation made from the taxable males of the city, gives the population as follows: Mohammedans, four thousand five hundred; Jews, three thousand; Christians, three thousand and five hundred; that is, allowing for possible omissions, inmates of the convents, &c., a total of not more than eleven thousand five hundred.* In a matter of this kind, where so much is mere guess-work, it becomes no one to be very positive; but, with due deference, I feel tolerably sure that the learned Doctor has given a number as much too low as others have in an opposite direction.†

The character and condition of the people depend consider-

* "*Biblical Researches*," vol. ii. p. 85.

† Mr. Williams, in a valuable note, has collected the various estimates of the population of modern Jerusalem:

ably upon the fact whether they are Jews, Mohammedans, or Christians. The Jews occupy the vicinity of Mount Zion, or the southern part of the city, and are, to a very great extent, a degraded race, depending on charity for support: they are despised and hated by both Mohammedans and Christians: they live in the very narrowest lanes, and most filthy and disagreeable quarter of the Holy City; and they endure scorn and contempt with a hardihood which no other nation or people ever manifested. Most of them are very poor, and nearly all are supported by contributions from abroad, a fact which has an important bearing upon the question of their becoming Christians; for the mission to the Jews has not only got to convince them of their guilt and perversity in rejecting the Messiah, but, on their professing Christianity, is obliged to undertake their temporal support also, as a necessary consequence. Few persons ever do more than walk or ride through

"Anthimus, Secretary of the Patriarchate (A.D. 1838):		
Mohammedans		5,000
Jews (about)		5,000
Christians	Orthodox Greek	600
	Roman Catholic	200
	Other Christians (about)	120
		10,920
"Dr. Schultz, in 1845:		
Mohammedans		5,000
Jews		7,120
Christians	Greek	2,000
	Roman Catholic	900
	Armenian	350
	Copts	100
	Syrians	20
	Abyssinians	20
		15,510
"The Jewish amount is the largest:		15,000
Mohammedans		5,000
Jews		10,000
Christians		30,000

the Jews' quarter; both because it is far from pleasant to make one's way through narrow and dirty streets, and because rarely is it possible to penetrate the cold reserve of the degraded Israelite, and be on such terms of familiar intercourse as will enable a Christian to appreciate a Jew, or a Jew really to understand a Christian. In general, he has an instinctive dislike to the believer in Christ Jesus; and, to our shame be it confessed, the dislike and hatred are far too often mutual. To one like myself, interested deeply in the welfare of the chosen race, there is hardly a more instructive task than to visit the Jewish quarter in the Holy City, and to notice some peculiarities of that race, a remnant of which has been so miraculously preserved for ages, in order to illustrate the truth of Holy Scripture, and carry out the designs of God, as declared in His prophetic word. As often as occasion permitted, I have gone, sometimes on my horse, more frequently on foot, and with a heart full of emotions of pity and earnest desire that the veil may soon be taken away which is on their hearts, have spent hours in the midst of the Jews' quarter: now, accosted by some aged, hoary mendicant, asking alms of one whom, in his soul, he scorns or hates; now, urged to buy some trinkets of gold or silver; now, meeting a Jewish maiden or two, who, casting a glance of mingled dislike and contempt upon the stranger, turned and hastened away; now, surveying with astonishment the wretched exteriors of their dwellings, the many offensive things which have been placed in their midst to annoy and insult them, as the shambles and the mosk in the very heart of their quarter, and the air of negligence, misery, degradation, and destitution all around; and now, again, wondering at the sturdy demeanor, the unconquerable powers of endurance of the Jew, and the steadfastness of his adherence to those dogmas which he has inherited from his fathers, and which he is ready to die to maintain. I do assure you, my dear S., that this portion of the Holy City has affected me always

very much; and I am quite unequal to the task of describing the many striking characteristics, of those who occupy, at the present day, a portion of that illustrious city, in which their ancestors dwelt in power and glory. Poor, aged, careworn, shrinking from the approach of strangers, fearful of insult, dreading oppression and outrage, living in penury and degradation, outcasts, bywords to their neighbors, and desirous only to lay their bones within the precincts of the city of the Great King,—O, how do they and their deplorable condition touch the sympathies of the Christian heart! how do they appear before our eyes as the living witnesses of the truth and exactness of God's Holy Word! and how earnestly does the servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, the only and true Messiah, pray for their conversion, and labor to his utmost that they may soon be brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus!

With such feelings as these, you will readily understand the deep interest which I have in the success of the English mission, now established and in operation at Jerusalem. I have had the pleasure of much intercourse with the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gobat, the Rev. Mr. Nicolayson, and the Rev. Mr. Ewald; and am much indebted to these brethren for answers to my numerous inquiries, as to the present prospects of their labors. On the whole, they spoke encouragingly, but not to the extent which I had hoped, or which, I think, the friends of the mission have had a right to expect. The establishment of the English bishopric in Jerusalem, at the very focus, and in the midst of every form of bitter sectarianism and hostility to all new-comers, promised at first to produce a good effect, and, like oil on the raging sea, to calm the waters of discontent, hatred, and actual warfare; and it was hoped that the name and influence of England would not be without result, upon the Turkish and Mohammedan population in the Holy City. But I regret to say, that, so far as it appears, even from the representations of those who have sup-

ported the project from the beginning, there has not been produced the good which was expected, and there have been stirred up feelings and objections, which might have been looked for, but which are deeply to be deplored in all questions of this kind. The Lutheran clergy are indignant, as a body, that they should be excluded from ministering in a church, founded and supported, in great measure, by a Lutheran king; and, as an intelligent layman from Berlin warmly declared to me one day, they look upon the king of Prussia as having betrayed and insulted their church, and they seem disposed to visit no little of their censure upon the Church of England, for her share in the matter. Similar sentiments are avowed by Tischendorff, in his remarks on the "Anglican bishopric at Jerusalem;" and they appear to me to be well worth the consideration of all interested in this question.* In the opposite direction, we know that a large number of the clergy and laity in England, highly disapproved and refused to sanction the amalgamation between the English Church and the established form of religion in Prussia, a fact which has tended to draw off the interest of many, not only from this particular matter, but from the question of the Jewish mission itself. I am not going to venture upon a discussion upon the merits of this subject, looked at in all its bearings: my feelings are decidedly against all attempts to form a union with those who differ from our Church on points of so much importance as the constitution of the Church and its ministry, for I believe, in every case, such attempts have been productive of no permanent good results. But, as the bishopric is established, and the present occupant of the Episcopal chair is laboring diligently to carry out the object of his appointment, I hope and trust that God may send His choicest blessings upon both bishop and clergy, and that they may see and rejoice in the fruits of their self-denying labors in His cause. Just at present, the number of converts is small, and

* "*Travels in the East*," p. 158—166.

the temptations to embrace Christianity from motives other than those of honest conviction, are so peculiar, that unusual watchfulness is needed, and a long course of disciplinary instruction absolutely demanded. Consequently, the mission does not number many who have been brought to a knowledge of their guilt and error; but those who are catechumens, and those who have been baptized, are, I believe, really and truly turned from the error of their ways, and earnestly desirous to know and believe the truths of the Gospel. I am sure, then, that though you may not participate in my doubts or hesitation on this topic, you will join me heartily in wishing God speed to this and every effort, to restore the Jew to the privileges and blessings, of which, by his obstinacy and perverse continuance in sin and rebellion, he has so long been deprived.

The Jews' place of wailing is not the least interesting spot in Jerusalem, and, to a Christian traveller, is very suggestive of lessons of warning and instruction. I may, not improperly, I hope, here speak of this and one or two other matters connected with the Jews in Jerusalem. It is a place comprising about a hundred feet of the west wall of the Haram, not far from its southern boundary, and one which, concealed in great measure from observation, in a part of the deep valley between Mount Zion and Mount Moriah, must be very touching to the feelings of the despised and down-trodden remnant of Israel, who here weekly assemble to wail and mourn over the desolation and downfall of Judah. I preferred not to go on a Friday, deeming it too much of an intrusion upon their grief, which deserves respect, at least, at our hands; so, taking another day, I went to look at this spot, and to gaze upon the remains of the wall which Dr. Robinson and others attribute to the era of Solomon; and if I may venture an opinion, not without reason. The massive stones, of themselves alone, point back to a period of great antiquity, and unless we refer the erection of so grand a work to the time of Solomon, I know not when, or by whom,

it could have been accomplished; for there has never been, since his days, an era of wealth and prosperity sufficient to enable the Jews to devote time and labor to such undertakings as these. The few Israelites, whom I chanced to see here on this occasion, did not appear to be much affected with grief or depression; they were quite willing to act as guides and always ready to beg, even though they knew that I was a Christian. After measuring some of the stones and satisfying myself of the very great size of many of them, I went a short distance further, and at the south-west angle of the temple area, beheld the evident remains of an ancient arch, forming part of a large bridge. Dr. Robinson identifies this with the bridge mentioned incidentally by Josephus, as leading from this part of the temple across the valley of the Tyropoeon to the Xystus on Mount Zion; and, in his opinion, "it proves incontestably the antiquity of that portion of the wall from which it springs." Though century after century has rolled away since this massive masonry was here erected by that great monarch, who built the glorious and splendid temple of JEHOVAH; and though ruin and desolation have visited the Holy City and laid it low in the dust, its temple destroyed, and its people scattered over the face of the wide world; "yet these foundations still endure, and are unmovable as at the beginning. Nor is there aught in the present physical condition of these remains, to prevent them from continuing as long as the world shall last. It was the temple of the living God; and like the everlasting hills on which it stood, its foundations were laid 'for all time.'"*

Leaving this interesting locality, I rode up the easterly ascent of Zion, through a number of crooked lanes, and proceeding for some distance in a south-westerly direction, I came to a manufactory of pottery-ware, made from clay found in the adjacent valley of Hinnom. It is but a little way from the Zion gate. "Just south of the pottery"—I use the words

* "*Biblical Researches*," vol. i. pp. 425, 427.

of Mr. Williams—"and hard by the city gate are the *Lepers' Huts*, a set of miserable low clay hovels, the habitations of these unfortunates, who are now found only at Jerusalem and Nablous. Dr. Schultz had occasion to visit them, and ascertained their numbers to be twenty-seven, men, women and children; Mohammedans. They are allowed to intermarry, and thus propagate this loathsome malady, which is hereditary. They receive a miserable pittance for their maintenance, from the government, which they are fain to eke out by begging. And a most pitiable and disgusting sight it is to see the poor wretches, laid at the entrance of the gates of the city, asking alms of the passengers, with outstretched hands or stumps, in various stages of decay, under the influence of this devouring disease, for which, I believe, no effectual remedy is known. I saw no case of that whiteness which is mentioned in Scripture, as the symptom of this disorder; but I own that my eyes shrunk with horror from the contemplation of such misery, and I avoided contact with them as I would with one plague-stricken."* You may be sure that I was not less struck with the scene than the author just quoted. It was a deplorable and almost disgusting sight, and the importunity of their cries for alms was, to me, distressing. About a dozen were squatted down in the dirt, men, women and children, a fair little child, in whom the loathsome disease was not yet developed, playing in the midst; and the moment they saw a stranger approaching they started up, most hideous objects, some of the older women, particularly, and began to beg very piteously. For the sake of that pretty child, whom I looked upon with the deepest compassion, I gave them an amount which excited among them cries of pleasure, and turned away from the sad sight, with a heart, more than ever, deeply impressed with the goodness and mercy of God toward me and mine.

The Turkish or Mohammedan population of Jerusalem,

* Williams's "*Holy City*," vol. i., Supplement, p. 24.

occupy the north-eastern portion of the city, which is, on the whole, the most airy and pleasant. By their position as rulers and in authority, as well as by natural temperament, they are haughty, insolent and tyrannical. The higher officers vary their life of indolence by listening to the wretched bickerings and complaints of one Christian sect or community against another; by receiving bribes from both sides, to favor their respective projects; and by treating with scorn and contempt, the quarrelsome, jealous, and vindictive Greek and Latin, whose mutual hatred knows no bounds. The underlings pursue the same course on a more limited scale; the soldiery do not forget themselves in the discharge of their duties as guards, and from the dreadful scenes enacted in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, of which they are spectators, they are not likely to derive much edification, or see much reason for abandoning Mohammedanism, and adopting this caricature of Christianity; and as for the Turks, in general, and others of that race, who believe in the Arabian impostor, they do not scruple to carry their heads higher than anybody else in the Holy City; they bestow their curses, not to say their blows, upon both Christian and Jewish dogs, when they dare; and thus feel, or affect to feel, the most supreme contempt for all but themselves, and they would, had they the power, not hesitate to crush them under foot. Probably they are the more bitter in their dislike from the conviction, which is well nigh universal in the East, that the power of Mohammedanism is fading away, and that ere long it must sink into utter ruin and oblivion: truly, this is a consummation most devoutly to be wished for.

Of the Christians in the Holy City—I mean those who bear the name—it is difficult to speak in terms which shall convey the truth, without, on the one hand, indulging in too great acerbity of expression, or, on the other, neglecting to utter the words of indignation and deep grief, which every serious-minded traveller must feel, when he looks upon the

deceit, dissension, and evil passion of every sort, prevalent among them. I dare hardly trust myself to say, what perhaps as one jealous for the honor and purity of the truth, I ought to say, on these points; I can find no terms sufficiently strong, and yet not extravagant, in which to characterize many, many things here done and sanctioned; you must allow me, therefore, to use the language of a divine, whose long residence in the Holy City, and whose spirit of moderation and fairness towards Christian bodies in the East, fit him admirably to speak with prudence and judgment: "Among all the exhibitions of the Christians in the Holy City, that which must most scandalize the infidels, is their shameful divisions, accompanied with jealousies and heart-burnings, and not unfrequently attended with sanguinary quarrels and acts of violence, which call for the interference of the civil powers. A colored plan of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, is a picture of the religious dissensions which afflict the Holy City, and present a perpetual stumbling block to Jews and Mohammedans—one might almost say, a standing argument against the truth of the religion which we profess; for if the unity and harmony of the Church be a note of the heavenly origin of the doctrine which it holds, the absence of these must obscure the evidence and hinder the progress of the Gospel. The superstitious practices which have been mentioned, are only obtruded on the notice of the Mohammedans occasionally, at stated seasons, but the dissensions of the various sects, fill the Holy City with jarring discord throughout the year. These disputes are carried to Constantinople, and submitted to the decision of the Ottoman Porte, to be ruled, not according to the principles of justice and equity, but as bribery, or private influence, or political interests may chance to prevail. One or two examples shall be given, which will serve better than words, to manifest the feeling that exists between the rival communions. The Greeks and Latins, both enjoy the countenance of powerful European monarchs, whence they derive

an importance at Constantinople, which, independently of this, they would not possess; the Armenians make up by their wealth what they lack in this respect, and are thus able to sway the decisions of the Porte. The Syrians and Copts, are too poor and too insignificant, to contend with these powerful rivals; but being in communion with the Armenians they are, for the most part, identified with their interests and enjoy their protection; in return for which, they are expected to submit to such spoliations as their protectors think right to inflict. . . . . I would even avow a conviction, forced upon me by such facts as these, and only confirmed by time, that the Turks are, for the present, the best and safest guardians of the Holy places; and that until the Christians have laid aside their animosities, the control of an infidel, and therefore indifferent arbiter, will be necessary to restrain within some bounds, those vindictive feuds which, even though kept in check, break out occasionally into acts of open and even fatal violence. It were frightful to contemplate the consequences of power being given into the hands of any one of the Christian bodies who now divide the sacred city."* The social state and condition of the Christians in Jerusalem is, on the whole, calculated to excite our commiseration; their principal occupation is the making of crosses, beads, boxes, crucifixes, &c., for which they find a ready sale at the time of the annual influx of pilgrims; but in general, the mass is very poor, very ignorant and very superstitious. The Holy City has no trade or commerce, and nothing to excite emulation among its population on topics calculated to improve or meliorate their temporal position; and so far as I am able to judge from personal inspection in a few cases, they are for the most part, listless, indolent, and thoughtless, and live on from year to year, in discontented poverty. You will understand, however, and make allowance for it, that exceptions to this remark do exist; for it is a fact not to be denied,

* Williams's "*Holy City*," vol. ii. p. 534—538.

that there is considerable wealth hoarded up in Jerusalem, and in private, and unseen by the jealous Turks, some families live in the enjoyment of luxuries and comforts far beyond what might be supposed to belong to them, judging from their personal appearance or the exterior of their habitations.

Here it may be well to pause awhile before turning our attention to other matters: let us pray for the peace of Jerusalem; as she now is, torn by dissension and trodden down by the scorner, her case is pitiable indeed; but let us hope that God may soon arise and have mercy upon her, for His compassions fail not, and in the midst of wrath He remembers mercy. I know that you will join me, more fervently, if possible, than ever, in the petition taught us by our Divine Lord Himself:—"Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

LETTER XV.

Gethsemane—The Mount of Olives.

Necessity of Omitting many Things for Want of Room.—A Walk Outside of the City.—Via Dolorosa.—Pass out of St. Stephen's Gate.—Scene from this Point.—Descend into the Valley of Jehoshaphat.—Cross the Kedron.—Garden of Gethsemane.—Deep and Solemn Feelings.—Our Lord's Agony.—Thoughts respecting the Last Days of His Passion.—Ascent of the Mount of Olives.—An Incident.—Desolateness of the Scene.—Ruins on the Summit.—The Foot-print in the Rock.—Pilgrim Devotion.—Question as to the Place of our Lord's Ascension.—View Adopted.—Panorama from the Minaret near by.—Musings on the Mount of Olives.—David and his Rebellious Son.—Our Lord Jesus Christ.—Wept over Jerusalem.—His Solemn Words.—Return to the City.—Talk with Tommaso.—Sadness of the Scene at Evening.—A Walk around the Walls Outside.—The Citadel, Pool of Gihon, Mount Zion, Valley of Hinnom.—The Pool of Siloam, Fountain of the Virgin.—Some General Remarks in Conclusion.—Striking Natural Features of Jerusalem Anciently.—Question as to the Population it was Capable of Containing.—Probable Result.

Jerusalem, April 13th, 1849.

My Dear S.,

I had hoped that my limits would admit of entering upon a description of several prominent objects in the Holy City; I had thought, that I might be able to give something of a connected account of the interior of the city, and the buildings and localities of importance, such as the mosk of Omar, the Temple-area, the Armenian, Latin, Greek and other convents, the Tower of Hippicus, etc.; but I find that it will be quite out of my power, and I shall be compelled to pass over in silence, several points which require large space fairly to examine, and to confine myself to a few of the topics of interest, which it would be unpardonable to omit entirely. Probably, you will see little cause to regret this present necessity on my part, for the excellent work of Mr. W. H

Bartlett, entitled "Walks about Jerusalem," the elaborate volumes of Mr. Williams, and Dr. Robinson, on the same subject, the striking and ingenious, but not convincing, treatise of Mr. Fergusson on the "Ancient Topography of Jerusalem," and other volumes, easily accessible, supply—as you know—the fullest information, as well on those matters which I shall pass over, as on those upon which I shall venture to speak. In the present letter, I must beg you to accompany me to some of the sacred spots outside of the walls of the Holy City, where there are attractions, I think, not inferior to any within the city itself.

Imagine yourself, then, my dear S., on a bright sunny spring morning, to be with me at our Hotel, ready for a walk about Zion, and a visit to some of its touching localities. We are not far from the Damascus Gate, but we will not pass through it at this time. Let us rather proceed through the narrow street or lane, leading towards the heart of the city. In a few minutes we come to the *Via Dolorosa*, and turning off towards the East, we traverse this steep and rugged way, filled with thoughts of Him, whose sufferings and death were for our sins, and who, for our sakes, endured the cross, despising the shame. Tommaso, our guide and attendant, points out to us the various spots which tradition has fixed upon in connection with our Lord's bearing the cross, sinking under it with fatigue and exhaustion, the offices of love shown Him by some of His disciples, &c.; we may not, it is true, believe all that he has learned and tells us on these points; but we may remember to advantage, that our Divine Lord did undergo all the pain and torture so touchingly related of Him in the Gospels, and probably did pass somewhere near here when He was led out to be crucified. We soon reach, after a turning or two, the gate in the Eastern wall, commonly, but I believe wrongly, called "St. Stephen's Gate," passing first under an archway where, according to tradition, Pontius Pilate showed to the people our Saviour, wearing the crown of

thorns and the purple robe, and exclaimed, "Behold the man!" Hence the name, the "Arch of Ecce Homo." This Gate, called by the natives, both Christian and Mohammedan, *Bab Sitty Miryam*, or "St. Mary Gate," is ornamented by four lions, sculptured in relief, over the gateway, probably, as Mr. Williams thinks, the work of the Christians. As you will observe, decoration of this kind is peculiar in an oriental city; and hardly accords with the character and appearance of the Turkish guards who are lounging about, and who look at us with no friendly eyes.

Let us pause for a moment and look around, for here we are gazing upon holy ground. Directly before us is the steep and stony descent into the Valley of Jehoshaphat; a little way further, the Brook Kedron; then Gethsemane; and then, the sides and steeps of the Mount of Olives, crowned by the ruined Church of the Ascension. Towards the north and east, the valley lies in all its beauty and richness of cultivation; on our right, close by the wall, is the Mohammedan Cemetery, and the hillside, very precipitous, and reaching down into the depths of the valley; and on the rise of the Mount opposite, and at some distance to the southeast, are the tombs of Jehoshaphat, Absalom, and others, and the burial-ground of the Jews. O what busy thoughts here come thick and fast upon the mind of the devout pilgrim! and how incompetent does he feel to take in the pathos and power of what is spread out before him!

Let us go on; the pathway is steep, and the bare rocks in many places are under our feet; we meet but few persons, and there is a stillness and quiet well suited to the tone of our feelings. Ere long, we come to the dry bed of Kedron's Brook, and crossing it by a small arched bridge, we reach the foot of the Mount of Olives: near by is the supposed tomb of the Blessed Virgin, an edifice rather imposing in appearance, but possessing no claims on our sympathies, when we are close to undoubted sacred localities spoken of in Holy

Writ. Yes, it is indeed true, that our feet are treading holy ground, for here, within a few yards, is the Garden of Gethsemane. GETHSEMANE! O what emotions does this one word excite in our souls! Let us enter the hallowed precincts of that garden where "Jesus oft-times resorted with His disciples:" the high stone wall prevents intruders, and when once we are admitted we are alone, alone in a partially cultivated but unfruitful spot, with only eight aged and venerable olive trees to relieve the sadness of the scene.* We seat ourselves at the foot of one of these gnarled and time worn trees, and with emotions too deep for utterance, we open the record of the Gospels, and in the very words of the Apostles and Evangelists, read the pathetic history of our Lord's last hours of pain and anguish unutterable. Ah, will those words ever fade from my memory; and shall not I, even I, have grace to "do well and take it patiently" when called upon to "suffer for it;" shall not I, too, be enabled to "follow His steps" whose life is our ensample, "who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth: who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not; but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously; who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes we are healed?"† Here, with tearful eyes, with bowed head, and bended knees, let us meditate upon His agony, of whom we have just read in the Gospels: let us call to mind, with the deepest contrition and self-abasement, the ineffable sufferings, in our behalf, of the

* "Near the same bridge and church, on the right, is the place fixed on by early tradition as the site of the garden of Gethsemane. It is a plat of ground nearly square, enclosed by an ordinary stone wall; [a high, plastered one has been recently erected]. The N. W. corner is 145 feet distant from the bridge. The W. side, measures 160 feet in length; and the N. side, 150 feet. Within this enclosure are eight very old olive trees, with stones thrown together around their trunks."—Robinson's "*Biblical Researches*," vol. i. p. 346.

† 1 Pet. ii. 20-24.

"Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," of Him who so plaintively uttered the fearful words, "my soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."*

"Dear sacred haunts of glory and of woe,
Help us, one hour, to trace His musings high and low:
One heart-ennobling hour! It may not be
Th' unearthly thoughts have passed from earth away,
And fast as evening sunbeams from the sea
Thy footsteps all in Sion's deep decay
Were blotted from the holy ground: yet dear
Is every stone of hers; for THOU wast surely here.

There is a spot within this sacred dale
That felt Thee kneeling—touch'd Thy prostrate brow:
One angel knows it. O might prayer avail
To win that knowledge! sure each holy vow
Less quickly from the unstable soul would fade,
Offer'd where CHRIST in agony was laid."†

Meet is the place, fitting is the hour, for sinners, like ourselves, to learn something of the enormity of sin which demanded such a sacrifice as that of the precious Lamb of God, without spot or blemish; and too deep for utterance are our thoughts, and our devout supplications and prayers to Him, who, not many steps distant, "kneeled down and prayed, saying, Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me: nevertheless, not My will but Thine be done:" and who, "being in an agony, prayed more earnestly; and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."‡ Do you not remember reading with me, on one occasion, out of one of the noblest works of an age great in divines, what is there so well and so truly said? let me repeat it for our edification: "The Evangelists have in such language expressed His agony as cannot but raise in us the highest admiration at the bitterness of that passion. 'He began to

* Is. liii. 3; Matt. xxvi. 38. † Keble's "*Christian Year*," p. 99.
‡ St. Luke, xxii. 41–44.

be sorrowful,' saith St. Matthew (xxvi. 37). 'He began to be sore amazed,' saith St. Mark (xiv. 33), 'and to be very heavy,' say both (ibid): and yet these words in our translation, come far short of the original expressions, which render Him suddenly, upon a present and immediate apprehension, possessed with fear, horror and amazement, encompassed with grief, and overwhelmed with sorrow, pressed down with consternation and dejection of mind, tormented with anxiety and disquietude of spirit." And again: "If the true contrition of one single sinner, bleeding under the sting of the Law only for his own iniquities, all which notwithstanding, he knoweth not, cannot be performed without great bitterness of sorrow and remorse; what bounds can we set unto that grief, what measures to that anguish, which proceedeth from a full apprehension of all the transgressions of so many millions of sinners?"*

While standing or kneeling here, how vividly do the events of the Holy Week seem to present themselves before us! It will be profitable to our souls' health, to call to mind, and to go over, step by step, the last days of His passion in our behalf. On the evening of Wednesday, the first day of unleavened bread began,† and it would seem that it was mainly spent with His disciples on the Mount of Olives, or in this garden, where he was accustomed to meet and discourse with them, and whither he returned ofttimes for solitary meditation and prayer. The next morning, "Thursday before Easter," in the Church's calendar, He sent Peter and John to

*Bp. Pearson's "*Exposition of the Creed*," p. 281-283.

†It is necessary to bear in mind, that the day among the Jews began at sunset of the day previous; thus, after six o'clock, or sunset, on Wednesday, it was the next day, or Thursday; after the same hour on Thursday, it was Friday, or the day of our Lord's crucifixion, on which day He instituted the Lord's Supper, was betrayed by Judas, was condemned to death, was crucified, dead and buried; the Sabbath began at sunset on Friday. Hence our Lord's body was in the Sepulchre, part of Friday, all of Saturday, and a part of Sunday, which was the third day, and the one on which His glorious resurrection took place.

make preparations for the paschal supper, to be eaten that evening, after sunset, when Good Friday had begun. Early in the evening they all assembled in the "large upper room, furnished and prepared," and Jesus and the twelve sat down, or rather reclined on the couches, to eat the supper. As they were eating, our Saviour uttered those most touching words: "Verily I say unto you, one of you which eateth with me shall betray me." What sorrow, what astonishment, what horror was depicted in the countenances of those chosen few, as one by one they asked the question, "Lord, is it I?" What shame and guilty confusion did Judas Iscariot manifest, when, last of all, in a low voice, knowing the foul purpose he was about to execute, he, too, having asked, "Is it I?" the Saviour pointedly replied, it is—you are the traitor—"that thou doest do quickly." It was now that He uttered that long, touching, and consolatory discourse, so fully recorded by St. John: it was now that He instituted the holy Sacrament, by which His death is to be commemorated until His coming again in power and great glory: it was now, after having sung a hymn, that He left the chamber, accompanied by the eleven, trod the lonely street, passed out of the gate, reproved the unseemly wrangling of his disciples; and, while the silvery moon shed its soft rays on the hillside, descended the stony path, and entered, for the last time, the Garden of Gethsemane. The hour, we may suppose, to have been between eight and nine; and now began, indeed, the bitter and intense agony, of which words can give no idea. Eight of the disciples were not far off; Peter, and James, and John were nearer to Him: He himself suffering the anguish of a world's sins, laid upon Him, when in His agony He cried out, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." Prostrate on the ground, "His sweat, as it were, great drops of blood," the wrath of God against sin, all heaped on His head—well might He have expected the sympathizing consolations of those chosen three, whom He had taken aside to

watch with Him. But they were asleep; their sorrow had overcome them, and, forgetful of His warnings, they neglected the needful preparation of watchfulness and prayer, to fit them for the trials even now at hand. Twice He came to them and rebuked them for their conduct: Why sleep ye? Simon, sleepeth thou? could ye not watch with me one hour? The third time, after He had drunk the cup of agony to its very dregs, He came to them and saith unto them, sleep on now, and take your rest; it matters not now; it is enough; the hour is come; behold the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.

And while He is yet speaking, see, the hillside is alive with armed men, torches gleaming, and a band of soldiers coming on. See them as they approach; they descend into the valley, they cross the brook, they advance to the garden where Jesus is; and O, see, the traitor is at their head: the traitor comes forward; the traitor dares to meet his innocent Master, and to salute that sacred cheek with a kiss: to the traitor was addressed the severe rebuke, which should have stricken him to the earth—"Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" What confusion follows! The soldiers, on our Lord's naming Himself, go backward and fall to the ground; the impetuous Peter draws a sword, and smites off the ear of the High Priest's servant: the Lord Jesus suffers Himself to be apprehended and led away by the band; and all the disciples, the self-confident Peter among the rest, forsake the Saviour, and take to flight. Alone, and abandoned to His mortal enemies, He is taken in the dead of night, in bonds and suffering contumely and insult, to the house of Annas first, thence to the palace of Caiaphas, the high priest, and thence to the Prætorium of Pilate. The mockings and insults which He endured for our sake; the detestable hypocrisy of the Jewish authorities; the heartless reviling and abuse of Herod and his men; the cool, unblushing injustice and wrong inflicted by the vacillating Roman; the foul indignities heaped upon Him by the

brutal soldiery; all He suffered with a calmness and heavenly serenity, which He alone ever manifested. Yes, He endured, all things for the sake of us sinners—he endured the scorn and contempt of those who sought to glut their revenge with His blood, crying out in their blind and awful hatred, "His blood be on us and on our children." He endured the desertion of His disciples, the shameful denial of Peter, the crown of thorns, the bearing of His cross, the fainting anguish of body and soul, the nailing to the cross, and the agony of that death on the cross, all, all for us, whom He died to save, and without whose sacrifice we were lost forever.

As with full hearts, we leave this sacred spot, let our thoughts and aspirations be those of the penitent, believing and obedient; for "there should be no greater comfort to Christian persons, than to be made like unto Christ, by suffering patiently, adversities, troubles, and sicknesses. For He Himself, went not up to joy, but first He suffered pain; He entered not into His glory, before He was crucified. So truly our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ; and our door to enter into eternal life is gladly to die with Christ; that we may rise again from death and dwell with Him in everlasting life."*

Let us continue our walk up the side of the Mount of Olives; the ascent is not steep, except here and there, and as we go on you will see how many points of view there are from which Jerusalem, even now, is not deficient in beauty and sublimity. As you perceive, the number of trees is not large, much less so, doubtless, than in early days, when this lofty hill received its name from the abundance of trees which flourished on its slopes and steeps. Here and there, in some retired spot or enclosure, a little way from the path, are parties of women and children, who have come out of the dull, hot city, to sit under the trees and on the greensward, and to enjoy the delight of chatting one with another,

* Exhortation in the "Order for the Visitation of the Sick."

in unrestrained freedom. But see; there is a little girl who is throwing stones at us; and why? do you suppose: let us ask the reason, if reason there be, "What do you mean by throwing stones at us?" the answer comes quickly and pertly;—"what do you want by looking at us as you did? and if you don't go away and not look where we are, we will throw more stones at you, you Christian dogs." Such is the spirit breathed into the young by the bigotted and fanatical Mohammedans. Tommaso is excessively indignant, and returns their abuse in kind if not in amount; but we can well afford to pass it by, and continue our upward walk. We meet but very few persons, and were we to judge by these evidences of life and activity round about the Holy City, we should see and feel, most deeply, how true it is, that she is trodden down and desolate. Instead of the busy hundreds and thousands moving to and fro, engaged in their daily occupations, we see only single individuals, or occasional small parties; instead of the distant hum and noise of a populous city, not a sound is heard, and stillness like that of the grave broods over everything;—

"No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song;
But lawless force, and meagre want are there,
And the quick darting eye of restless fear,
While cold oblivion, 'mid the ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade:"*—

And when we stand still for a few moments, and look around us, how dreary seems the scene, and how true and exact the words of prophetic denunciations against the wickedness and rebellion of the people.

We here find the ruins of a large edifice, the scant remains of what tradition informs us was the church built by the

* Bishop Heber's "*Palestine.*"

empress Helena, to mark the place of our Lord's ascension. We enter a small portal, which admits us into a paved court of considerable extent, and open to the sky. Various altars, belonging to the Christian bodies in Jerusalem, are ranged around, and in the centre of the court is a small circular building surmounted by a cupola, and once, judging from the finished marble columns half hid by the rough plaster, beautiful and striking, but now, presenting but few attractions. The keeper of the deserted mosk near by, has the key of this building also; after some search Tommaso finds him; he unlocks the door and we go in: the room is empty, having on one side the Mohammedan kebleh, or niche of prayer, in the direction of Mecca, and close by, a portion of the rock, enclosed with marble side-pieces, and sunk a little below the level of the floor. Tommaso, our attendant, pointed out to us very earnestly, the supposed foot-print, which a worthless tradition teaches the simple and credulous pilgrim to believe to have been that made by our Lord, when He last stood upon the earth. Several women, Mohammedans mostly, have entered with us, and whatever we may think of the thing itself, we cannot but be struck with the deep devotion with which they prostrate themselves here, and kiss the rock which they have been told marks so sacred a spot. We may not do as they and many thousand Christian pilgrims have done, for there must be something on which to base our faith in such matters, beyond the monkish story, telling of a miracle well nigh puerile, and wholly unlike aught that our Saviour ever did. Let us not, however, because we reject what has no foundation, and is not in accordance with the dignity and elevation of Holy Scripture, therefore cast away the tradition, ancient and clear, and not opposed to, but in harmony with the Evangelists' statements, on which rests the belief that here, from the summit of the Mount of Olives, our Lord and Master ascended into heaven. Let us recur to the passages giving an account of this glorious event: "And He led

them out as far as to Bethany, and He lifted up His hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." "And when He had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight. . . . . Then returned they unto Jerusalem from the Mount called Olivet, which is from Jerusalem a Sabbath day's journey."* Now, in the first place, it is plain that these passages must be in harmony one with the other, and it will be wrong to press either so as to do away with the force of the other. No doubt, our Lord led His disciples out as far as to Bethany; equally certain is it, that when He was taken up, His disciples returned from the Mount of Olives to the Holy City, from which they were distant only a Sabbath day's journey. Hence, we are reduced to this point, either to suppose that by the word "Bethany" is not meant the *village* on the eastern slope of the Mount, and fifteen stadia from Jerusalem, but the *district* or *vicinity* of the village, which it is thought by good authorities extended even to the summit of the Mount, where the Holy City is in full view;† or, to suppose that a Sabbath day's journey was not, what the best writers agree that it was, seven or eight furlongs, but fifteen, and that there is no force or pertinency in the expressions in the Acts, "*then* returned they unto Jerusalem from the *Mount* called *Olivet*,"—from that part of it which was a mile distant from the city, and not nearly two miles, as the village of Bethany is. The former supposition appears to me, the only one by which the apparent discrepancy can be reconciled; and when we add to this view the consid-

* Luke xxiv. 50, 51; Acts i. 9, 12.

† The passages in St. Mark (xi. 1), and St. Luke (xix. 29), deserve especial notice in this connection; "and when they came nigh to Jerusalem, unto Bethphage and Bethany, at the Mount of Olives, He sendeth forth" &c., implying clearly, as it seems to me, that Bethphage and Bethany are names applied to districts, or portions of some extent, on the sides of the Mount of Olives.

eration that, as Dr. Robinson says, "one of the very earliest traditions on record" points out this portion of the Mount of Olives as the place of the ascension, we shall, I am quite sure, have no doubt of the trustworthiness of the tradition, though pronounced by Robinson to be "obviously false," and of the verity of our Lord's ascension from this spot.*

While here, let us, by all means, mount the ruined minaret, attached to the deserted mosk close at hand; for from its summit is one of the finest views, as well of the Holy City, as of the vicinity of Jerusalem, which can anywhere be obtained. Long may we gaze at the prospect at this genial hour, when the bright sun is declining in the west; and as, filled with varied emotions, we look upon the Holy City, in all its beauty and sublimity, which caused the psalmist to style it "the perfection of beauty," we may catch something of the poetic enthusiasm of the host under the noble Godfrey, on first beholding Zion's consecrated heights:—

"Lo, tower'd Jerusalem salutes the eye!
A thousand pointing fingers tell the tale;
'Jerusalem!' a thousand voices cry,
'All hail, Jerusalem!' hill, down and dale,
Catch the glad sounds, and shout, 'Jerusalem, all hail!'"†

Behold and see what a scene is this! "Immediately below, even to the opposite brink of the Valley Kedron, Jerusalem lies spread out before us. The strong outlines of the Castle of David are seen on the western horizon. The cupolas of the convents of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, the slender minaret on the northeast hill of the city, one after

* I am happy to find that Tischendorff accords with this view, in opposition, as he declares, to that of Dr. Robinson: after quoting the passages from St. Luke, he says, "In my opinion, these words are to be understood no otherwise than that Christ ascended into heaven at the point whence the Apostles returned into the city. The position of this chapel admirably harmonizes with this view."—"*Travels in the East*," p. 173.; see also Williams's "*Holy City*," vol. ii. p. 439-446; and Robinson's "*Biblical Researches*," vol. i. p. 375, 405.

† Tasso's "*Jerusalem Delivered*," Cant. iii. 3.

JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

another, stand out to view in the maze of the many roofs of houses, some with low vaults, some flat, and surrounded by distinct, perforated walls, which again we pursue, until we cast a calm look into the great court of the Haram, inaccessible to us, and contemplate the beauty of the mosks, of the octagonal Sakhrah, covered with the most beautiful cupola imaginable, and of the Aksa, reminding one of the Basilica form of the Christian churches, surrounded in solemn silence and almost melancholy, by the lively verdure and flourishing trees, such scarcities in these parts. If we turn our eyes towards the south, a lofty range of the mountains of Judah limits the horizon in a wide sweep, commencing at the mountains of Tekoa, and running westward. The Frank Mountain (Jebel Furdeis), and the environs of Bethlehem, are also visible. Nearer to us, and in the same direction, lies a ridge, whereupon stands the Greek monastery of Mar Elias: on this side lies the plain, supposed to be the plain of 'Rephaim,' contracting itself towards the southwest, into the Rose Valley (Wady el-Ward), which conveys to the environs of Jerusalem from the sea, damp fogs or cooling sea-breezes, according to the season. Towards the west lies the nearest parallel slope of the mountain ridge, which bears the Holy City itself, and over which lies the Jaffa road. If we turn further to the north, there the height of Neby Samwil rises up steeply with its mosk, from whence one can see the Mediterranean: further in the background, the mountains of Samaria; and lastly, towards the east, we have the valley of the Jordan beneath us, where a green streak on a whitish ground marks the course of the river towards the Dead Sea, into the mirror of which we here and there look, between the undulating hills on this side, and see how it reflects the rocky shores beyond. And if we follow the eastern boundary of the plain of the Jordan from north to south, there is a continuous chain of mountains, as far as the steep cliffs of the Dead Sea, above which rises, deeper in the country, Jebel Shihân, with its

compressed and gently rising summit, which is in the winter time frequently covered with snow; while close to the sea the valley-clefts of the Zerka river and the Arnon (Wady Mojeb) are plainly to be distinguished; and during clear weather, the old fortress Kerak also appears like a rock-nest, where the sea has long since disappeared from our eyes, which, after a complete circle, again rest on the place whence we set out."

This graphic description of the view from the summit of the mount of Olives, is from the pen of the amiable and excellent Dr. Schultz, formerly Prussian consul at Jerusalem, and probably more intimately acquainted with the Holy City and its environs than any man living.* Having been privileged to gaze upon the magnificent panorama of which he speaks, we can testify to its accuracy and fidelity; and we can well be content to adopt his words instead of any feebler ones which I myself might write. We may not, however, leave this sacred mountain-top without reflecting for a few moments upon the deeply instructive past, and calling to mind some of the scenes to which this mount has been witness.

More than a thousand years before the advent of our Lord, the sacred historian tells us of the trials and sufferings of the royal psalmist on this very mountain-side. An ungrateful, unnatural son, with artful hypocrisy, had corrupted the hearts and minds of his father's subjects, and drawn them into actual rebellion. His own crimes that loving father had forgiven freely, and yet Absalom conspired against him to deprive him of his kingdom and life. When David ascertained the strength and extent of the conspiracy, and found that "the hearts of the men of Israel were after Absalom," he said to the faithful few with him at Jerusalem, "Arise, and let us flee; for we shall not else escape from Absalom; make speed to depart, lest he overtake us suddenly, and bring

* I quote from Mr. William's "*Holy City*," vol. ii. p. 438.

evil upon us, and smite the city with the edge of the sword." With eager haste they make their preparations; they pass out of the gate; they descend the steep and stony path into the valley of Jehoshaphat; all weep with a loud voice; and the king and people pass over the Brook Kedron, towards the way of the wilderness. The afflicted king refuses to allow the ark of God to be carried away from the city, and in his humiliation exclaims, if the Lord say, "I have no delight in thee; behold, here am I, let Him do to me as seemeth good unto Him." "And David went up by the ascent of mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot; and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up." It was an hour of bitterness and woe; it was followed by days of hardship and suffering; and at the last the cup of his affliction ran over, when the vindictive Joab slew his son, and the king went up to his chamber and wept; "and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"* As we think of these affecting events, and call to mind the adultery and wickedness of the king, great and good as he was, how truly do we feel the prophet's words beginning to have their accomplishment in one who had given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme,—"now, therefore, the sword shall never depart from thine house." May God keep us from presumptuous sins, lest they get the dominion over us!

In the lapse of ages this same mount was trodden by One who was David's Lord as well as David's Son. In the days of His flesh, He ofttimes spent hours and hours in the shady groves of Olivet; and when His ministry was drawing to a close, He was wont to leave the city, at the approach of night, and to resort to the Mount of Olives to pray and med-

* 2 Sam. xv. 30; xviii. 33.

itate against the time of his agony and death. It was on His last visit to the Holy City, that as He drew nigh and had passed through Bethphage and Bethany, that He sent two of His disciples for the ass and the colt in order that He might make His entry into the city of His own, though His own received him not. They spread their garments upon the animal; they placed the Redeemer thereupon, and as they went by that same path over which we, too, have passed in reaching the mountain-top, they acknowledged Him as their King; "a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way; and the multitudes that went before and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David; Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord: Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest; peace in heaven, and glory in the highest." Pharisaic pride and ignorance asked for a reproof on these rejoicing thousands; but "He answered and said unto them, I tell you that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out." From this point, as He was now descending the hill-side on which we are standing, He beheld the city, the glorious city, as she lay spread out in her magnificence and strength before Him; and from those sacred eyes flowed tears of infinite love and compassion. He, who knew the end from the beginning, He who knew the emptiness and nothingness of all human power, might and splendor, He wept over Jerusalem, and exclaimed from the depths of His mercy and goodness, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace!—but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because

thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."* Yes, it was even so; and we who are privileged to be here, where our Lord was in the days of His suffering and humiliation, can now begin to comprehend better than we ever did, the touching pathos of those words of His, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Ah, thou ruined and degraded city, thy house is left unto thee desolate; Zion is ploughed as a field; Jerusalem has become heaps, and the mountain of the house as the high places of the forest;† and our eyes look upon the scene this day. Shall it be without effect? shall not our tears, too, be poured forth for our own sins? shall not our supplications go up for the suffering and desolate city of the Great King? shall we not pray that God our Saviour, who ascended into heaven from this mount, will hasten on the day of His coming again to save His elect from every nation that is under heaven?

But we may not linger here: the hour is getting late; the sun will soon sink to his nightly couch; and we must, would we repose in the Holy City to-night, make our entrance before sunset. Let us go, then; leaving all thoughts of the avenging Roman, who brought destruction upon Jerusalem, as our Lord had predicted, and the many reminiscences of the Crusaders and their host, who once stood and gazed as we now gaze upon the fairest city for situation of the whole earth, let us descend the slope of Olivet on our way to our home. As you observe, by his looks, Tommaso appears to have somewhat upon his mind to ask us about; let us hear him: "Well, my master," he says, addressing me, "you no believe what you see in the rock up there?" pointing backward by a gesture. "No, Tommaso, do you?" "Yes,

* St. Luke, xix. 29, 35–44; St. Matt. xxi. 8, 9; St. Mark, xi. 9, 10.

† Micah, iii. 12.

yes, I believe it; what for you no believe it?" "I will tell you, Tommaso, presently; but first, let me know why you think that our Saviour left the mark of His foot upon the rock before His ascension into heaven." "O, my priest tell me so; and he know more than I do; I am ignorant and can't read; but my priest and the bishop too, tell me so, and everybody here believe it; what for you no believe it!" "Tommaso, suppose your priest were to tell you that this piece of stone was not stone, but bread? would you believe it because he knows more than you do?" "No, no, my master, but my priest never tell me such thing." "I dare say not; that would be running too great a risk; your credulity would not take in quite that; but did the priest ever tell you how he knew that this mark on the rock was what he says it is? did he tell you that he found it in the Bible? did he tell you that any of the first Christians ever heard of this story? No; I am sure he did not. Now, Tommaso, you ask me why I do not believe this to be our Saviour's foot-print; I will tell you. This volume in my hand contains the Holy Gospels, which give us an account of all that the Apostles and Evangelists wrote concerning our Saviour; I have read it through and through a good many times, and there is not a word in it about this story. I have read, too, a great many other books, some written by Christians a thousand, and fifteen, sixteen, seventeen hundred years ago, and some by those in later times, and I tell you, Tommaso, that there was no such thing as this ever heard of in old times. Remember, that I am a priest, too, and can read as well as your priest, who tells you this and a good many other stories which are not true. Besides, Tommaso, I want you to think a little about another thing. Our Saviour did a great many miracles; He healed the sick; He cleansed the lepers; He cured the lame and the blind and the lunatic; He raised the dead; and hundreds and thousands of such things as these: all of them we understand why He did them; there was reason and fitness in such miracles; there was love and

mercy in all that He did; there was dignity and propriety in every word and act of His: but if you can see any reason, or anything profitable to soul or body in such a childish thing as making the mark of His foot on the rock, I cannot; and I should be sorry to believe that any sensible man, any one who loves and adores his Saviour, can really credit a story like this. Do you understand, Tommaso, what I have been saying?" "No, my master, not much; but I know that the English who come here only laugh, and don't believe anything which I tell them." "There you're wrong; they don't believe everything, that is true, as I have been telling you; but they know that in this city our Saviour once was; they know that this is the Mount of Olives, that there is Gethsemane, there the temple stood, there is Zion; and in the city they well know is the spot where our Lord suffered on the cross, was dead and buried for our sakes; this is what I believe and know, Tommaso; but Protestants like the English, must have some grounds better than you tell me about, to credit the absurd stories which I have heard from you, and which your priests teach you, expecting you to believe them whether they have any sense in them or not." Tommaso shakes his head, as though he did not know exactly what to think; and I suspect that very few have taken the trouble which we have to let in an idea into his contracted mind. Perhaps—though I am by no means sanguine—he will try to understand matters better in future; it is, however, too much to be hoped for that he will ever be able to discriminate between the false and true, and thus become an intelligent, active, useful guide to the traveller and Christian pilgrim.

We may not now stop to examine those monuments of other days, not far to our left, said to be the tomb of Absalom, the tomb of Jehoshaphat, the cave of St. James, &c.; neither can we linger here in the valley of Jehoshaphat, beautiful as it is, with its fig, olive, and pomegranate trees, and its gar-

dens of melons and cucumbers; and full of solemn interest, as it must always be in connection with the glowing language of the prophet Joel (ch. iii. 1, &c.). We mount, slowly and thoughtfully, the steep and stony path to St. Stephen's gate, whence hours ago we came out; and as we traverse the lonely streets once more, at this hour of the day, we are more than ever struck with their deserted appearance, and with the sad and mournful condition of the Holy City: do not the words of lamentation and sorrow seem, as it were, to force themselves on our minds; and can we refrain from uttering, to ourselves, at least, the language of that holy man whose eyes ran down "with rivers of waters for the destruction of the daughter of his people?"

"How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!
How is she become a widow! she that was great among the nations!
And princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary!

. . . . . .

All that pass by clap their hands at thee;
They hiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying,
"Is this the city that men call 'The perfection of beauty,' 'The joy of the whole earth?'"*

It may be well, my dear S., before sending the present letter, that I should include in it a brief account of what I have several times seen in walking or riding round the exterior of the city. If you will be so good as to look at the map or plan of Jerusalem, given a while ago, you will readily, and I doubt not, intelligibly, follow me in this interesting walk. We pass out of the Damascus gate, which is the nearest to the hotel, and turning to the left, we proceed to make the entire circuit of the city walls. You notice here, that though there are hills close by, they are not so high or commanding as in other parts, and that towards the north, is quite a broad, cultivated plain or valley, which, it appears, Agrippa intended to include in the city, when he projected enlarging its limits

* Lam. i. 1; ii. 15.

on the north, and fortifying it in such wise as would have rendered it impregnable. As we advance, it is worth while to observe that the present walls are built, to some extent, upon the solid rock, which rises here and there considerably above the surface, and that the rocks have been scarped—I believe that is the term—and the fosse, or regularly constructed ditch, for the most part wholly neglected. In a military point of view, of course, I am unable to speak of the walls; but I have heard the sentiment expressed, that they would prove of little service against an invading army well supplied with artillery.* The side on which we now are has always been the most vulnerable, and from the time of the Romans downward, Jerusalem has been attacked and taken from the northerly approach; there seems no reason to doubt that the walls could easily be breached and the city entered, even by a small, well-appointed force. After a little while we come to the northwestern angle of the wall, which, as shown on the plan, appears to project a considerable distance, as if for the purpose of including some spot useful in a military point of view. We shall see, by and by, what bearing this part of the wall has on the question of the verity of the site generally believed to be that of the Holy Sepulchre. Following the course of the wall, we soon after reach the Bethlehem or Jaffa gate, and have in full view the large, massive fortress or citadel, which, doubtless, properly manned, would be a place of very great strength. The foundations seem to be of very early date, and at one corner you notice the square, solidly

* Mr. Williams quotes the opinion of Lieutenant-Colonel Alderson of the Corps of Royal Engineers, to whom we are indebted for the Ordnance Survey, made in 1841. Speaking of the Tower of David, he says, "It would require heavy artillery to breach it. The walls too of the city are sufficiently strong to require something more than field artillery to effect a breach in them; whilst their position, surrounded on every side by mountains, and difficult of approach for heavy artillery, gives to the fortifications which surround the Holy City an importance which their first appearance would not seem to justify."—"*Holy City*," vol. i. p. 444.

built tower, which Dr. Robinson supposes to be the tower of Hippicus; but Mr. Williams controverts this view, and I think successfully. On our right, you see the valley of Gihon, as it has been termed, and not far off the remarkable excavation, marked on the maps as the lower pool of Gihon; it is now quite dry and useless, but in the earlier days of Jerusalem's prosperity, it, and the one farther up the valley, must have been important to the comfort and refreshment of the city. The view here is like what may be seen, alas, nearly everywhere in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, producing upon the mind a deep feeling of sadness and sorrow, for the degraded and unhappy condition of the city of David. The soil appears barren and unfruitful; here and there are a few trees and some terraced spots under cultivation; but mostly all is stony, dry, and yielding little or no increase. In a few minutes we come to the corner of the wall which turns towards the east, crossing the crown of Mount Zion. Here in this vicinity are the cemeteries of the Christians in Jerusalem, as well as that not long ago purchased by the American mission, as the resting place of their dead. From this point, we will diverge from the wall, and include in our walk the valley of Hinnom, and some points of interest near at hand.

You will notice, as we proceed, what is not very clear on the map, how rugged and steep are the southerly sides and slopes of Mount Zion; and when, after a while, we find ourselves in the gorge of the hills, the Hill of Evil Counsel on the one hand, and Zion on the other, with the lovely vale of Hinnom stretching out before us, we cannot but give ourselves to the recollections of bygone days, and the sober and chastening reflections which these localities must ever produce. The idolatrous monarchs of Judah here dishonored and despised the Lord in worshipping stocks and stones, and here caused His fierce anger to burn against the wickedness of His people. Ahaz "made molten images for Baalim: moreover he

burnt incense in the valley of the son of Hinnom, and burnt his children in the fire, after the abomination of the heathen, whom the LORD had cast out before the children of Israel." Manasseh, the wicked son of the good Hezekiah, did evil in the sight of the LORD; "and he caused his children to pass through the fire in the valley of the son of Hinnom;" but his grandson, the noble young Josiah, walked in all the way of David his father, and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left; "and he defiled Topheth, which is in the valley of the children of Hinnom, that no man might make his son or his daughter to pass through the fire to Moloch." He made it a receptacle for the burnt carcasses and bones, and the filth and refuse of the city, keeping fires there continually, in order to consume what was thrown into it, and to render it ever after odious in the eyes of the idolatrously inclined people. "Hence," as says the learned Joseph Mede, "this place being so many ways execrable, it came to be translated to signify the place of the damned, as the most accursed, execrable, and abominable of all places." What a striking figure must it have been to a Jew, this of Gehenna, where the unquenchable fires of eternal torment await the guilty and condemned soul! And ought not we, remembering our Lord's most solemn and awful words, to take good heed lest we also come into that place of horrors, of which language can give no idea, and from which there is no release?* "There is

* "First, Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipped in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighborhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God,
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove

something," says Mr. Bartlett, "in the scenery of this valley and the hill above, its tombs hewn in the rock, long since tenantless; the gray gloom of its old fig and olive trees, starting from the fissures of the crags; the overhanging wall of Zion, desolate almost as in the time of her captivity, that forcibly recalls the wild and mournful grandeur of the prophetic writings. Within it, too, is the traditionary 'Aceldama,' or Field of Blood, of the traitor Judas; a small plot of ground, overhung with one precipice, and looking down another into the glen below, on which is a deep charnel-house, into which it was formerly the custom to throw the bodies of the dead, as the earth was supposed to have the power of rapidly consuming them. This place was selected as the burial-place for pilgrims who died at Jerusalem in the middle ages. Such are the scenes that have passed in Hinnom; it is like the scroll of the prophet, 'written within and without with mourning, and lamentation, and woe.'"*

At this time we will not dwell upon the more minute points in the prospect before us; as a whole, this deep valley has an air of beauty unsurpassed by aught in the vicinity of Jerusalem; and the terraced sides of the mount, the gardens of olive, fig, and other trees, the verdant plots of grain and grass, the few features of life and activity in the rustic cultivators of the soil, and such like, give to it attractions of no ordinary kind; but it requires more space than I can now devote to it, to do it justice. We must hasten on: passing by the Fountain of Nehemiah, or well of Job (Joab), which is probably identical with En-Rogel, we spent a little while in gazing upon the Pool of Siloam, where are "the waters of Shiloah that go softly."† It is picturesquely situate on the steep of Mount Zion, with the lofty hill rising up grandly above it,

> The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
> And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell."
>
> "*Paradise Lost*," Bk. I.

* "*Walks about Jerusalem*," p. 62.

† Is. viii. 6.

to a great height, and is a favorite place of resort to the pilgrim who loves to meditate upon sacred things, and our Lord's love and mercy to body as well as soul. We here turn to the northward again. On our right, perched on the shelving cliffs which overhang the valley of Jehoshaphat, is the petty village of Selwan, or Siloam, with its scanty population, and its dwellings in the excavated rock, and some distance up the valley, pursuing the dry bed of the Kedron, we come to the Fountain of the Virgin, which, it was ascertained by Dr. Robinson, is connected by means of a subterranean channel cut in a serpentine course (1750 feet long), with the Pool of Siloam. This fountain is well worth examination, and deeply interests the visitor, who descends a flight of well-worn steps, cut through the rock, and very irregular, into a chamber, or cave in the rock, roughly hewn, and well (though not steadily,) supplied with water. Mr. Williams informs us that there are twenty-six steps, making the depth about twenty-five feet, for the steps are deep. On the present occasion we may not go down into the fountain, for a number of girls and women are there, paddling in the cooling stream, and lingering to enjoy its luxuries before they fill their jars for the supply of their homes, in the village of Siloam, opposite. I regret this, because it would be pleasant to drink some of that water, the taste of which we are told, "is very peculiar, and never to be mistaken when once known. . . . It is scarcely 'brackish;' it is best described by an old writer, as '*insipid*;' but the villagers of Siloam drink thereof, and their flocks, and do not find it unwholesome, but the contrary." Mounting the hillside once more, by a rugged and toilsome path, we follow again the course of the wall on the side of the Haram: all around are the tombs and graves of the Mohammedan dead; on our left is the long line of lofty wall, looking down from this side, into the great depth of which Josephus speaks, in giving an account of the temple edifice; and far away on the right is the picturesque scene to which I have before alluded, in our walk

about the Mount of Olives and its neighborhood. We pass the Golden Gate, now closed, and cannot but admire the remains, even yet visible, of this noble city entrance. We see stuck out of the top of the wall, a part of a round stone pillar, on which, says the story, Mohammed is to sit when the nations are gathered together for judgment, in the valley of Jehoshaphat. We soon reach St. Stephen's gate, and after a while pass entirely round the north-easterly corner of the wall, arriving in due time at the Damascus gate, whence we set out. The whole circuit of the modern walls is 12,978 feet, or nearly two miles and a half. I may also here state, that Suliman I., the son of Selim I., erected the walls nearly as they now are, A.H. 948 (=A.D. 1542).

Allow me, in conclusion, to make one or two remarks of a general nature, in connection with points of some interest. A most obvious one, as it appears to me, is this, that from the marked features, in general, of the topography of the Holy City, there is less probability of error or mistake in respect to them than usually attaches to ancient places. Whatever differences of opinion there may be in matters of detail, it is well nigh impossible to go wrong in regard to the prominent, essential points; and I believe that no one can visit Jerusalem, and candidly and fairly use his Bible, without attaining a moral certainty, that this is Mount Zion, this Mount Moriah, this the Tyropoeon, this the valley of Jehoshaphat, this the Mount of Olives, etc.; for, though such men as Dr. Clarke may, notwithstanding the privilege of having seen Jerusalem, venture to say, that in their opinion, Mount Zion, as we see it now, was the Hill Acra, the valley of Hinnom was the Tyropoeon, and the Hill of Evil Counsel was the true Zion; and though an author of the reputation, acuteness and good sense of Mr. Fergusson, may attempt to unsettle all the received views of the ablest scholars, travellers and divines, by placing Zion—a "mere monticule of rock"—north of, and near to Mount Moriah, by giving a new—I will not, though I might say,

impossible course to the ancient walls, and so on; yet, I am persuaded, that had not Dr. Clarke been excessively fond of theorizing, and had he not written at so late a date, as probably to have forgotten all that he learned during his few days' sojourn in Jerusalem; and had Mr. Fergusson ever seen the Holy City with his own eyes, instead of through the imperfect glasses of travellers, neither the one nor the other would have published to the world the results of his labors and researches.

The statement made above, in regard to the extent of the modern city, suggests another remark. We found the Holy City to be two miles and a half in circuit, and the population is variously estimated from 12,000 up to 30,000. Anciently, no doubt, the area within the walls was very much greater, including a large part of the slope of Mount Zion, and the hill Ophel to the east between it and the Valley of Jehoshaphat; the present city, too, is capable of containing a population considerably larger than it now has; but, even supposing the widest extent, and giving the number of inhabitants the greatest possible, for the space within the walls, how shall we account for the immense numbers of which Josephus speaks, when he tells us that 1,100,000 perished during the siege under Titus, and that at a passover some years previous there were assembled nearly 3,000,000 of people? I profess to you, I do not very clearly see how we are to excuse the historian or his copyists from some strange error, since I can hardly imagine it possible, by any means whatever, to crowd so many hundreds of thousands into a city of the size of ancient Jerusalem. Mr. Fergusson roundly rejects the entire statement of Josephus, accuses him of wilful falsehood, and does not believe the city capable of holding over fifty to sixty thousand inhabitants, under any circumstances; Dr. Robinson thinks the estimate "doubtless greatly exaggerated;" Mr. Bartlett, remarking that the circumference of the Holy City never at best exceeded a space

of about four miles, finds it difficult to believe that Jerusalem at any time contained more than 150,000 inhabitants, if indeed so many; while Mr. Williams, for reasons which he assigns, is not prepared to reject the authority of Josephus, preferring to be counted credulous rather than to set aside, on his own motion, the testimony of an eye-witness. He supposes, too, and in this, I think, justly, that the awful punishment brought upon the guilty nation at that period, as related by the historian, was no more than what our Saviour's fearful words would lead us to expect; and that war, pestilence, and famine, speedily swept off tens and hundreds of thousands. Perhaps, on the whole, it may be the wiser and more judicious to accord substantially with the view last expressed.

LETTER XVI.

Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre.

Avowal of Preference for the Opinions of Antiquity.—Bearing on the Questions Proposed.—Is the Holy Sepulchre rightly placed by Tradition, or not?—Description of the Present Church.—Where Situate.—The Court.—The Interior.—Traditionary Localities.—Effect produced on the Mind.—The Sepulchre.—Present Appearance.—Mount Calvary.—Tombs underneath.—Examination of the Question at Issue.—Scriptural Statement.—What is Certain.—Present Church is within the Walls, Calvary was without.—Difficulty in Consequence.—Topographical Argument.—Josephus's Statements.—Points to be determined.—Tower of Hippicus, where situate.—Position of the Gate Gennath.—Course of the Second Wall.—Akra and the Tyropœon.—Result of the Examination.—Argument from History and Tradition.—Its Value.—Knowledge, Sentiments, Position, Character, etc., of the first Christians.—Reign of Hadrian.—What was done in Jerusalem.—Constantine and the Bishop of Jerusalem.—Recovery of the Holy Sepulchre.—Invention of the Cross.—Basilica of Constantine.—Why should we not believe in the Verity of the Holy Sepulchre?—Evil Characteristics of the present Age.—Claims of the early Christians upon our Sympathy and Candor.—Dr. Robinson's Strictures on Macarius and his Clergy censured.—Conclusion.—Passages quoted from Bartlett, Fergusson and Wilson.

JERUSALEM, April 14th, 1849.

MY DEAR S.,

"I have an unfashionable partiality for the opinions of antiquity," said the learned and acute Bishop Horsley,* on one occasion, when he had the courage to adopt the patristic interpretation of a certain prophecy instead of that of some modern scholars and divines. Vast as is the distance between so great a man as he was and myself, and deservedly of little account as may be any expression of opinion on my part, yet I trust that it may not be deemed presumptuous in me to avow a decided partiality of the same kind, even though it be more unfashionable than it was half a century ago to yield deference to the opinions and statements of early

* "*Biblical Criticism*," vol. ii. p. 181.

Christian writers. I am very well aware that this frank avowal may lay me open to suspicion in certain quarters; and it may be surmised, if not said, that because of such inclinations on my part, I am not altogether a trustworthy witness; that my vision has been warped; and that my wishes have biassed me in a particular direction or perverted the evidence on disputed points,—all the time forgetting that remarks of this kind are as applicable in one direction as another. The detestable *odium theologicum*, which so constantly interferes with the calm, dispassionate, and candid discussion of what is the truth, may, I fear, influence more than one mind against the opinions which I shall venture to avow, and, to the best of my ability, to defend; but, as you at least, my dear S., will credit me, I have too deep a love and reverence for truth to hesitate one moment about following it, wherever it may lead, and however contrary it may be to the fashionable theology of the age in which we live; and I protest, very earnestly, against the gross injustice of being supposed capable of tampering with truth because my views of the meaning and import of certain portions of Holy Writ do not agree with those of others.* If I seem to you to speak strongly, believe me it is not without cause; for, unhappily, in questions relating simply to topographical details, to the value of tradition in general, and to the verity or falsity of localities in the Holy Land, traditionally held to be sacred, it has, to some extent at least, become the fashion not merely to examine the evidence and to decide solely in accordance with it, but rather to inquire into the theological opinions of the witness, and according as they may be, either to throw doubt upon, or add force to, the value of his testimony. If a man have a love and reverence for the ancients, as notwithstanding all their faults and failings, his fathers in the Church, is he therefore to be held accountable for all that

* Mr. Williams complains of the unfairness of such insinuations, in the Preface to the second edition of his "Holy City," p. xiii.

they said or thought, and is he to reject their testimony on points where they were as competent to judge as any one of us? I trow not. If, on the other hand, a man is deeply and thoroughly imbued with feelings almost of contempt for the fathers as a whole, and with actual positive dislike of everything connected with monks and monkish tradition, is he on that account to be esteemed more capable, more honest, and more judicious than his neighbors? or shall we venture to say that he, more than others, will seek to pervert the truth to suit his views of what ought to be, rather than what appears to be, the result of a fair and candid investigation? I repudiate each and every such sentiment as unworthy the lovers of truth in its integrity and completeness; and simply ask, that the honesty and sincerity of purpose which I freely and fully accord to others may not be denied to myself. If, moreover, I know my own heart at all, it is that truth should triumph, though every cherished opinion of my own should thereby be trampled in the dust.

These remarks, my dear S., would be very much out of place, and would demand an apology on my part, did it not seem to me necessary, while here in the Holy Land, to tell you plainly what are my convictions in regard to certain localities, always, up to the last and present century, held to be sacred; and to give you the reasons why I prefer "the opinions of antiquity" respecting these points, to those more or less prevalent in our day, and which have grown out of very modern scholarship and research. It will be my effort, as it certainly is my desire, to speak of all such matters in the most straightforward and candid manner, begging you to believe, that, whatever deficiency there may seem to you to be in the presentation of the questions, or the arguments adduced on either hand, that belongs to me, and is not to be charged upon the questions themselves. With this understanding, I shall take occasion to set before you the reasons why I am satisfied of the genuineness and verity of the sites

pointed out for Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, notwithstanding the great learning and acuteness displayed by Dr. Robinson in endeavoring to show that they are not and cannot be the true sites of those important events in our Lord's life and ministry. On a subsequent occasion, too, I may be able to lay before you the reasons which induce me to believe in the correctness of the tradition respecting the place of our Lord's nativity at Bethlehem; and, perchance, of some other traditionary sacred spots in the Holy Land.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, as it is now termed, is situate not far from the north-west corner of the city, and, as might be expected, has gathered round itself most of the convents and the principal portion of the Christian residences.* Before entering upon the question in relation to its covering the very site of the sepulchre of our Lord, permit me to give a brief description of the present church, bearing in mind, that this is not the edifice spoken of in such glowing terms by Chateaubriand and earlier travellers, the former church having been, in great measure, destroyed by fire in October, 1808; and that it was rebuilt in a style quite inferior to that of its predecessor.* Passing down the street, marked on the large map of the Ordnance Survey, "St. Stephen's Street," we follow nearly the line supposed to be that where the second wall stood in the time of our Saviour, and

* "The first edifices that were erected to do honor to this place, were those of Constantine, which were dedicated in the year 335. These were ruined in the Persian invasion of Chosroes, in 614, and restored by Modestus fifteen years afterwards. Jerusalem was taken by the Mohammedans in 637; but the sacred buildings in question were not injured by them at that time. In 1010, they were, however, utterly and purposely destroyed by order of the Khalif Hakem. Thirty years afterwards, permission was obtained by the Emperor Constantine Monomachus, to rebuild them, which was effected under the Patriarch Nicephorus, about fifty years before the entry of the Crusaders. They, during their reign in Jerusalem, greatly increased the buildings; and, after their expulsion, no important changes took place until the unhappy fire, which, in 1808, so greatly damaged the church, as to necessitate the entire reconstruction of its central portions."—Prof. Willis's "*Architectural History of the Holy Sepulchre*," in Williams's "*Holy City*," vol. ii. p. 135.

in a few minutes, come to "Palmer Street." We make our way through the crooks and turns, and over the frequent irregularities, for a short distance, till we reach the open paved court in front of the entrance to the church. The scene here presented is unique: the court is filled with the venders of beads, crosses, crucifixes, mother-of-pearl shells, etc.; with numbers of pilgrims from remote districts, gazing at everything with the deepest wonder and most profound credulity; with some lounging soldiers and Turkish guards; and with here and there a Frank or two looking on with emotions of surprise, unbelief, and contempt.* On either hand are the walls of the Greek conventual buildings, bearing still the traces of Byzantine architecture in the portions of columns built in and half covered by the walls; directly before us is a part of the southern wall of the church, which, though evidently, even to our unscientific eyes, of a mixed and corrupt style of architecture, still wears a venerable and not unmajestic look: near by, too, on the left, you notice a portion of the ancient campanile or bell tower, which has been suffered to fall gradually, and in great measure, into ruin and disuse. The entrance is through the large, stout folding doors, which are kept closed a great part of the time. There is a hole, as you see, in one of them, by which offerings are handed in, and bribes given to the guards just inside the church. Tommaso makes a great fuss and noise, and parades forth our dignity and importance, and after a short time, principally by the aid of some half-dozen piastres, gets the door opened for our admission. The crowd of poor pilgrims, who are striving to get in at the same time, are rudely

* The Hon. Mr. Curzon gives a graphic account of the deplorable and dreadful scenes which he witnessed in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, in May, 1834, when Ibrahim Pasha was present, when the foul imposture of the holy fire was played off as usual, when several hundred (probably about five hundred) persons were trampled under foot, suffocated, run through by the soldiers, &c., and when the court in front of the church was filled with dead bodies!—"*Monasteries in the Levant*," p. 182–197.

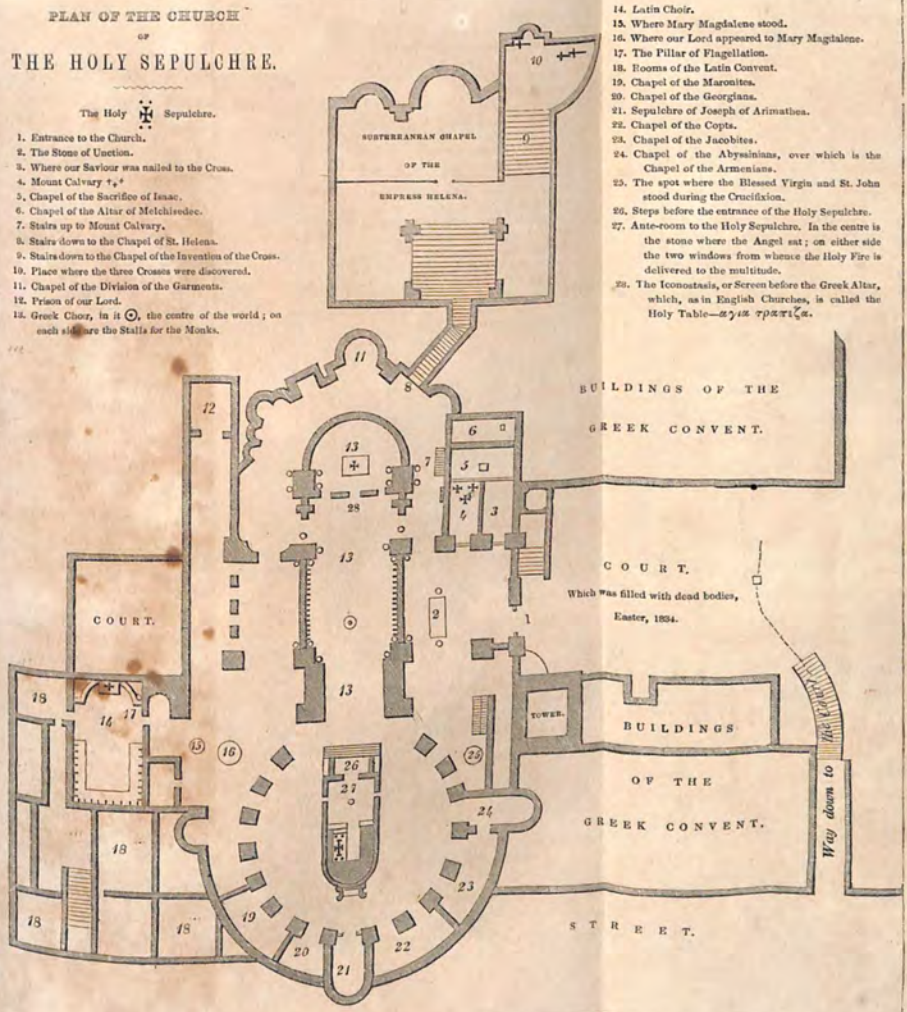
thrust back by the muskets of Turkish soldiers:—think of it, the foul indignity, Mohammedan guards in a Christian church! Turkish soldiers quartered in the consecrated edifice, to keep the peace between the followers and worshippers of the Prince of Peace! Do you not feel a thrill of indignation that such things should be? Ah, and does not the blush of shame tinge our cheek, when we see and know that too often these infidel guards are necessary to put a stop to outrage and murder in the church covering the site of our Lord's crucifixion and resurrection?

After entering the vestibule, the first object pointed out to us is a large marble slab, with massive candlesticks and suspended lamps surrounding it. Tommaso tells us, but not quite with his usual air of confidence, that it is the stone of unction on which our Lord's body was laid after His crucifixion, and when it was being prepared for the sepulchre. It is somewhat painful to see the extravagance of devotion of the kneeling and prostrate pilgrims over this palpable imposture, though it need not be at all surprising to one who recollects with what entire and perfect submission they receive every ecclesiastical and monkish tradition which is told them. Perhaps, too, it may please God to bless the ignorant worshipper who here pours out his tears and sighs of contrition, more highly than falls to the lot of some of us who think that we know too much to be imposed upon by superstition and folly, and who are always more ready to doubt than to believe. Of course, if we follow our guide and the monks whom he summons to his aid, we shall see all the marvellous sacred spots included within the walls of this irregularly shaped church; as, the place of the nailing to the cross; the pillar of flagellation (or rather the piece of it, as Tommaso whispers to us); the place where the soldiers divided the vestments; the prison in which the Saviour was detained previous to the nailing to the cross; the spot where the friends of our Lord stood during the crucifixion; the place where He

PLAN OF THE CHURCH
OF
THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

The Holy ✠ Sepulchre.

1. Entrance to the Church.
2. The Stone of Unction.
3. Where our Saviour was nailed to the Cross.
4. Mount Calvary †,+
5. Chapel of the Sacrifice of Isaac.
6. Chapel of the Altar of Melchisedec.
7. Stairs up to Mount Calvary.
8. Stairs down to the Chapel of St. Helena.
9. Stairs down to the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross.
10. Place where the three Crosses were discovered.
11. Chapel of the Division of the Garments.
12. Prison of our Lord.
13. Greek Choir, in it ⊙, the centre of the world; on each side are the Stalls for the Monks.
14. Latin Choir.
15. Where Mary Magdalene stood.
16. Where our Lord appeared to Mary Magdalene.
17. The Pillar of Flagellation.
18. Rooms of the Latin Convent.
19. Chapel of the Maronites.
20. Chapel of the Georgians.
21. Sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea.
22. Chapel of the Copts.
23. Chapel of the Jacobites.
24. Chapel of the Abyssinians, over which is the Chapel of the Armenians.
25. The spot where the Blessed Virgin and St. John stood during the Crucifixion.
26. Steps before the entrance of the Holy Sepulchre.
27. Ante-room to the Holy Sepulchre. In the centre is the stone where the Angel sat; on either side the two windows from whence the Holy Fire is delivered to the multitude.
28. The Iconostasis, or Screen before the Greek Altar, which, as in English Churches, is called the Holy Table—αγια τραπιζα.



appeared to Mary Magdalene; also, where He appeared to the Virgin Mary; the place where the crosses were discovered by Helena; the exact spot marking the centre of the world; etc. etc.: but as these are manifestly without foundation, save in that desire—here, I fear, not disinterested—of fixing every event and circumstance to a local habitation, we can well dispense with putting on record what will excite, in some, sneers of contempt, and in all, stir up feelings of sorrow mingled with indignation. Let us look with some care at the few things here of real importance to us and to all who love to look upon the sites of memorable portions of our Blessed Redeemer's mission on earth.

Turning to the left, we pass the vestibule, and find ourselves under the large central dome of the church, and close to the smaller edifice, which is believed to cover the Holy Sepulchre itself. This rotunda, or large dome, is about seventy feet in diameter, and nearly the same in height; and the surrounding walls are divided, as you see, in the usual manner, into three stories, ground-floor, triforium, and clerestory: there are eighteen piers, some of which are round pillars with capitals, bases, and pedestals, and the others simple square piers: the large and lofty piers towards the east, or right hand, sustain a wide arch that rises into the triforium of the church, and now serves as an arch of passage between the rotunda and the choir, which is in possession of the Greeks. As we walk slowly round this part of the church, you perceive, in the intervals between the piers, chapels of very considerable depth, each intended to commemorate some one of the mysteries of our Lord's passion, and all having in them some highly valued relics or supposed testimonies of Christian verity. Let us glance a moment at the edifice, or house of stone, standing here over the spot where the Holy Sepulchre is thought to have been. Lamartine describes it as "an oblong square, adorned with pilasters, a cornice, and cupola, all of marble; the whole of a labored and eccentric design,

and executed in bad taste.". The former, or original edifice, was in the Gothic style, and, so far as one can judge, must have been much more impressive than the present building. We mount a few low steps to the marble platform before the entrance; and, unattended, we enter a small, dimly-lighted room, which serves as an ante-chapel to the sepulchre itself. Here is shown the stone on which the angels sat who announced to the women the wondrous news of the resurrection of that Lord and Saviour whose body they had come to anoint with sweet spices. A few steps further, stooping somewhat, and passing through a low narrow portal, and we are alone in the inner sanctuary, where thousands and tens of thousands have knelt, and wept, and prostrated themselves, in full faith that this is the very site of our Master's burial-place. Lamps of gold and silver, ever burning, afford light to the narrow chapel where we are, and the air is kept redolent with perfumes night and day. We see not the sepulchre as it was originally, for then it was hewn out of a rock, and the Apostles, when they came to see, on the report of Mary Magdalene that the body was taken away, stooped down and looked into the low door of entrance before they went in. Now, however, the spot which is shown us as that of the holy resting-place, is a sort of sarcophagus of white marble, which surrounds and conceals from the eye everything in relation to the tomb, and is about two feet above the level of the floor; thus depriving this sacred spot of the evidence which properly belongs to it, and throwing an air of doubt and suspicion over the whole subject. How often do we find occasion, in visiting sacred localities, to deplore the steps taken by the piety and zeal of other ages, when it was sought to dignify holy spots by heaping upon them ornaments and decorations utterly out of place, and in the worst possible taste! How truly do we join in the poet's touching plaint:

> "Oh! for that garden in its simpler guise,
> Where she the earliest of His mourners came,—

Came ere the stars of Syria's cloudless skies
Grew pale before their morning burst of flame.

. . . . . .

Oh! if the lichen now were free to twine
O'er the dark entrance of that rock-hewn cell,
Say, should we miss the gold-encrusted shrine
Or incense fumes' intoxicating spell?
Would not the whispering breeze, as evening fell,
Make deeper music in the palm-trees' shade
Than choral prayer or chanted ritual's swell?
Can the proud shafts of Helena's colonnade
Match thy time-hallowed stems, Gethsemane's holy glade?"*

How easy is it here, too, to object and disbelieve, when the architects of Constantine, and later nursing fathers of the Church, saw fit to level down the rock in which the tomb was, and thus to make it as unlike the original as was in their power! What wonder is it that the mind of man, revolting at imposture and deception in so many instances under the roof of this very edifice, termed the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, should indignantly cast away everything relating to it as unworthy his attention, and fit only for the ignorant and credulous pilgrim!

In deep and solemn silence let us muse awhile in this holy place; and with hearts full of faith in that gracious Lord who triumphed over death, and by his glorious resurrection opened unto us the gates of everlasting life, let us pour out our devout prayers and supplications for the enlightening, strengthening, and purifying graces of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief. God be merciful to me a sinner. Thou art our Redeemer; Thou art our all: make no long tarrying, O my God! O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Shall our hearts be untouched, and cold, and hard, in such a place as this? Shall we not hope and believe

* Lord Ellesmere's "*Pilgrimage*," quoted by Mr. Williams, "*Holy City*," vol. ii. p. 75.

that God will answer the prayers of us, penitent sinners, who cry unto Him for pardon and grace, kneeling, as we do, near the very tomb in which His body lay, and from which He rose on the third day? And shall we not, as we leave this deeply interesting spot, resolve, in the fear of God, to strive ever hereafter to lay aside everything which hinders our onward and upward progress toward heaven, where our Master ever liveth and reigneth in power and great glory, world without end?

Mount Calvary is about a hundred and twenty feet distant, as nearly as I could measure it, from the site of the sepulchre, in a south-easterly direction, and is reached by a flight of eighteen steps cut in the rock: the elevation is about twenty feet above the floor of the church. We here find the same excess of decoration, and the addition of things which mar sadly the very spots intended to be honored and adorned. The old monk points out to us the place where, he says, the Lord Jesus was nailed to the cross, over which is an altar: near by he shows us the hole made in the rock in which the cross was set up; and a little behind, on either hand, the holes dug for the crosses of the two malefactors: the altar here erected is adorned profusely and gaudily. We are also shown, at a few feet distance from the place where the cross stood, a cleft or fissure in the rock, reported to have been made by the earthquake at the time when our Lord yielded up the ghost, and the earth did quake, and the rocks were rent, and the graves were opened. Some writers, like Mr. Bartlett, stigmatize this, and indeed everything about this locality, as "contrivances which tend to produce disgust;" I see no improbability, however, in the thing itself, but rather considerable reason to credit the received tradition; and I prefer to adopt the language and sentiments of the sagacious and acute Maundrell on this point; he says: "This cleft, as to what now appears of it, is about a span wide at its upper part, and two deep, after which it closes: but it opens again

below, as you may see in another chapel contiguous to the side of Calvary, and runs down to an unknown depth in the earth. That this rent was made by the earthquake that happened at our Lord's passion, there is only tradition to prove; but that it is a natural and genuine breach, and not counterfeited by any art, the sense and reason of every one that sees it may convince him: for the sides of it fit like two tallies to each other, and yet it runs in such intricate windings as could not well be counterfeited by art, nor arrived at by any instruments."*

As we gaze upon these mementoes of the past, and feeling how little, after all, we realize the momentous importance of the awful events and circumstances connected with our Lord's cross and passion, may we not take upon our lips the self-accusing words which the poet puts into the mouth of the Crusaders when they beheld Jerusalem?

"Here, Lord, where currents from thy wounded side
Stain'd the besprinkled ground with sanguine red,
Should not these two quick springs at least, their tide
In bitter memory of Thy passion shed!
And melt'st thou not, my icy heart, where bled
Thy dear Redeemer? still must pity sleep?
My flinty bosom, why so cold and dead?
Break, and with tears the hallow'd region steep!
If that thou weep'st not now, forever shouldst thou weep!"†

Descending again into the church, we enter a chapel underneath the hill of Calvary: here are pointed out to us the tombs of the noble Godfrey de Bouillon and his brother Baldwin; the inscriptions on their tombs are not very legible, but you may think them worth copying.

HIC JACET INCLYTUS DUX GODEFRIDUS DE BULION, QUI TOTAM ISTAM TERRAM ACQUISIVIT CULTUI CHRISTIANO, CUJUS ANIMA REGNET CUM CHRISTO. AMEN.

* Maundrell's "*Journey*," &c., March 26th.
† Tasso's "*Jerusalem Delivered*," Cant. iii. 8.

REX BALDUINUS, JUDAS ALTER MACHABEUS,
SPES PATRIÆ, VIGOR ECCLESIÆ, VIRTUS UTRIUSQUE,
QUEM FORMIDABANT, CUI DONA TRIBUTA FEREBANT
CÆDAR ET ÆGYPTUS, DAN AC HOMICIDA DAMASCUS.
PROH DOLOR! IN MODICO CLAUDITUR HOC TUMULO.

The limits of the present letter do not admit of dwelling upon these things; neither will it now be practicable to visit and speak in detail of several other parts of the church not devoid of interest and importance.* I must leave all these for the present, and beg your attention to the topic proposed at the commencement of this letter. I trust that a calm and dispassionate examination of the question at issue will prove this much, at least, that it is not without reason that I presume to believe in the verity of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre.

If we examine the accounts contained in the Gospels of the last events connected with our Lord's death and resurrection, we find certain facts recorded. Jesus, after the mockery of a trial, was condemned, scourged, insulted, crowned with thorns, and taken by the soldiery to be led to the place of crucifixion. This was about eight o'clock on the morning of Friday: as He passed through the streets of the city, He was followed by large numbers of weeping and mourning disciples, and sympathizing friends; fainting under His cross,

* "The church of the Holy Sepulchre, composed of several churches, erected upon an unequal surface, illumined by a multitude of lamps, is singularly mysterious; a sombre light pervades it, favorable to piety and profound devotion. Christian priests, of various sects, inhabit different parts of the edifice. From the arches above, where they nestle like pigeons, from the chapels below, and subterraneous vaults, their songs are heard at all hours both of the day and night. The organ of the Latin monks, the cymbals of the Abyssinian priest, the voice of the Greek caloyer, the prayer of the solitary Armenian, the plaintive accents of the Coptic friar, alternately, or all at once, assail your ear; you know not whence these concerts proceed; you inhale the perfume of incense, without perceiving the hand that burns it; you merely perceive the pontiff, who is going to celebrate the most awful of mysteries on the very spot where they were accomplished, pass quickly by, glide behind the columns, and vanish in the gloom of the temple."—Chateaubriand's "*Travels in Greece, Palestine*," &c., p. 290.

which they had cruelly forced Him to bear on His shoulder, he was relieved from carrying it by Simon of Cyrene, who chanced to be passing by, and was compelled to take it; ere long they came to the wall, on the western side of the city; they emerged through the gate, and shortly after came to the hilly spot or eminence, apparently used for executions,* and named Calvary or Golgotha; the Saviour was nailed to the cross, which was here set up, and on either hand the two malefactors were placed: this was the third hour, answering to our nine o'clock, or thereabouts; during the following three hours, the Saviour endured the agony of the cross, and the horrid mockings and insults of the infuriate Jews, and was looked upon by multitudes, as well from the walls of the city near by, as from the vicinity of the cross; from noon until three o'clock, the whole land was enveloped in darkness and terrifying gloom; about the ninth hour our Redeemer, having performed the last acts of His sacrificial passion, yielded up the ghost and expired; various significant wonders and miraculous signs occurred, the veil of the temple was rent in two, the earth trembled, the tombs of holy men were opened, &c.; the multitude, not long after, in deep sorrow and apprehension, returned into the city and went their way; a guard was left around the cross; Joseph of Arimathea went to Pilate to beg the Lord's body, when a soldier was sent to see if He were really dead; the body was delivered to Joseph; this, judging from the events related, must have been nearly or about five in the afternoon; Joseph, assisted by Nicodemus, wrapped the body in linen with spices, intending after-

* Tischendorff expresses himself as decidedly opposed to the opinion which holds the Place of Skulls, as the ordinary place of execution. He contends that the word Golgotha does not indicate a place where skulls fall or lie, but is derived from the form of the rocky hill, i. e., from its resemblance to a skull. I confess to you, that I should be glad to believe him correct in this view for it has always struck me as a difficulty not easily explained, that the wealthy Joseph should have a garden in immediate proximity to the ordinary place of execution. The majority of scholars and divines, however, take the opposite view.

wards, probably, to embalm it properly; Joseph owned a garden near to Calvary, and in it was a new tomb, hewn out of the rock; into this, because of the lateness of the hour, they laid the sacred body, and placing a great stone against the portal of the sepulchre, they, and the pious women who had been looking on, went to their homes, and rested, according to the commandment, on the Sabbath-day, which began at six o'clock, now near at hand. Very early on Sunday morning, the third day, the women set out with the spices and ointments, intending to go and anoint the body of Jesus; when they reached the sepulchre, about sunrise, they found the stone rolled away, the guards fled in terror into the city, the angels, who told them that the Lord was risen; and they returned in wonder and profound astonishment into the city, and told the disciples; Peter and John ran to see the true state of the case, and discovered that the body was indeed gone, and the sepulchre empty, and they too returned into the city; Jesus Himself appeared to them the same day, and thus verified the reality of His glorious resurrection.

Thus much is certain, then, that Jesus, "bearing His cross, *went forth* into a place called the *place of a skull*, which is called, in Hebrew, *Golgotha*, where they crucified Him;" a title, in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, was put on the cross; it was read by many of the Jews, because *Calvary, the place* where Jesus was crucified, *was nigh to the city;* and further, it is certain, that "in the place where He was crucified, there was a *garden*, and in the garden a new *sepulchre*, wherein was man never yet laid. There laid they Jesus, because of the Jews' preparation-day, for *the sepulchre was nigh at hand.*"*

Now, we are here met, at once, with a very serious difficulty. Both Calvary and the sepulchre were undoubtedly *outside* of the city walls, though at no great distance; but the church of the Holy Sepulchre is *inside* the city, and sur-

* John xix. 17, 18, 20, 41, 42.

rounded by dwellings and buildings to a considerable extent. It is plain, then, that if the present be coincident with the ancient wall, this *could not* be the site of the crucifixion, and the place of entombment; and on the settlement of this point depends, virtually, the whole question. If it be true, that this locality was anciently within the city wall, then of course not a word more can be said in its defence; but if it can be shown that it was outside the wall, in the time of our Saviour, then even the most strenuous opponents of its genuineness are willing to yield without further discussion. Dr. Robinson's efforts are directed with great force to the proving, that the ancient wall so ran as to include the traditionary site of the Holy Sepulchre; Mr. Williams's labors are specially devoted to a defence of the present site, and an elaborate and luminous display of the arguments of a topographical character, which, in his opinion, clearly settle the matter in favor of the ancient tradition on this subject. Mr. Fergusson agrees with neither of these learned writers, and advocates a theory peculiar to himself, a theory which, despite his learning, acuteness, and capacity for argumentation, is so really extravagant, so completely unsettles all the received and certain views of authors and travellers, in regard to the topography of Jerusalem, and has so small foundation in fact, that it can never obtain general approbation, but rather the reverse. As you perceive, then, it becomes necessary to examine the topographical argument first of all; we will, subsequently, consider the value to be attached to the tradition, which has been handed down to us from the first ages, in respect to the places of our Saviour's death and burial.

Josephus gives a description of the walls of Jerusalem, stating that there were three which protected the city in those parts, where the deep valleys rendered this precaution unnecessary. The first wall commenced at the Tower of Hippicus, ran along the northerly brow of Mount Zion, to the Xystus, and ended at the west cloister, or portico of the tem-

ple. The second wall began at the gate Gennath, which belonged to the first wall; encompassed, or circled round the northern quarter of the city, and reached as far as the castle of Antonia, on the north part of the temple-area. The third wall, that of Agrippa, taking its beginning at the tower of Hippicus, included the large suburb on the north, which had in process of time become inhabited.* The second wall is the one in which we are now principally interested; and the points needful to be determined are these: the position of the tower of Hippicus; the place where the gate Gennath was; the line of the second wall; the situation of Akra; and the course of the valley of the Tyropoeon.

Dr. Robinson assumes that the Tower of David, at the north-east angle of the present citadel, corresponded with the Hippic Tower, and he gives his reasons at length. Mr. Williams controverts this view, and adduces his arguments to show that it was at the north-west, instead of the north-east angle. As it is not material to the question under consideration, I shall not detain you with an abstract of the learned authors' arguments in favor of their respective views. It is of more importance to determine where the gate Gennath was situate. If we adopt Dr. Robinson's opinion, that this gate was near, or close to the tower of Hippicus, you perceive that it renders it somewhat improbable, that the second wall *excluded* the church of the Holy Sepulchre. If, on the other hand, we agree with Mr. Williams, that this gate was at some distance to the east of the tower, it becomes far more easy to believe, that the wall ran in such direction as to leave outside, but yet near at hand, the site claimed to be that of Calvary and the tomb of our Lord. Dr. R. says in one place, that the gate was "apparently near Hippicus;" in another he uses stronger language, and affirms, that "this gate of Gennath in the first wall, *doubtless* was near the tower of Hippicus;" and moreover, that "it could not have

* Joseph. "*Bell. Jud.*" lib. v. c. 4.

been far distant, because that part of Zion was then high and steep." Mr. W. devotes a number of pages to the consideration of Dr. R.'s statements, and by a skilful induction of circumstances, shows clearly, to my mind, that the learned professor is in error, in assuming the close proximity of the gate to the Hippic Tower; but even "admitting the gate Gennath to have been absolutely close to Hippicus, which," as Mr. Bartlett confesses, "is far from probable," still it is not of very special moment; for, as the same writer candidly acknowledges, notwithstanding he agrees with Dr. Robinson in disbelieving in the genuineness of the Holy Sepulchre, "the utmost sweep that the second wall could even then have made, embraces a very limited space, little more than the other; and unacquainted as we are with the motive which may have decided the builders on a particular course, it is, perhaps, too much to say, that the wall never *could* have excluded the present sepulchre, and that on this ground alone, its site is mistaken."* According to Dr. R., then, "the second wall ran first from near Hippicus northwards, across the higher and more level part of Akra; and then sweeping round to the valley between Akra and Bezetha, somewhere in the vicinity of the present Damascus gate, either followed," &c. Again he says, that unless it took this direction, the large pool, called by him, the pool of Hezekiah, must have been excluded. Let us examine these statements a little more closely. As respects the pool, termed by Dr. R., the pool of Hezekiah, there is no sort of authority for attributing it to that monarch; all that can be urged in its favor, is a recent tradition drawn from an Italian monk, in the seventeenth century, and confessedly of little or no value; and as the Christians and Mohammedans, even now, only know it by the name of the Pool of the Holy Sepulchre, or the Pool of the Bath, and as the earlier writers and travellers held no such view, or had ever heard of this opinion,

* "*Walks about Jerusalem*," p. 91, 92.

we may, I think, not improperly, dismiss it without further notice.

Dr. R. supposes the Tyropoeon to have extended along the street which leads down directly east from the Jaffa gate till it joins the deeper wady, which runs in a southern direction quite to the Pool of Siloam and the Valley of Jehoshaphat. He also supposes Akra to have been north of Zion, and separated from it by the Valley of the Cheesemakers just spoken of. Both these hypotheses are ably met, and, in my judgment, refuted by Mr. Williams. Tischendorff, too, advocates the same view with so much force and precision, that I beg to quote his words, which are the more worthy of notice because he was at first a believer in Dr. R.'s theory on the subject of the topography of Jerusalem, but afterwards gave it up entirely as untenable, on examining the results of Dr. Schultz's and Mr. Williams's labors:—it is an "erroneous opinion," he says, "to assume that Akra, or the Lower City, lay adjacent, northerly, to Mount Zion. This supposition of Robinson, and of many others, could only be rendered possible by not taking the text of the description of Josephus literally, and by not sufficiently elucidating it to themselves by its comparison with the existing localities. Akra could not lie to the north of Mount Zion, as Robinson asserts; because, in the first place, Josephus says, since the filling up of an intervening valley under the Asmonaeans, it formed one whole with Moriah, the Mount of the Temple; but to the present day, Robinson's Akra is distinctly separated, and must ever have been so, from the Mount of the Temple, by the Valley of the Cheesemakers: secondly, because Josephus states that Akra was separated from Zion, or the Upper City, by the Valley of the Cheesemakers; but the Valley of the Cheesemakers runs, as is distinctly perceptible, from north to south, and has absolutely no arm which from the west, in justification of the expression of Josephus, separated Akra from Zion: thirdly, because Josephus says that both the Upper City and Lower

City fell externally into deep valleys; now, this would be positively incorrect with respect to the Lower City, had that lain where Robinson assumes."* We may conclude, then, 1. That the Tower of Hippicus occupied the site of the north-west (or perhaps the north-east) tower of the modern citadel; 2. That the place of the Gennath was some distance to the east of that tower, near, probably, the south extremity of the present bazaars; 3. That the second wall ran hence in a northerly direction, excluding the Holy Sepulchre, and, bending to the west, curved round by the Damascus Gate, and so on to the Tower of Antonia; 4. That Akra is the hill to the north-west of the Temple Mount; 5. That the Tyropoeon is the Mill Valley, extending from the Damascus Gate to the Pool of Siloam.†

If you have had the patience to follow me through this dry, but necessary abstract of the topographical argument relative to the site of the Holy Sepulchre, you will, I trust, agree with me in opinion that there is no need to abandon this locality, so far as appears from anything yet urged against it; that the probabilities rather favor than otherwise, the view that this spot was outside the city wall in the time of our Saviour; and that, as Mr. Bartlett acknowledges, "on topographical grounds we can see no sufficient objection to oppose to its" genuineness, and the credibility of the ancient tradition in its support.

We now come to the strong and convincing argument derived from history and very early and uniform tradition. This is the more necessary to examine, and the more important in its bearing, because, as you will perceive, even though the church of the Holy Sepulchre may be so situate as not to have been included within the second wall, still, after all, it might not be the true site of the crucifixion and entombment; and it is possible that Dr. Robinson might be wrong on topographical grounds, and still this locality also not be

* "*Travels in the East*," p. 148.

† Williams's "*Holy City*," vol. ii. p. 64.

entitled to our notice for the reasons which we believe it is: yes, it is possible that the wall might have so run as to exclude the Holy Sepulchre, and yet Mr. Fergusson's bold theory be true, that tradition has wrongly fixed it where it is, notwithstanding the clear tradition of the first three centuries, and the building of the church by Constantine to mark it ever after, he alone having been reserved to the glory of identifying it with a spot on Mount Moriah under the edifice now known as the Mosk of Omar. I say that these things are quite possible, and I allude to them in order to call your attention the more completely to the value of the argument from tradition in favor of the Holy Sepulchre, since on this argument must depend, in reality, the settlement of the whole question. Let me then state to you just what has been handed down to us with respect to the Holy Sepulchre, and you will readily understand that it approaches as near to a demonstration as the nature of the case will admit.

No candid man can doubt for a moment that the first Christians were accurately acquainted with the place of the crucifixion and burial of our Lord. The Apostles certainly knew the spot well; the large number of converts, including very many among the Jewish priests, must also have known where Calvary was; the bishops, beginning with James, our Lord's brother (A.D. 35), and the clergy must have been well informed on these points; and it is contrary to every principle of human nature to suppose, that they either did or could forget or lose sight of places consecrated in their eyes by the agony and passion, the death and resurrection, of the divine Saviour. Less than forty years after Christ's death, the Holy City was invested, taken, and destroyed by the Romans, though there is no reason to suppose that the unimportant localities of Calvary and the tomb in the rock received material injury; most of the disciples had fled previously, and taken refuge in Pella, beyond the Jordan; but after the mournful overthrow of Jerusalem, they returned to

dwell amid its ruins. Surely, within a year or two, or less, they could not have forgotten Calvary and the Lord's tomb, especially when they saw His words so fearfully verified in the downfall of the guilty nation; and as they assembled once more to worship God, glorifying His holy Name for all the wonderful works which He had done, is it at all probable that they would not look with special interest upon the site of His death, whose blood the maddened people had invoked upon themselves, to their utter ruin? At no time was the Church in Jerusalem without its bishop and clergy, the teachers of truth. Will it be believed that they did not know, and if they knew, that they did not point out, the sacred localities to the people, as inciting them to renewed diligence in following in the footsteps of the Lord who purchased them with His blood? Will it be believed that, called upon, as they were, to endure persecution and martyrdom for the name of Christ, and accustomed, as we know they were, to look with reverence upon places dear in their eyes, on account of the death of some holy man, they would not regard at all, and would even lose the knowledge of so sacred a place as that where the Redeemer of the world died and was buried? To my mind, the thing seems impossible.

Passing down the stream of time, we come to the reign of Hadrian (A.D. 117–138), who was so exasperated against Judea and its people, in consequence of the tremendous and bloody outbreak of the infatuated Jews, under Bar Cochebas (Son of a Star), that he set no bounds to the rigor of the punishment imposed. They were forbidden to visit or even come near the Holy City; thousands and tens of thousands were sold into slavery; Jerusalem was desecrated by pagan temples, and the impure rites of heathenism; and to complete its misery, it was named after the conqueror, *Ælia Capitolina*. With characteristic arrogance, the emperor took no pains to discriminate between the Jew and the Christian in Jerusalem; he trampled upon the former, by erecting a temple to

the Capitoline Jove, on the holy mount where the Lord's house once stood, and the latter he permitted, if he did not direct, to be insulted and rendered contemptible, striving to blot out the memory of Calvary and the tomb of Christ, by placing over them the idol fanes of Venus and Jupiter*—a singularly unwise and unsuccessful effort; for not only were these localities well known to the Christians in Jerusalem, as is evidenced by this act on the part of the Roman tyrants, but so gross and outrageous profanation of sites revered by them on account of what had there transpired, naturally and necessarily served to deepen and perpetuate the memorial of the place where the Lord poured out His blood, and where He triumphed over death and the grave. It cannot, therefore, be doubted, that the very means taken by the persecutors and enemies of the cross to trample under foot the faith of Christ, tended materially to preserve the recollection of places such as these; and though Hadrian appears to have relented somewhat, and to have forbidden the prosecution of Christians in Palestine, without just cause, it does not appear that any change was made in respect to the shrines of Jupiter and Venus, or that Calvary and the tomb were ever relieved from the odious connection with heathen folly and impurity; nay, rather, it seems not improbable that the peculiar species of insult which forced those who came to pray near the place of crucifixion to be apparently devotees of idols, afforded great gratification to the dominant party: may we not well believe, that under such circumstances, our elder brethren in the faith never could forget what those fanes were meant to lord it over and to destroy utterly?

It is not necessary for our present purpose to enlarge upon the trials and persecutions of the Christians under succeeding

* Mr. Milman, in his "History of Christianity" (p. 308), thinks it improbable that the emperor wished to insult the Christians by this step; as it is a matter of opinion, merely, on his part, it needs little consideration in this place; I prefer to follow the generally received historical statement.

emperors. The city of Ælia appears to have continued much the same as under the emperor from whom it took its name, and men in general seem to have forgotten almost entirely its former designation. Church history has preserved many interesting matters in connection with the bishops and the Christian body in Ælia or New Jerusalem: for the most part they appear to have lived in peace and freedom from severe persecution, and to have been occupied in contending for the faith against heresy within, and pagan assaults without; but during the reign of the dark and gloomy Diocletian, they, too, were called upon to endure the fiery trial of their faith in Christ: this was in the beginning of the fourth century. We pass over the details, and turn our attention to what was done when Constantine the Great became sole emperor and ruler of the civilized world. Among the earliest steps which he took in favor of Christianity, were those in relation to the holy sites in Jerusalem. He wrote to Macarius, the bishop of that see, with reference to the purifying the places desecrated by pagan superstition, and was especially desirous that the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord should not only be relieved from everything impure and offensive, but also adorned and rendered sacred by a magnificent temple to be erected over it. There does not appear, as Dr. Robinson and others represent it, any doubt either on the part of the bishop and clergy, or of the emperor, that this spot, covered by a large mound of earth, on the top of which was Venus's shrine, marked really and undoubtedly the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord. "The emperor's orders were—not that any inquiry should be instituted, not that any search should be made, but simply that the temple (of Venus) should be levelled with the ground, and the earth carried away. This was done, and the Sepulchre came to light." So far as I can perceive, there is no contradiction between this statement and that of Eusebius; he represents the emperor to be moved "by divine inspiration, and prompted by the Saviour Him-

self," when he desired to purify and adorn the place of our Lord's resurrection, "already," as he says, "exposed to entire oblivion and misapprehension,"—exposed to such a result because it had been covered up ever since Hadrian's time by a large heap of earth, and dedicated to the worship of a heathen deity. And though the emperor, in his epistle to Macarius, does use strong language, styling the recovery of "the sign of the holy passion of the Saviour," so long concealed beneath the earth, "a miracle, or wonder, sublime beyond conception," still it is not beyond what we might expect on the occasion, considering the character of the age; and, as Mr. Williams says, "was it not a reasonable cause of amazement to those who witnessed it, that the pagans, when they sought to obliterate the memory of the spot, should have left the cave entire; and that, notwithstanding so long concealment, it should come forth unharmed, presenting, as it were, a figure of the resurrection, in its own recovery? and will not this satisfy the strong language of the emperor's letter?"* We may admit, as I certainly do, that there is much of exaggeration, and much that is untrue, in the account relative to the finding of the "true cross;" yet, surely, that does not bind me to set aside the historical evidence in favor of the sites of Calvary and the Tomb of Christ; surely it is going too far to say that, because unauthorized marvels in the course of time were heaped upon the alleged discovery of the "true cross," therefore all the testimony of history, tradition, and the common, well-understood principles of human nature, is nugatory and valueless; surely, there is no logical or necessary connection between the suspiciousness or the "work of pious fraud," as Dr. R. terms the invention of the cross, and the genuineness of the Holy Sepulchre: the one has every improbability in the world against it; no one had heard of

* "*Holy City*," vol. i. p. 239.—Tischendorff understands the words above quoted from Eusebius, to refer to the discovery of the cross, and it may be correctly. It does not matter much, either way.

its existence till now; no one had imagined before that it and the crosses of the two malefactors had been formally and carefully buried; no one could have guessed that now, after nearly three centuries, they would be brought to light in perfect preservation; no one had pretended that the Christians had all along kept the material cross in view, and looked upon it with reverence; not at all: it was quite a new thing, and is to be judged of on far different grounds from those on which the other point at issue stands. This has every probability in its favor, independently of positive evidence; the precise locality could not well be lost; the natural features of Calvary, and the rock tomb in the garden, could not easily be erased; the natural feelings of every Christian man could not let him forget the place of our Lord's death and burial.

Constantine, whether right or wrong in his belief, that he was moved by a Divine impulse, did not slacken in the work he had taken in hand; nor was the zeal of the bishop and clergy in Jerusalem a whit behind his own. "A magnificent church, called at first the Church of the Resurrection (Anastasis), afterwards that of the Holy Sepulchre, rose on the sacred spot hallowed by this discovery; in which a large part of the Christian world has addressed its unquestioning orisons. It stood in a large open court, with porticoes on each side, with the usual porch, nave, and choir. The nave was inlaid with precious marbles; and the roof, overlaid with gold, showered down a flood of light over the whole building; the roofs of the aisles were likewise overlaid with gold. At the farther end rose a dome, supported by twelve pillars, in commemoration of the twelve Apostles; the capitals of these were silver vases. Within the church was another court, at the extremity of which stood the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, lavishly adorned with gold and precious stones, as it were to perpetuate the angelic glory which streamed forth on the day of the resurrection."*

* Milman's "*History of Christianity*," p. 309.

There appears to be no occasion to pursue the subject further in a historical point of view: no one has ever doubted—I except, of course, Mr. Fergusson—that the site fixed upon by Constantine is the same as that now seen in the Holy City ;* and therefore it is quite unnecessary to quote the uniform testimony of travellers to prove the fact which is admitted on all hands. They who oppose the view which I have endeavored—feebly enough, I fear—to advocate, do it on the grounds that the topography of the Holy City will not allow of this being the true site of the Sepulchre; and that the tradition urged in its favor is weak, uncertain, and inconclusive. Of the former, I leave you to judge, hoping that what I have been compelled to treat briefly, and it may be is obscure, will be further examined, if you are so disposed, in the two principal treatises on these topics, Dr. Robinson's and Mr. Williams's works relative to Jerusalem. But with respect to the latter, that of tradition, I beg to say a word or two more in conclusion.

Why should we not believe in the verity of the Holy Sepulchre? Is there anything improbable in the thing itself? anything not worthy of credit in a tradition of this sort? anything more unphilosophical in belief than in unbelief? or is it true that we should receive nothing for which we cannot find demonstrative evidence? Who is willing to take such ground as this, when the fact is, that the great majority of places held to be those whose names they bear have no evidence whatever to support their claims but common tradition? For my own part, I hold it to be one of the worst features of the age in which we live, that men are so prone to doubt and disbelieve; so impressed with a settled conviction of their superiority to their fathers; so bent upon displaying their ingenuity in throwing discredit upon the past; and so unwilling to look with reverence upon,

* Dr. Robinson puts the question, "Who has ever doubted the identity of the present site with that selected under Constantine?" vol. ii. p. 71.

or to receive in trusting faith, any of those things which are not susceptible of mathematical proof. I know not how it is, or why it is, but some men seem to think that they who preceded us on the stage of being were not persons of like capabilities and like feelings with ourselves; there is abroad a vague, but in general fixed notion that the ancient Christians knew little or nothing; that they were on the whole very ignorant, and very corrupt, and very willing, for a small price, to practise fraud and deception; to shut their eyes to manifest absurdities, and to submit to anything and everything which their teachers chose to say or do, right or wrong, sensible or foolish. It is the custom, too, to deal in much declamation against the darkness of the past ages of the Church—and I for one shall be the last to attempt to deny the truth on this point—and there is an offhand, inconsiderate way of charging motives upon those who are gone to their account and cannot answer for themselves, which does not reflect much credit upon the candor and fairness of the present age. In truth we *are* in the enjoyment of wondrous and inestimable privileges of every kind; but instead of being humble and more faithful in consequence, we are filled to the full with conceit, and our boasting is beyond measure; doubtless, is the language of our speeches and our actions, "doubtless, *we* are the people, and wisdom will die with us!" Now, it would be well occasionally to ask ourselves why the Christians at the beginning of the fourth century and during the centuries preceding, were not as good, as learned in the Scriptures, as sensible, as honest, as capable of feeling, seeing, acting, and speaking, as their brethren of the nineteenth century ?* it would be a wholesome thing for

* Both Mosheim and Gieseler, whose prejudices are entirely against admitting any very great purity or honesty in the third and fourth centuries, concede all that I wish on this point. Mosheim tells us of "the inherent energy of heavenly truth, and the piety and constancy of the Christian teachers," "the translation of the Scriptures into various languages," "the beneficence of Christians, their great sympathy for the poor, kindness to enemies, care of the sick, readiness to

us to inquire, on what grounds we think that they would lie and deceive, or why they would not scorn such things with as much indignation as the very best among us? it would prove very profitable to us all at the present day to look around and see if there be not now as much, or nearly as much corruption, dissension, quarrelling, superstition, and things of that sort, among those called Christians, as can fairly be charged upon the early professors of the truth as it is in Jesus? It would take down our conceit a little to look forward into the future, and imagine how readily the coming generations will fling words of contempt upon us and impute evil motives to our actions, because a thousand years hence they will think themselves wiser than we in those very matters of which we think that we know everything, and which we do know far better than they ever can. And, remembering these things, let me ask, why should any man, when more than fifteen centuries have rolled away, and when we know little more than the name of one out of many of the

redeem captives, and numerous other kind offices, proving them to be deserving of the love and gratitude of mankind." This is of the third century: of the next he relates, "the untiring zeal of the bishops and other holy men, the pure and devout lives which many of the Christians exhibited, the translations of the Sacred Volume," &c. (vol. i. p. 188, 274.) Gieseler having pointed out various corruptions of the truth during the period from A.D. 193–324, which are admitted by every one to have had more or less sway, says, nevertheless, "While we cannot overlook these moral defects, we still find in the Church a living Christianity prevailing, and in consequence thereof, fine moral phenomena which are sought for in vain out of its pale at this period." (vol. i. p. 265.) For a more favorable, and I believe more just, view of the characters and lives of the early followers of Christ Jesus, let me refer you to the learned Dr. Cave's "Primitive Christianity." Dr. Burton, also, in his "Lectures upon the Ecclesiastical History of the First Three Centuries"—a very valuable work—gives more credit to the early Christians for their knowledge, goodness, honesty, &c., than the German school are ever willing to allow; one sentence I beg to quote: "The fiery trial of ten years (the Diocletian persecution) would naturally purify the Church from corrupt or useless members; and if we were to fix upon any time since the days of the Apostles, when the lives of Christians were likely to win the hearts of the heathen, it would probably be the time when the death of Maximinus placed the whole of the empire at the disposal of Constantine." (p. 652.)

teachers of Christian truth in the Holy City, put on record such words as these respecting the bishop and clergy of Jerusalem in the early part of the fourth century?—"It would perhaps not be doing injustice to the bishop Macarius and his clergy, if we regard the whole as a well-laid and successful plan for restoring to Jerusalem its former consideration, and elevating his see to a higher degree of influence and dignity."* O deplorable and unheard of condition of a Church! *not one*, from the bishop downward, through the hundred or more clergy and the thousands of the laity, *not one* to lift up his voice against a lie! O wonder of wonders, that the bishop and all his clergy should be fools as well as liars! for not only do they falsely declare that here is the site of Calvary and the Tomb, but they must needs locate their falsehood in such a position as to make it evident to the simplest reader of the Scriptures that it *is* a falsehood, for it is inside the city walls! who can believe that the Gospels were lost; or if not lost, that the bishop and his clergy knew not how to read; or if they knew how to read, that they did not read, and when they tried their hands at imposture, did not put their supposititious sepulchre outside the walls beyond any doubt? who can believe that the learned author of the "Biblical Researches," erudite as he is, knows more about Jerusalem and its localities in the fourth century than Macarius, the bishop who presided more than twenty years over the Church in the Holy City?† and who, unless it may be himself, is unaware how easily his words might be retorted upon him, and some ignorant and prejudiced person might charge him with all the evil he has heaped upon the memory of the bishop and clergy of Jerusalem?. as something in this wise: "it would not

* "*Biblical Researches*," vol. ii. p. 80.

† Macarius died (A.D. 327) in the first year of the building of Constantine's splendid *Basilica*; the edifice was completed in about ten years, and the dedication was kept on the tricennalia of the emperor, in the year 336.

perhaps be doing injustice to the" very learned author of the Biblical Researches, "if we regard the whole" of his book, "as a well-laid and successful plan for restoring to . . . . . its former consideration, and elevating his . . . . to a higher degree of influence and dignity;"—the blanks to be filled up according to the temper and wishes of the person casting evil imputations upon the acute and deeply-read professor."*

Why, then, I ask again, should we *not* believe in the verity of the Holy Sepulchre? we may be sure that the first Christians knew well the sites of the passion, death, and resurrection of our Lord; we may be equally sure that succeeding generations were quite as well informed as their fathers and brethren on these points; and unless we choose to believe everything evil of the third and fourth centuries, and determine to find no good in those who suffered persecution, torture, and death for the truth as it is in Jesus, we may be certain that they knew and that they testified truly respecting Calvary, the tomb in the rock, and other revered spots in and about the Holy City.† I know not how it may strike your mind, but I profess to you that the more I think upon

* Of course, you will understand that I disclaim everything like personalities in a discussion of this kind; and am perfectly free to accord to those who differ from me, an equal sincerity, honesty, and thoroughness of conviction, with that which I claim for myself. I take the more pleasure in speaking thus, because it has fallen to my lot to have the honor of personal acquaintance with the distinguished champions, both *for* and *against* the genuineness of the Holy Sepulchre, as also with the learned and ingenious originator of the novel theory which owns him alone as its supporter (I mean Mr. Fergusson). Here, as everywhere, I pray that truth only may prevail.

† "When," asks Dr. Olin, in his very able summary of the argument for the genuineness of the Holy Sepulchre, "would be the period, or what the possible circumstances in which it would be practicable to *begin* to practise imposition or impose ignorance upon the thousands of Christians born and reared in sight of Calvary, who would naturally and irresistibly be led to venerate and visit the consecrated spot at every recital of the Redeemer's sufferings by parent or priest, and by every impulse of faith or gratitude in their own bosoms?"—"*Travels in Egypt*," &c., vol. ii. p. 287.

the matter and the more closely I examine the subject, the more thoroughly am I convinced, notwithstanding I was in great doubt when I went to Jerusalem, that, take the argument as a whole, it approaches almost to a demonstration: less than this I should hardly dare to deem sufficient; more than this, I should be ashamed to presume to ask.

And now, my dear S., I do most sincerely beg pardon for this unconscionably long discussion: take it for what it is worth; and though that may be little, yet believe me that truth only is my end and aim. If truth be at all promoted by what I have said or written, I shall esteem myself happy and honored: pray for me and with me, that it be not sullied or undervalued by aught which I may attempt to do to promote its spread among men.

P. S. I cannot forbear adding two or three quotations from the works of living writers bearing on the discussion in the present letter: they are worth perusing, and are not wanting in significancy, coming, as they do, from the decided opponents of the view which I have ventured to adopt.

"We cannot doubt that the Apostles and first Christian converts at Jerusalem, must not only have known the spot, but that this knowledge must have descended to the next generation, even though no peculiar sanctity were by them attributed to it. Soon after the destruction of the city, it is generally supposed that some among them returned to re-establish themselves among its ruins; and it seems almost incredible that they should not have sought for the spot again, and pointed it out to their descendants, as worthy of pious remembrance. Making every allowance for the fact that the first converts were rather absorbed in the spiritual influences of Christianity, than careful about the different sites of its history, we think

it must be still conceded, that it is very improbable that the knowledge of those lying immediately around them should entirely die out. The presumption, then, would seem reasonable that the Christians at Jerusalem must have been acquainted with the real Calvary, when Constantine erected the original church of the Holy Sepulchre upon the same site occupied by that now standing."—"*Walks about Jerusalem*," p. 169, 170.

"I believe that the boundaries of property were well defined, and registers kept, describing every field and house, and more especially everything in the immediate proximity of the capital of a Roman colony, as Ælia Capitolina was in the time of Constantine; so that I do think it more than probable that he (the emperor) possessed the means of ascertaining the fact beyond all doubt; indeed, the narrative of Eusebius seems to presuppose that such information did exist, for there is no doubt or hesitation apparent, either in the mind of the emperor or the historian, as to where the place was. . . . Golgotha . . . . must have been at all times one of the best known spots about Jerusalem, and one as likely to have retained its name, in the time of Constantine, as any other;—so much so that it appears to me almost a work of supererogation to go to the register, or any remote argument, for its fixation; and even supposing all Christian tradition to have been silent, and no registers to have existed, I cannot but think that Constantine might easily have ascertained the knowledge he sought, of the exact position of that spot, and from that at least known whereabouts the sepulchre stood,—if he could not point out exactly the identical cave in which the body was laid. My own belief is, that he had the means of ascertaining both, but most certainly that of Golgotha."—Fergusson's "*Essay on the Ancient Topography of Jerusalem*," p. 85, 86.

"Is the alleged site of the Tomb of Christ, over which the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is built, really beyond the line

of this (the second) wall, ... and consequently entitled to the presumption of genuineness; or within its course, and therefore altogether apocryphal and erroneous? This question, owing to its connection with alleged ecclesiastical miracles and ancient and modern exhibitions both of devotion and superstition, is now admitted on all hands to be highly important. Dr. Robinson, after a laborious and calm discussion, has answered it in the negative, as others had done before his day; *but his conclusions, though they have obtained the acquiescence of multitudes of his readers, both in Europe and America, have been assented to but by few of the travellers who have visited Jerusalem*, and favored the world with the result of their observations, since the publication of his most important Biblical Researches." . . . . . "To what is called the historical argument, I shall now refer. I do not know that anything of consequence remains to be added to what he has advanced on the subject, though, *after a careful perusal of his authorities, I am inclined to say that he has perhaps pressed them somewhat beyond their legitimate bounds.*"—Dr. Wilson's "*Lands of the Bible*," vol. i. p. 433, 434, 438.

LETTER XVII.

Bethlehem and its Vicinity.

Environs of Jerusalem.—Attractions.—Excursion to Bethlehem, Frank Mountain, &c.—Prospect from near the City.—Plain of Rephaim.—View of a Part of the Dead Sea.—Characteristics of the Hills and Vales seen on our Way.—Illustrations of Holy Scripture.—Musings upon David's Eventful Career.—Picturesque Situation of Bethlehem.—Arrival at the Frank Mountain.—Herodium.—Ascent of the Hill.—View from the Summit.—Ruins there.—Thence to Solomon's Pools.—Value of Water in the East.—The Pools.—Massive Masonry.—Position.—Route to Bethlehem.—Convent and Church.—Place of the Nativity.—Is the Tradition Reliable?—The Town.—Reflections upon the History and Events connected with Bethlehem.—Jacob, Rachel, Naomi, Ruth.—The Blessed Virgin, the Holy Child, the Shepherds, the Magi, &c.—Rachel's Tomb.—Reach Jerusalem at Sunset.—Extract from Mr. Pratt's Journal, relative to Hebron and its Vicinity.

JERUSALEM, April 16th, 1849.

MY DEAR S.,

THE Holy City is so full of attractions to the Christian pilgrim, and he finds his time so fully occupied in meditating upon its past history, its present degraded state, and its prospective position, when God shall have mercy upon Israel, and the veil which is upon their hearts shall be taken away, that other objects in the vicinity of Jerusalem seem to have less than their due importance in his eyes, and he can hardly bear to lose the time—as he feels it—to visit them as they deserve. Yet it is not to be supposed, that the environs of the city of the Great King are deficient in interest, or unworthy by comparison with the Holy City; for it is not so, in reality. The hills and mountains, as well as the towns and villages about Jerusalem, abound in recollections of the part, and have each and all borne their part in the wonderful story of other and brighter days; and it is quite true, that one cannot ride

or walk in any direction outside of the walls, without meeting with something to remind him of the Scriptures of truth, and the history of the chosen people. I was rather struck with this fact, after some days spent in visiting and wandering amid the touching, as well as sad, localities about Bethlehem, the Jordan, the Dead Sea, etc. It will, perhaps, be a relief to the long story which I have been telling you, in some previous letters, about Jerusalem, if you will go with me for a while in an excursion to the points alluded to above. I can hardly dare hope for it, but I should be delighted if I were able to convey to you the same pleasure which it was my lot to enjoy in a visit to Bethlehem and its vicinity.

In company with two other gentlemen from England, I left Jerusalem early, one clear and bright morning, for an excursion to the "Frank Mountain," as it is termed, intending, on our return, to take in Bethlehem and some points between it and Jerusalem. We passed out of the Jaffa or Bethlehem gate, and descending the hill, and leaving the extensive pool of Gihon on our left, between us and the wall, we turned toward the south. We had a fine glimpse of the deep valley of Hinnom, with its fertile spots and pretty garden enclosures, as we rode along the hill-side, on the west, and gradually came upon the high table-land toward the south, as one looks in the direction of Bethlehem. Though not particularly striking, the scene was by no means deficient in interest and attractiveness: looking back, we had the Holy City spread out before our eyes, in part only, Mount Zion rearing its lofty head, and shutting out from view much that otherwise would have been visible. On our left, the hill-sides, terraced, and thus made serviceable for cultivation, suggested many a thought of the rural life of Judea. The "Mount of Offence," on the opposite side of the valley, and the "Hill of Evil Counsel," nearer, and to the south of the vale of Hinnom, gave rise to reflections not more sad than painful; for we thought of the wisest of monarchs, who is said here to have

defiled the glory of his name, and done dishonor to the one only true God, by sacrificing to idols and those which be no gods;* and our minds dwelt for a while upon the plots and evil counsel of the chief priests and elders, against the holy and harmless, and undefiled One, and upon the unutterable guilt of the traitor Judas, who betrayed the innocent blood of his Lord and Master. In general, as I think I have before stated, the face of the country about Jerusalem has a hard and almost barren appearance; the rocks in many places are bare, and the soil is for the most part thin and scanty; on the level surface over which we were slowly riding, there was indeed deeper earth, but it abounded in loose stones, and was deeply tinged with a reddish brown color, indicating the presence of a large proportion of clay; nevertheless, the ground is far from unfruitful, and the waving fields of grain and grass, the groves of olive, the fig-trees, the pomegranates, the pear, and other fruits, not only gave token of what the land is capable of producing, but added greatly to the interest and beauty of the scene, as beheld under the morning sun of April's lovely month.

We did not take the usual road in our excursion, but branched off, soon after leaving the city, rather to the left, and followed the sheep or goat-paths along the sides of the hills or over the level spots, till we arrived at the "Frank Mountain." On our right, we passed the plain or valley of Rephaim, so celebrated in Scripture history as the place where the Philistines "came up and spread themselves" against David, after he had been anointed king over Israel.† I could well imagine, as from a slight elevation we looked abroad over this extensive valley or plain, what a grand battle-field it must have formed, when on the one side were the Philistines, with their chariots and horsemen, "and people

* See 1 Kings, xi. 1–7.

† See 2 Sam. v. 18, 22; 1 Chron. xi. 15; Isa. xvii. 5; in Joshua, xv. 8, and xviii. 16, the same locality is termed "the valley of the giants."

as the sand which is on the sea-shore in multitude," and on the other were David and the host of the Lord, who went out before him to smite the armies of the uncircumcised Philistines. How peaceful seemed now the face of nature, in places where, many a time, hand to hand, has been the struggle of death; and what a picture did imagination shadow forth of the fierce and unholy passions of man—those "lusts," whence, as the Apostle has taught us, arise "wars and fightings!" Alas, it was a sad and humiliating reflection, which almost forced itself upon my mind, that even in our days, when the blessed Gospel of the Prince of Peace is proclaimed throughout the civilized world, the same root of bitterness springs up to trouble us, the same unholy desires operate, the same detestable spirit of war and conquest still exists. It may be too much to hope for the prevalence of peace, while so great evil finds place in the hearts of men; yet we must not neglect to pray for it unceasingly; we must not forget the sublime and glorious import of the petition, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

From a point near the eastern boundary of the valley of Rephaim, we had a view of a portion of the Dead Sea, with the mountains of Moab beyond: the atmosphere was rather deficient in clearness at this moment, and gave a sombre hue as well to objects nearer by as to those more in the distance; but, so far from detracting from the scene, it appeared as only fit and becoming, since rarely could we look upon a sight more full of solemnizing reflections than this, which brought the awful punishment of the cities of the plain distinctly, as it were, before our eyes.

Proceeding at a slow pace, we rode along in a southerly direction, at one time passing down the steep and rocky sides of a high hill, at another, shut out from the surrounding world, we beheld the smiling and lovely fields of grain and grass in the deep recesses of some quiet valley: now, we would come

upon flocks of sheep and goats, and would be struck with the singular circumstance that they are almost always thus kept together under a shepherd's care; and we felt, as never we had felt before, the force of our Lord's words when speaking of the last judgment;—"when the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory, and before Him shall be gathered all nations; and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats; and He shall set the sheep on His right hand and the goats on His left."* You will believe me that our thoughts were turned to this dread event with something more than an ordinary sense of its near approach, and our aspirations went up before God our Saviour, that in the last day when He shall come again in power and great glory to judge the world, we may be found acceptable in His sight, and may hear those life-giving words, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." At another time, our eyes were greeted with vineyards and enclosed gardens, protected by a round tower built in or just by it: and immediately our minds were impressed with the passages of Holy Writ, which were here again illustrated and confirmed: "Now will I sing to my well beloved a song of my beloved, touching his vineyard. My well beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill; and he fenced it, and gathered out the stones thereof and planted it with the choicest vine, and built a tower in the midst of it, and also made a wine-press therein; and he looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes."† So, too, our blessed Lord in one of His parables alludes to the same striking point in illustration of his Divine teaching: "A certain man planted a vineyard, and set an hedge about it and digged a place for the wine-fat, and built a tower and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a far country."‡ In every direction we beheld these

* Matt. xxv. 31–33. † Isa. v. 1, 2. ‡ Mark, xii. 1.

towers, which are usually very solid and secure, and being built of stone to the height of about twenty feet, serve admirably for the purposes of defence against an enemy, or for protection against the sudden storms of the country. We had them in sight during the greater part of the day, and could not but think of the deep meaning couched under figures, so well known and so easy of application by those to whom the language of Holy Scripture was addressed. How touching the expostulation, "What could have been done more to my vineyard that I have not done in it?" How true is it that "the vineyard of the Lord of Hosts, the house of Israel, and the men of Judah" is laid waste, its hedge taken away, its wall broken down, its tower in ruins; for "he looked for judgment, but behold oppression, for righteousness, but behold a cry!" How true, too, is it that the guilty husbandmen in our Lord and Master's vineyard, not only shamefully entreated His servants, killed His prophets, and stoned them that were sent unto them, but consummated their long and dreadful career of wickedness, by taking away the life of the well-beloved son of the lord of the vineyard; and thus brought upon themselves destruction and misery unutterable! While we rejoice that the branches which have been broken off from the good olive tree, "if they abide not in unbelief, shall be grafted in, for God is able to graff them in again," let us not be highminded but fear; "for if God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest He also spare not us."*

You will not doubt that the reflections inspired by these and similar passages of God's Holy Word were of a wholesome and profitable character: few, I imagine, can visit the Holy Land without learning much in respect to the meaning of Scripture, even if it do not touch their hearts with its solemn and awful, as well as joyful and glorious truths, as forcibly as it ought; while to those who read it and study it,

* Rom. xi. 20, 21, 23.

not as the word of man, but as it is in truth the word of God, it comes home, here on the spot, with a power and intensity far beyond any efforts of mine to express. I was deeply impressed with this idea, more particularly, while we were in the neighborhood of Bethlehem, and wandering over the very hills and dales so renowned in ancient Scripture story. The past seemed to rise before me with a distinctness quite surprising, and I could almost fancy that the scenes and events of several thousands of years long gone by, were enacted but yesterday, so truthful and so graphic appeared everything about me. Here, on these very hills, methought, that fair and lovely boy once kept his father's sheep, he whose fame has spread through all lands, and whose name is dear to every Christian heart. Here, in these valleys, and on the mountain sides round about Bethlehem, he led the sheep and the goats to pasture, and in the quiet stillness of each passing day gave his thoughts and his wishes to the praising and meditating upon the Lord his God. It was near this very spot, over which we now were treading, that the great and good Samuel, mourning for the rejected Saul with a great mourning, passed on his way to Bethlehem, in order to sanctify Jesse and his sons, and call them to the sacrifice: the youthful David was, at first, it would seem, forgotten; but at the prophet's express requisition, he was sent for. Leaving his flock for a season, and doubtless full of wonder and guileless expectation, he came to join the festal assemblage; and there the aged Samuel first beheld the manly boy, who was "ruddy and of a fair countenance," and whom God, who looks not on the outward appearance but on the heart, had chosen to feed His people Israel. What a change, we may well suppose, came over David, when having been anointed in the midst of his brethren, "the Spirit of the Lord came upon him from that day forward;" how his mind expanded, his thoughts were set upon great and holy things, his purposes and plans only

THE HILLS AND TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

for the glory of the Lord God of Hosts: how wise, and prudent, and valiant, and surpassingly skilful in playing upon the harp, did the noble youth become, so much so that Saul loved him greatly and made him his armor-bearer, and the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David with a love surpassing that of women. I could easily fancy him, returning from the novel and wearisome splendor of a court, to the peaceful and happy occupation of once more feeding his father's sheep on these hill-sides of Bethlehem: I could see him, methought, when there came a lion and a bear and took a lamb out of his flock, how he arose and girded himself with the strength from on high, how he pursued after the lion and the bear, how he delivered the tender lamb out of their jaws, and how he slew both the lion and the bear;* and when in consequence of his victory over the uncircumcised Philistine, who had dared to defy the armies of the Lord of Hosts, he was called to leave forever these familiar scenes, to take part in the wars and contests of the king, and subsequently to struggle for very existence against the jealous power and vindictiveness of his own father-in-law, I could, as I fancied, see him look back, with unavailing regrets, upon the quiet haunts of his early days, and utter many a sigh for the peaceful hours when his soul had been wrapt into communion with Him whose praises he has sung, in strains of such marvellous sweetness and beauty.

It needs not that I dwell upon the various points of interest which we met with upon the road: at one time we had Bethlehem itself on our right, and gazed upon it in its picturesque position on the side of a hill near the top; at another we passed, at intervals, near several small villages, situate in retired spots among the mountains, and not infrequently in some deep dell, shut out, as it were, from the neighboring world: in general, we rode for hours amid scenery of the most varied as well as most interesting kind; now making

* 2 Sam. xvii. 34–36.

our way through romantic passes, with frowning precipices on either hand; now riding down or up the sides of high hills, each moment opening some new point of view; and now following the path through lovely vineyards, olive groves, and fields of grain, and beholding "the sycamore trees that are in the low plains in abundance."* We had like to have lost our way at one time, and deemed it safest to call for a guide who professed to know the road: it was a ploughman, whom we addressed, and without hesitation, for a few piastres, he left his plough to the care of a friend whom he had near him, and set off at a brisk walk for the mountain. Under his guidance we soon arrived in the vicinity of the lofty conical hill, which has received the name of Jebel el-Fureidis, Hill of Paradise, or the Frank Mountain, and which, though not very often visited, deserves some notice, at least, on account of the remains near its base and on its summit.

The ruins near the foot of the mountain are supposed by Dr. Robinson to indicate the site of the Herodium, a large city erected by Herod the Great, of which the hill and fortress constituted the Acropolis.† The learned author quotes the account of Josephus in respect to this city, and makes it appear from various particulars, such as the situation, which is about seven miles south of Jerusalem, and not far from Tekoa, the mountain answering to the one of which Josephus speaks, the round towers, the large reservoirs of water, and the city below,—that the Frank Mountain and its vicinity were originally occupied by this splendid city and strong fortress. Perhaps it was here, too, that the body of Herod was brought for burial, two hundred stadia from Jericho, where he died.‡ Certainly, even a cursory look at the ruins near the base of the mountain, and the remains on the summit, must strike the attention of every traveller, and force

* 2 Chron. ix. 27.

† On Capt. Corry's map of Syria, Herodium is placed considerably to the east of the Frank Mountain; Berghaus's map agrees with Robinson's.

‡ See Robinson's "*Biblical Researches*," vol. ii. p. 173.

him to the conclusion, that this locality was once deemed of great importance, both as a place of strength, and as a fitting site for a large and beautiful city.* Irby and Mangles mention the tradition, apparently of recent date, that the Frank Mountain was "maintained by the Franks forty years after the fall of Jerusalem," and the expulsion of the crusaders. They go on, however, to say, that "the place is too small ever to have contained one half the number of men which would have been requisite to make any stand in such a country; and the ruins, though they may be those of a place once defended by Franks, appear to have had an earlier origin, as the architecture seems to be Roman."† Maundrell, also, speaks of "a high, sharp hill, called the Mountain of the Franks, because defended by a party of the crusaders forty years after the loss of Jerusalem."‡

We found the ascent rather toilsome, though not difficult. The mountain is lofty, and rises from its base in the shape of almost a perfect cone, truncated, however, at about three fourths of its height. Our horses carried us a part of the way up; but before reaching the top, we were obliged to dismount, and proceed on foot the remainder of the way. In many respects, the view is fine from the summit of this high hill; but on the whole, it did not equal the expectations I had

* Josephus thus speaks of the Herodium: "An artificial mound, shaped like a woman's breast, distant sixty furlongs from Jerusalem, Herod named similarly and adorned in a more ambitious style. The summit he embraced with circular towers occupying the enclosure with the most sumptuous structures; and not only did the interior of these present an air of magnificence, but on the outer walls also, with the battlements and roofs, was lavished a profusion of costly ornaments. He moreover, conveyed to it, from a great distance, and at an immense expense, an ample supply of water, and rendered the ascent easy, by two hundred steps of the whitest marble, the mound being of considerable elevation and entirely artificial. He erected also, at the base, other palaces for the reception of his furniture and friends; so that the fort, in the diversity of its accommodation, resembled a town—in its circumscribed limits, a royal residence."—Joseph. "*Bell. Jud.*" lib. i. cap. xx. 10.

† Irby and Mangles's "*Travels*," &c., chap. vii., May 7th.

‡ Maundrell's "*Journey*," &c., March 31st.

been led to form. To the south and west, the prospect is very limited, though I had been told, that Hebron and its vicinity could be seen from this elevation, which is quite the reverse of the truth. Looking eastwardly, however, our eyes were greeted with the sight of a considerable portion of the Dead Sea, which lay spread out in all its silent gloom and impressiveness, and seemed to harmonize well with the barren, sterile, and as it were tenantless region round about. Long and earnestly did we gaze upon this scene—a scene calculated to fill the mind with sad and solemn thoughts, and tending to fasten in the memory the fearful story of the awful wickedness, and the no less awful punishment, of the cities of the plain. Surely, in Palestine, if nowhere else, it is impossible not to see the hand of God in the judgments and vengeance He has denounced against all manner of iniquity. The view to the north is extensive, but offers few points on which it is worth while to dwell. We found it more interesting to examine, with no great minuteness it is true, the ruins of the fortress which at one time occupied the summit of this mountain. Dr. Robinson says, that the top of the hill constitutes a circle of about seven hundred and fifty feet in circumference, and that the whole of this is enclosed by the ruined walls of a circular fortress, built of hewn stones of good size, with four massive round towers, standing one at each of the cardinal points. Without pretending to any knowledge of military science, I was much impressed with the fact that this post must have been impregnable, and that the persons who originally built the fortifications must have looked upon it as of prime importance, and worthy the care, labor, and expense bestowed upon it. One of the towers—that on the east—is partially remaining, and gives one a good idea of the solidity of the structure in its palmy days. Inside of the walls, or ruins, the ground descends rapidly to a considerable depth, not unlike the crater of a volcano. At present it is difficult to tell whether there was formerly an excavation in

the enclosure, or whether, in the lapse of time, the ruins may have formed a mound or slight elevation around the former level of the summit; but, either way, it is of no great consequence.

After spending an hour or more in this interesting occupation, we descended the mountain and turned off to the west. For some distance our course was along the hill-sides and through the valleys which abound in this region: a part of our way was through a very deep and very lovely ravine, which was rendered all the more attractive because of the care and skill bestowed upon its cultivation, and the sweet, clear, and babbling brook which flowed through its midst. At all times, water is refreshing to the eye as well as to the body, but nowhere does it appear more delightful, nowhere is one more deeply impressed with the value of this greatest of blessings, than here in the East, when suddenly the traveller comes upon the sparkling fountain, or a stream of pure water, gliding along fraught with countless mercies to the sons of men. We saw, at no great distance from the point where we first met with this beautiful rivulet, the remains of a large reservoir; and a number of women were occupied in washing of clothes by the water's edge.* I was much gratified by the kind and cheerful manner with which they brought and offered to us water to drink out of their earthen jars, an offering the most acceptable which just then we could have received, since we had not tasted a drop from the time that we had left Jerusalem unto the present moment, owing to the carelessness of our dragoman, who had forgotten to bring it with him for our expedition. I may take occasion here, as not inappropriate, and certainly deeply fixed in my memory

* Dr. Robinson's suggestion is most probably correct; he says: "If we are to look anywhere in this quarter for Etam, which was decorated by Solomon, with gardens and streams of water, and fortified by Rehoboam, along with Bethlehem and Tekoa; and whence, too, according to the Rabbins, water was carried by an aqueduct to Jerusalem; I know of no site so probable as this spot." (See 2 Chr. xi. 6.)—"*Biblical Researches*," vol. ii. p. 168.

in consequence of a want of a draught of water for several hours, to warn the traveller in these hot climates, especially to make provision for a supply of water wherever he goes, that he may not imprudently drink, when he is heated, the cold water out of the deep cisterns sometimes found by the road-side, and may not be compelled to ride or walk for hours exposed to the hot sun without a supply of this necessary and refreshing element.

About half past two, having traversed a narrow, stony valley,* we came to those vast receptacles for water, commonly known as "Solomon's Pools." We had been riding for some little time by the side of, and over the aqueduct which carries the water from the pools to Bethlehem, and so on to the great mosk built on the site of the temple in Jerusalem. There were evident traces of antiquity about the aqueduct, and in several places it was much out of repair; nevertheless, it was not difficult to see and feel its importance not only to Bethlehem, but to the Holy City itself. The pools of Solomon are really grand and striking, from their extent and their great antiquity, and they are worthy his distinguished wisdom and the glory of his reign. Fancy to yourself three immense reservoirs, built with great care, of solid masonry, and in close proximity to one another.† 'Being con-

* Speaking of this locality Maundrell remarks: "Below the pools there runs down a narrow, rocky valley, enclosed on both sides with high mountains. This the friars will have to be the enclosed garden, alluded to in the same place of the Canticles before cited (ch. iv. 12): 'a garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.' What truth there may be in this conjecture, I cannot absolutely pronounce. As to the pools, it is probable enough they might be the same with Solomon's, there being not the like store of excellent spring water to be met with anywhere else throughout all Palestine: but, for the gardens, one may safely affirm, that, if Solomon made them in the rocky ground which is now assigned for them, he demonstrated greater power and wealth in finishing his design, than he did wisdom in choosing the place for it."—Maundrell's "*Journey*," *&c.*, April 1st.

† I was not able to measure the pools myself, as I had intended; Dr. Robinson's measurements are as follows: Lower pool; length, 582 ft., breadth, E. end, 207 ft., W. end, 148 ft., depth, 50 feet; middle pool, length, 423 ft., breadth,

structed on the steep sides of the valley, they rise one above the other, but not in a direct line, toward the top of the hill, so that in fact the bottom of the middle is higher than the top of the lower pool, and the bottom of the upper higher than the top of the middle pool; there is, too, between them a distance of from about two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet. At the time we were there, the lower and middle pools had not much water in them, in the case of the former, hardly sufficient to cover one half of the broad bottom; the upper pool seemed to be about one third full, and the water was probably about ten feet deep. It was certainly a peculiarity worth noticing, that the sides of the reservoirs were covered and made smooth with cement; the bottom was partly of the rocks in their natural state; and in several places there were flights of steps which led down into the pools when the water chanced to be low. The source whence these reservoirs were supplied, is a sunken fountain situate in the high ground, about three hundred feet to the north-west of the pools. Maundrell, in 1697, visited this fountain, and took some pains to examine it; perhaps I cannot do better than quote his judicious and accurate remarks, which will serve as a fitting conclusion to all that need here be said of Solomon's Pools. He informs us that the waters "rise under ground, and have no avenue to them but by a little hole like to the mouth of a narrow well. Through this hole you descend directly down, but not without some difficulty, for about four yards, and then arrive in a vaulted room fifteen paces long and eight broad. Joining to this is another room of the same fashion, but somewhat less. Both these rooms are covered with handsome stone arches, very ancient, and perhaps the work of Solomon himself. You find here four places at which the water rises. From those separate sources it is conveyed by little rivulets into a kind of basin; and from thence is carried

E. end, 250 ft., W. end, 160 ft., depth, 39 ft.; upper pool, length, 380 ft., breadth, E. end, 236 ft., W. end, 229 ft., depth, 25 ft.

by a large subterraneous passage down into the pools. In the way, before it arrives at the pools, there is an aqueduct of brick pipes, which receives part of the stream, and carries it by many turnings and windings about the mountains, to Jerusalem."*

It was getting late in the afternoon when we arrived in the vicinity of Bethlehem, on our road homeward to the Holy City; and as it was necessary to reach Jerusalem before sunset, at which time the gates are closed, and no strangers permitted to enter, we gave little heed to most of the merely traditionary localities in and about the town, and devoted our time and attention principally to those which have strong claims on the confidence and sympathies of the Christian. We rode through a part of the town, and proceeded at once to the large and rather imposing church built over the place of our Lord's nativity: it is directly by the side of and connected with the extensive convent at Bethlehem, which is occupied by the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, who, so far as I know, live together in greater harmony than unhappily is the case in Jerusalem. Passing through a very low and narrow portal, we entered the spacious church, walked slowly forwards towards the eastern end, where mass was being performed, and followed our guide to the spot where tradition attests that our blessed Saviour was born. To one unaccustomed to the singularly ill-judged and tasteless manner in which holy places have been overladen with ornaments, the grotto of the nativity would appear to have small claims on the attention. I confess, that not only here, but almost everywhere in the Holy Land, there is much, far too much, which annoys the traveller, and sometimes urges him to the conviction that none of the traditions in favor of particular localities have any great value or importance. The strong desire—in former days amounting almost to a passion—for building churches and erecting altars over sacred and revered spots, as

* Maundrell's "*Journey*," &c., April 1st.

well as for encasing in marble and precious metals, and loading with profuse decorations, some holy grotto or some sacred tomb of saint or martyr, has done injury in more ways than one to the cause of truth, but principally by tending to confound, one with another, those places which are probably, or almost certainly, the localities which they profess to be, and those for which naught can be urged, except very recent, contradictory and baseless traditions. This is deeply to be regretted, and not a little adds to the perplexities of the enlightened pilgrim who desires to discriminate rightly, and is laudably anxious, while rejecting those stories which have manifestly no foundation, and have arisen out of the fond desire of the human mind to fix a visible site to every Scripture event, not to run into the dangerous extreme of doubting everything or believing nothing which ancient tradition has handed down even to our own days. You, who know that my desire is only for truth in these matters, will credit me that it was almost painful for me to descend a number of marble steps into a small dimly lighted chapel; to see the spot pointed out as the place of the nativity, covered with all kinds of ornaments, and resorted to by devotees from all quarters, with prostrations, kissings, and adoration, amounting, it would appear, very near to absolute idolatry; to look upon a marble manger in which, it is said, the Holy Babe was laid, but which has the evident marks of modern origin, and to stand with bowed head in or near a place which I dare hardly doubt to be the place where the Virgin Mother brought forth her first-born son, wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger. I could not throw myself upon these cold stones, and press my lips to these false mementoes of the incarnation of our Divine Lord and Master; I had none of that feeling which induces the credulous and ignorant pilgrim to receive all that is told him, whether true or false; and yet I would fain believe that my thoughts and emotions were, in measure at least, akin to the great and glorious truth that

"God was manifest in the flesh," "that our Lord sprang out of Judah," and that great David's greater Son was born in the city of David, a Saviour, even Christ the Lord.* May God forgive me if I was wanting in aught, whether here or elsewhere, which it became one of the meanest of His servants to think or do!

You will infer, my dear S., from the tone of what I have above said, that I do not see any sufficient reason for doubting that this grotto really marks the place of our Lord's nativity. Dr. Robinson objects to this locality, on several grounds, but mainly on account of its being a cave, or grotto, which circumstance, he thinks, "it is natural to suppose, that the sacred writer would not have passed over in silence."† Without stopping to enlarge upon the danger of arguing from the silence of Holy Scripture, a process which involves the interpreter in inextricable difficulties, and which, like a two-edged sword, generally cuts both ways, I think it sufficient to state, that the tradition in favor of this spot is too ancient and too clear, to be set aside by anything which has yet been urged against it. If "a love of simple historic truth" is to lead us to reject what has been handed down to us from a period not more than fifty years after the death of St. John, and as I believe from even an earlier period, then there is nothing of the sort in the Holy Land, of which we can be sure; there is no locality at which we dare look with any great confidence; there is no question relating to ancient topography, which does not become almost entirely a mere matter of opinion between one scholar and another; and the novel and remarkable theories of a Clarke or a Fergusson have as much right to be considered probable as those of any one else, Dr. Robinson himself included. I doubt not but that your convictions will agree with mine on this point, when I inform you, that even by the showing of the learned author of the "Biblical Researches," the tradi-

* 1 Tim. iii. 16; Heb. vii. 14; Luke, ii. 11.

† See "*Biblical Researches*," vol. ii. p. 78, 79.

tion in respect to the Grotto of the Nativity reaches back at least to the middle of the second century,—that Justin Martyr speaks of it distinctly, and that Origen and Eusebius mention it in terms which leave no question as to the judgment of the early Christians on this matter, to say nothing of the testimony of later writers. But the subject branches out too widely for further consideration here: I have, too, said sufficient on the general topic of the value of tradition in another place; and it little needs that I weary you with a repetition of the views there expressed.

My companions visited several spots which, as I had no confidence in their genuineness, so I had no particular desire to see them; and while waiting for them, I strolled out a little way into the town. I was surprised to see the solidity, size and apparent comfort of the houses, as well as to notice several new buildings in course of erection, and a busy activity and industry, which spoke well for the prosperity of the inhabitants. An extensive manufacture of objects of curiosity is here carried on, and you can hardly get away—we certainly did not—from Bethlehem without buying some mother-of-pearl shells, curiously wrought and illustrated with quaint devices, a pearl-box or two, some crosses or crucifixes, beads, articles made from olive-wood, or the fruit of the dôm-palm, &c., &c. The population of the town is probably about four thousand, and they are all, with hardly an exception, Christians; Dr. Robinson gives them a rather bad character, representing them as "a restless race, prone to tumult and rebellion, and formerly living in frequent strifes with their neighbors of Jerusalem and Hebron." Others—particularly Kinglake, in his Eöthen—indulge in a great deal of poetic enthusiasm in regard to the beauty and liveliness of the girls of Bethlehem. I will not pretend to deny but what his notions may be well founded; I can only say, that I was not struck with any superior beauty or intelligence in those whom it was my privilege to meet. In truth, as you will probably

divine, my thoughts were more intent upon the past than the present, and as I slowly rode away from the busy town, into the more quiet fields and groves of olive, figs, etc., I gave full play to the busy imaginings which Bethlehem is so well calculated to inspire.

How many ages back does its history extend, and with what a multitude of illustrious characters and events has it been connected! It was here that Jacob came, with all his wealth, which God had given him, with his wives and children, strangers in the land which was promised to them and their seed as a sure possession. It was here that his beloved wife, for whom he had served fourteen years, which "seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her," was taken away from him, leaving with the mourning father the infant Benjamin as a precious pledge of her last hour: here, too, not far from the town, she was buried, and the place of her sepulture remains even unto this day. More than four hundred years afterwards, "it came to pass that all the city was moved" by the arrival of Naomi and the gentle, lovely, and most affectionate Ruth. Here was the scene of those events, so touchingly related in the book of Ruth; and here did it happen that the poor and widowed Moabitess became the wife of the wealthy and honored Boaz, and the great-grandmother of Israel's second and worthiest king. This was the city of David the servant of the Lord, whom He "chose and took from the sheepfolds; from following the ewes great with young, He brought him to feed Jacob His people and Israel His inheritance. And David fed them according to the integrity of his heart, and guided them by the skilfulness of his hands."* A thousand years and more passed away, and Bethlehem was visited by one of Ruth's descendants, and one more highly favored and honored than any of her sex. The blessed Virgin Mary, "being great with child," came from Nazareth to her own city, the city of David, to be taxed ac-

* Ps. lxxviii. 70–72.

cording to the decree of the Emperor Augustus; and here she dwelt till "the days were accomplished that she should be delivered." Here Christ Jesus was born, the Saviour of the world, the Desire of all nations, the long-expected Messiah: here our Lord and our God "took not on Him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham,"* and was "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of the people Israel."† Not far from this highly honored city, abiding in the field, were shepherds keeping watch over their flock by night; and perhaps near the very spot where we were now passing, that scene of glory occurred, of which the Evangelist speaks. Bright were the stars which in their courses roll; brilliant were the heavens as these simple shepherds gazed upon them; but surpassingly magnificent was that glory of the Lord which shone round about them, as with fear and trembling they prostrated themselves in adoration before the throne of God. And what a message of love and mercy was that which they heard! "Fear not, said the angel, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."‡ What celestial harmony was that which their ears were permitted to listen to! for "suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will towards men." Ah, with what alacrity did they go even unto Bethlehem, to see that thing which was come to pass, which the Lord had made known unto them; and when they had seen the Holy Child and the virgin mother, as it had been told them by the angel, with what joy and confiding faith did they spread abroad the good news of God's infinite compassion to our race in sending His Son, His only Son, into the world! Here, too, did the

* Heb. ii. 16. † Luke, ii. 32. ‡ Luke, ii. 10–12.

star of Bethlehem shine with a lustre all its own, that star which had been the guide for so many days and on so long a journey of the illustrious sages of the East: and these wise men followed its guidance till it came and stood over where the young Child was: with what exceeding great joy did they enter the house; with what unhesitating faith did they worship the infant Saviour, and with what gladness did they open their treasures, and as kings unto the King of kings did they present unto Him gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh! And when they had gone away, rejoicing, unto their own homes, alas, what a terrible blow fell upon Bethlehem! God had sent away into Egypt both Joseph and the young Child and his mother, when the bloody tyrant Herod, even now on the brink of the grave, frustrated in his designs upon the life of the Holy Child, sent his ruffian band to slaughter the innocent babes of Bethlehem, and of all the coasts thereof. It was a deed of horror, unsurpassed by aught of sanguinary ferocity in that despot's latter years; and might well lead the Evangelist to adopt the striking figure of the prophet Jeremiah; "in Ramah was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."*

I fear that you will think me needlessly prolix upon this topic, and in truth I ought to apologize for the length to which this letter has already extended. My excuse must be sought in the fact, that such thoughts are, as it were, forced upon the mind, while riding or walking in or near Bethlehem, and the expression of them cannot well be restrained. I have, however, but little more to say which will interest you in the present excursion. In company with Mrs. Gobat and children, and afterwards with the bishop himself, who had walked out to meet his family, we rode slowly onward, meeting many a pleasant, smiling face, and saluted with courtesy by the Christian, but scowled at by the Mohammedan. We

* Matt. ii. 18; Jer. xxxi. 15.

passed very near the Tomb of Rachel, which is doubtless the true site where the beloved wife of the patriarch was buried; but we did not stop to examine it, both because it was getting late, and because in itself the present edifice offers nothing specially worthy of notice:* it is like hundreds of tombs of Mohammedan saints in various parts of the country; but is picturesquely situate in a retired garden, or field, at a little distance from the road. Hurrying onward we came to Deir Mar Elyas, the convent of St. Elias, which has a noble position in a gorge of the hills, and from which Jerusalem presents a grand appearance. We arrived at the gate of the city, just as the sun was setting behind the hills in the west, not sorry, at least on my part, to find a place of repose, and deeply impressed with what we had been privileged to behold.

As I did not have the pleasure of visiting Hebron and its vicinity, Mr. Pratt has kindly allowed me to make an extract from his Journal in relation to this locality. I am sure you will be glad to read what I have copied out:—

"After leaving the pools of Solomon, the road became steeper and harder for the horses, but in no place did I find it a very difficult one for the country. At Ed-Dirweh are a fountain and ruins, which our guide informed us were those

* Dr. Robinson, who will not be charged with credulity in regard to traditionary localities, thinks, that "the tradition which has fixed upon this spot for the tomb of Rachel, cannot well be drawn in question." Speaking of the tomb, he says, "This is merely an ordinary wely, or tomb of a holy person; a small, square building, with a dome, and within it a tomb in the ordinary Mohammedan form; the whole plastered over with mortar. Of course the building is not ancient. In the 7th century there was here only a pyramid of stones. It is now neglected and falling to decay, though pilgrimages are still made to it by the Jews. The naked walls are covered with names in several languages, many of them in Hebrew."—"*Biblical Researches*," vol. i. p. 322.

of an ancient khan. Several ruined towns or villages were very near our road, but I could not learn the names very satisfactorily. The hills now begin to be covered with bushes, and the fields of the fellahîn are more common. On an elevated position, some distance to the left, is the ruined mosk of Neby Yunes, where there are other remains of perhaps an older town. This is supposed to be the site of Halhul, mentioned in Joshua, xv. 58, in describing the borders of the tribes.

"In a plain near by, a battle was fought in 1192, between Richard Cœur de Lion and Salah ed-Din, in which the former cut his way to the sea-side through the forces of the Sultan. A mile at least from the great road is Kamel el Khalil, or the House of Abraham. Here are remains of a sufficiently solid character to warrant the belief that they were erected at the same time as those around the Sepulchre, or the enclosure of the Haram es-Sherif at Hebron. The road now descends through narrow valleys in which the vine is growing, while the hill-side is also covered with terraced plantations. From the top of a hill, just before commencing the general descent toward Hebron, you catch a glimpse of the plain of the land of the Philistines, with the sea beyond. The towers about Hebron are occupied by the men who watch the vineyards and also the flocks round about.

"Passing along over a rudely-paved road between the high walls of the vineyards, we came to the outer buildings of Hebron at half-past twelve o'clock, having occupied just five hours in our trip from Jerusalem. The valley we have just descended 'is generally assumed to be the Eshcol (Numb. xiii. 23) of the Old Testament, whence the spies brought back the cluster of grapes to Kadesh; and apparently not without reason. The character of its fruit still corresponds to its ancient celebrity; pomegranates and figs, as well as apricots, quinces, and the like, still grow in abundance.'*

* Robinson's "*Biblical Researches*," vol. i. p. 316.

"The town is situated partly on the sides of the valley and partly in the valley itself, being divided into three distinct parts. The valley here is quite small, but cultivated with great care. The antiquities of Hebron are the pools between the hills, and the tomb of Abraham on the opposite side of the city. It is the highest part of the city, though only at the foot of the hill surrounding the valley. It is guarded with great care, and woe be to the Christian or Jew who should be detected within its sacred walls. The edifice is rather longer than broad, above whose lofty walls rise the roofs of the mosk where is the tomb of the patriarch. The lower wall bears the same marks of antiquity as those about the temple area in Jerusalem. There are eight courses of stone, and, what is peculiar, there are sixteen pilasters on each side, and eight on each end, with a kind of buttress, as we see in the ditch of the tower of Hippicus, at Jerusalem. On the top of this the Mohammedans have built up a coarse, whitewashed wall, that it may not be commanded from the hill above.

"Hebron is one of the most ancient cities known. It is mentioned in Genesis, xiii. 18: 'Then Abraham removed his tent, and came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar unto the Lord.' In the thirteenth chapter of Numbers it is stated, 'Now Hebron was built seven years before Zoan in Egypt.' Its most ancient name appears to have been Kirjath-arba; 'and Sarah died in Kirjath-arba; the same is Hebron in the land of Canaan; and Abraham came to mourn for Sarah and to weep for her' (Gen. xxiii. 2). It was a famous city of the patriarchs; the royal residence of king David; and figured largely in the history of the Crusades. The inhabitants of Hebron were sullen, and scowled upon us as we rode about its streets. It is now one of the quarantine stations for travellers coming from Egypt, and a lazaretto has been built on the hill-side to the south of the city. This being the

season for Mohammedan pilgrimages, we met great numbers of persons going and returning from Jerusalem. They uniformly regarded us with savage looks, while all the Jews and Christians whom we saw saluted us warmly.

"We left Hebron between two and three o'clock, and in about half an hour arrived at the Tree of Abraham, a magnificent oak, certainly one of the finest trees I have ever seen. According to Dr. Robinson, the trunk measures twenty-two and a half feet around its lower part. It is called in Arabic, Sindiân. Leaving the tree, we made the best of our way over the same road back to the Pools of Solomon, which we reached just at nightfall. We met a great number of persons during the day, almost all of whom were armed; indeed every peasant at his plough wore at least a sword, or carried a war-club. From the Pools our road was direct to Bethlehem. We arrived at the gate of the Latin Convent about half-past seven in the evening. The principal gate was closed, but after some parleying, we were admitted by a side door, and assigned a very clean and comfortable room in that part of the convent generally occupied by travellers. We were served at our evening meal by an Italian monk; and, thanks to the good accommodations allotted us, we passed a very comfortable night."

LETTER XVIII.

The Dead Sea and the Jordan.

Early Start for the Dead Sea.—Path or Road over the Mount of Olives.—Bethany.—Its Present Position.—Traditionary Sites.—Our Saviour's Divine Compassion.—Fountain of the Apostles.—Contrast.—Gloomy and Cheerless Road.—Character of the Scenery.—Road by Neby Musa.—Our Sheikh and his Men.—Picturesque Costume.—Parable of the Good Samaritan.—Truthfulness and Force.—First View of the Dead Sea.—Reputed Tomb of the Prophet Moses.—Sanctity in the Eyes of the Mohammedans.—An Incident.—Approach to the Dead Sea.—Saltish Plain.—The Water.—Took a Bath in it.—Character of the Water.—The Plain or Valley of the Jordan.—Banks of the River.—Bathing-place of the Pilgrims.—Strong Current.—A Bath in the Jordan.—Ride to Jericho.—Wretched Village.—Ain es-Sûltan.—Lovely Fountain.—Return to Jerusalem.—The English Church and Services.—Preparations for Departure.

JERUSALEM, April 17th, 1849.

MY DEAR S.,

IF I have not wearied you beyond what you can pardon, I hope that you will give me your attention still further to another and considerably longer excursion than that to Bethlehem and its vicinity. I had hoped to have been able to include in my letter dated yesterday an account of a visit to the Dead Sea, the Jordan, Jericho, etc., but so many busy thoughts were stirred up in my mind by being actually in the city of David, where our Lord and Saviour was born, and so attractive were the themes suggested by these sacred localities, that I was induced to dwell more at length than was perhaps desirable upon such things as must touch every Christian heart: there was no alternative, therefore, but for me to throw myself upon your indulgence, as I now do, and to beg that you will go with me, in spirit at least, to regions hardly less interesting than those around Bethlehem.

Following the usual and almost necessary custom in this climate, we made a very early start for the Dead Sea; and as we were compelled to encamp out one night, at the least we provided ourselves with tent, canteens, and the multifarious apparatus of the cook's establishment; all these, however, were sent on under charge of the *maître de cuisine*, and two Bedawin, as guards or attendants, to wait our arrival at Jericho; we, ourselves, taking a different and more circuitous route to the same place. Passing out of St. Stephen's or rather St. Mary's gate, we descended the steep hill into the valley of Jehoshaphat, crossed the dry bed of the Kedron, and winding round the southern slope of the Mount of Olives, with the little village of Siloam on our right and the higher portion of Olivet on our left, took the road to Bethany.

I have before spoken of the view from the Mount of Olives, as decidedly the finest which can anywhere be obtained: it needs not, therefore, that I dwell upon it here again, though I assure you that we could not resist the desire to halt on the mountain-side, and gaze long and earnestly at the city of the Great King. May it please God soon to arise and have mercy upon her! It took us about an hour to reach the interesting localities in and about Bethany, which is, as you recollect, fifteen furlongs, or nearly two miles, distant from Jerusalem. The village is very small, and notwithstanding the many olive, pomegranate, almond and fig trees scattered around, and the apparently not bad soil, which is under miserable cultivation, it bears evident marks of poverty and destitution; and were it not that the traditionary sites of the Scripture events, relating to Lazarus and his sisters, are still shown, and still visited with unhesitating faith, by large numbers of pilgrims every year, it seems not unlikely that it, like Bethphage, might be lost entirely, and not even a trace of its existence remain. But we trust that this will never be the case; for, whatever we may think of the particular spots

pointed out as Lazarus's tomb, the houses of Martha and Mary, and of Simon the Leper, to say nothing of other places, it must ever be profitable to the Christian to visit a town so noted in our Lord's life and ministry, and so suggestive of devout reflections upon His power, wisdom and goodness. I am not disposed to place any very great reliance upon the tradition relative to the Sepulchre of Lazarus, which is here shown; it may be false, and yet it is possible that it may be well founded. I did not, on the present occasion, having a longer excursion before me, stop and go down into the tomb, which is commonly done by travellers; I did not care particularly to search out the dwelling-place of Mary Magdalen, or of the sisters whom Jesus loved; nor was I very much interested in several of the reputed sacred spots in this ancient village: but, gazing with feelings of no common concern upon the few poor and wretched inhabitants who now dwell amid its ruins, and looking abroad over the picturesque scenery in the direction of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, I did strive to comprehend more clearly, and to remember more devoutly, what has been recorded in Holy Scripture, for our learning. O how touchingly true to nature appeared the narrative of the Beloved Disciple, in the eleventh chapter of his Gospel! and with what force and power did the words of our Lord seem to come home to me, as they have done to myriads of mourners in all ages, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Surely, it can never be, that we forget the love and compassion of Him who wept for the sorrows of His friends, and mourned with the bereaved sisters of Lazarus; surely we can never doubt the depth and height, the length and breadth of that divine compassion which He ever manifested, and never more fully and wonderfully than when He stood before the sepulchre and "cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come

forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes."

"Such the tones of love, which break
The stillness of that hour,
Quelling th' embittered spirit's strife—
"The Resurrection and the Life
Am I: believe, and die no more."

Unchanged that voice—and though not yet
The dead sit up and speak,
Answering its call; we gladlier rest
Our darlings on earth's quiet breast,
And our hearts feel they must not break.

Far better they should sleep awhile
Within the church's shade,
Nor wake, until new heaven, new earth,
Meet for their new immortal birth,
For their abiding place be made,

Than wander back to life, and lean
On our frail love once more.
'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, to muse
How grows in Paradise our store."*

It was not without hope and comfort that we turned away from Bethany, and resumed our onward progress towards the east. As we were descending a steep hill into one of the ravines through which the Jericho road passes, in a part of its way, we came to a fountain of water, termed by tradition, the "Fountain of the Apostles," because, as it is said, they were here accustomed to refresh themselves as they journeyed to and fro between Jerusalem and Jericho. "And indeed," as says Maundrell, "it is a thing very probable, and no more than I believe is done by all that travel this way, the fountain being close by the roadside, and very inviting to the thirsty passenger." Some Arabs were there, taking copious draughts of the water themselves, and pouring out for their camels and

* Keble's "*Christian Year*," p. 294.

horses. They looked at us with curiosity, but said not a word, either good or bad; a remarkable change from former days, when it was really unsafe to venture far away from the Holy City in this direction, and when Christian travellers resorted to disguises in order to pass this road and visit the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. The unevenness of the road prevented our proceeding at a rapid rate, and I believe made me notice more carefully than I should have done otherwise, the force of contrast. Near Jerusalem and all around the Mount of Olives, the hill-sides are terraced up for the purposes of cultivation, and though one does not see the fruitfulness and beauty which might be expected or of which the country is capable, still, there are evidences of life and industry, to some extent, in the gardens and fields under culture; but when the traveller passes over or around the Mount of Olives, descends its eastern or southern slope, and finds himself among the hills and deep ravines beyond, he cannot but be struck with the contrast presented by what is before him. Here and there is a small patch of ground on the hill-side, or in a deep valley, which has some thin and scanty herbage upon it, or some grain springing up with promise of future harvest; but in general, and almost entirely, on every side, there is one dreary, desolate, barren look; the rugged precipices, the stony road, the rocky beds of the mountain torrents, the very few and dead-looking trees now and then visible, the white and almost glaring clayey soil and dust, and such like features of the scene, are different from everything which I have ever seen elsewhere in the Holy Land; and the change from even partial cultivation of the ground, and from the life and beauty of many spots about Jerusalem to such an entire cutting off from the world, such unfruitful and sterile regions, such unmitigated solitude, is calculated to produce, as it certainly has upon my mind, an ineffaceable impression.* At

* "From this place (the Fountain of the Apostles), you proceed in an intricate way amongst hills and valleys interchangeably, all of a very barren aspect at

one period, I cannot doubt that these hills and mountain-sides yielded fruits of increase, and the valleys stood so thick with corn, that they laughed and sang for joy; and it would appear that all around the Holy City, and for some distance to the east of it, the land was fertile and productive to a high degree; but it is not so now; it is the very reverse. Most true and forceful appeared to me now the words of the Psalmist, and I thought of them and repeated them more than once while traversing the road from Jerusalem toward the Dead Sea:

> "He turneth rivers into a wilderness,
> And the water-springs into dry ground;
> A fruitful land into barrenness,
> For the wickedness of them that dwell therein."*

Yes, for the wickedness of the people of God has sent leanness and barrenness upon the face of all this region: may we not take warning by it, and believe and know that as He *has* done here, He *may* and *will* do again, where the rebellion and disobedience of the people provoke His anger, and bring down His judgments upon them!

At eight o'clock, we left the road which goes on direct to Jericho; and branching off to the right, we took the route to the Dead Sea, by way of Neby Musa. It was here that we came upon the Bedawy encampment, of which our sheikh is the head,—I say "our sheikh," forgetting that this is the first

present, but discovering evident signs of the labor of the husbandman in ancient times. After some hours' travel in this sort of road, you arrive at the mountainous desert, into which our blessed Saviour was led by the Spirit, to be tempted by the devil. A most miserable, dry, barren place it is, consisting of high, rocky mountains, so torn and disordered, as if the earth had here suffered some great convulsion, in which its very bowels had been turned outwards. On the left hand, looking down into a deep valley, as we passed along, we saw some ruins of small cells and cottages, which they told us were formerly the habitations of hermits, retiring thither for penance and mortification; and certainly there could not be found in the whole earth a more comfortless and abandoned place for that purpose."—Maundrell's "*Journey*," &c., March 29th.

* Ps. cvii. 33, 34; see also Micah, vii. 13.

time I have mentioned the very respectable person so named, and the noble Arab mare which he bestrides as only a Bedawy can. Let me remedy this oversight without delay. You may recollect, that this part of Palestine is usually counted unsafe to travel in without an escort; and the Bedawin find it to their advantage to keep up this idea, as it brings them into notice, as guards or attendants, on the principle, I suppose, "set a thief to catch a thief," since they themselves are the very enemies against whom they offer to protect you, if you pay them a good round sum. For some time, we doubted whether we would not go at our own risk, deeming ourselves—such is the vain self-confidence of our countrymen—abundantly able to protect ourselves, and quite a match for five times our number, provided we were not taken by surprise; but more prudent counsels prevailed. Our dragoman, who is a keen fellow, and makes money out of both his master and the Arabs at the same time, was specially urgent that we should have some guards and this particular sheikh; and on reflection, as it was possible certainly that they might be needed, we concluded to take them for this purpose. Accordingly, two savage-looking fellows, armed with long Arab muskets, having flint locks, and capable of going off about one time in five, joined us just outside Jerusalem; and when we came to the encampment just now alluded to, our friend the sheikh, mounted on a beautiful animal, all at once dashed out, with the speed of the wind, and saluting us with oriental courtesy, took the lead for the rest of the journey. I assure you that he was a picturesque and striking object, and attracted a good deal of our attention. His mare was of the best breed, and full of life and fire, and yet docile and gentle as a lamb. He himself, clad in the usual Bedawy dress, had on a brilliant crimson mantle, and a silken covering for the head, fastened and arranged in that peculiar manner which half covers the face, and permits you to see underneath only the glittering black eye, casting forth its quick, sparkling glances,

and the bronzed, haggard cheek and expressive mouth of the wild son of the desert. He seemed to delight in setting forth the excellences of his mare; and as his crimson mantle floated in the wind, when he rushed by at lightning speed, or lay in graceful folds around him, as instantaneously he stopped his milk-white steed by a slight touch of the bridle, he was certainly an object worth looking at, and helped very much to relieve the tediousness and dreariness of the way. I may as well mention here, while it occurs to me, that so far as I could judge from appearances, we had no need whatever of the shiekh and his men; but I will not be too sure, that if we had rejected his services, he would not have given us serious trouble, if not in person, yet by means of some of his brethren lurking about. Perhaps, in our case, discretion was the better part of valor.

I fear that the few sentences above, in which I have tried to tell you something of the character of the road from Jerusalem towards Jericho, will convey but a very inadequate idea of it; and this is another of the frequent occasions when I have to deplore my inability to describe things as they really are. I would that I could give you a picture of the steep hills and deep ravines; the rocky heights and summits of the mountains on every hand, and the dry sandy beds of the narrow wadys; the tortuous road, at one time skirting the precipitous sides of the hills, with frightful steeps only a step distant, at another winding over the bare, stony summit, and at another, down into the lowest deep of some desolate valley; the hot dusty path, without life, and still and silent as the grave;—I would I could paint you a picture such as this would make, and you might catch something more of an idea of this region of wonderful desolateness and sadness; but I cannot, and I must throw myself upon your indulgence, and beg you to imagine what it must be, and is, in reality.

You will readily believe me, that our Saviour's touching and truthful parable, which has the scene laid on this very road, lost

none of its force, by remembering that He had often traversed this very path, and that His words are no less faithful to the natural features of the country, than impressive and beautiful for the truth which they enforce. A certain lawyer, we are told, on one occasion stood up for the purpose of making trial of our Lord's knowledge and principles, hoping, it would appear, that he might in some way entangle Him and take hold of His words before the people, to His injury: our Saviour's answer gave him no such opportunity, for the very passage of Scripture which the lawyer was forced to recite, and which was read every day, morning and evening, in the synagogues, furnished of itself a full and complete reply to his question; "Thou hast answered right: this do and thou shalt live." But he, not satisfied with his ill success, and imagining that he could involve our Saviour in a difficulty by asking a question which touched upon tender points at that day, "said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?" Mark well the reply of our Lord: He enters into no definition of the term neighbor, to which great objections would at once have been made: He does not give a bare statement of the relationship existing between all the human family, which would probably have made little impression; nay, He adopts the more direct, simple and effective course, of teaching by example, and by means of a parable conveys a lesson of truth which no man that heard it could ever forget. A certain man of our nation, He says, had occasion to journey by the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, a road which, as you know, is very dangerous, and very much infested with robbers. As he was passing along through the desert and lonely region, he was set upon by a band of thieves, and unable to protect himself, he was plundered of his substance, stripped of his garments, wounded in a very dreadful and dangerous manner, and, bound with cords, and half dead with the injuries he had received, was deserted and left to his fate. Not long after, it happened that a certain priest came near the place; he was going down from the

Holy City to that well-known residence of the priesthood, Jericho, and in accordance with his sacred office, ought to have been glad of the opportunity of doing good in a case like this; but so far from acting in the manner which it is reasonable to suppose that he would have acted to a poor brother in distress, he saw him lying at some little distance off, and without stopping to make any inquiry, turned away, crossed to the other side of the road, and went on his way. The poor Jew might shift for himself, so far as the priest was concerned. In like manner, another resident of the priestly city, chanced to come along a short time afterwards; he was a Levite, and knew well what was the duty incumbent on him in respect to his office and character. When he arrived at the place where the half-dead and unhappy Jew lay, he stopped a moment or two to look at him; his heart was touched with, it may be, one spark of compassion; and for an instant he thought of affording relief to the suffering man; but his good resolutions faded away almost as soon as made; he, too, crossed the road, passed quickly on his way, and did nothing for the relief of a brother in distress. Thus the unhappy man appeared to be abandoned to death and misery, since his own countrymen refused to give him assistance; but, by-and-by a citizen of that nation which is at enmity with us Jews, and with whom we have no dealings or friendly intercourse, came to the place where the wounded man lay: he stopped, dismounted, and hastened to the relief of the wounded fellow-creature lying before him. Though he was a Jew, and though on that account the Good Samaritan might have scrupled, and might have found a plausible excuse, and might have left him to his fate, yet he did no such thing; he was moved with compassion toward him; he thought not of the trouble, or expense, or risk, or of anything of the sort; he went to him; he bound up his wounds in the best manner he was able; he poured in a mixture of oil and wine; he set him on his own beast; he manifested the most tender care;

he carried him to an inn; and not content with all this, both took care of him and gave the host money to discharge the expenses of his cure and restoration. Now, says our Lord, with these facts before you, and with these instances of what men have done under the circumstances just narrated, let me ask you, which of these three persons, the priest, the Levite, or the Samaritan, dost thou think was the neighbor of this poor man that fell among the thieves? He could not but answer as he did; undoubtedly, it was he that showed mercy and compassion upon the man. "Then," said Jesus unto him, "go, and do thou likewise;" and even though it be a Samaritan, an enemy whom thou hatest or who hates thee, deal mercifully and tenderly with him, and no longer confine thy sympathies or thy kindnesses to thy friends, or relatives, or countrymen, or fellow-believers in the Law and the Prophets. The lesson was perfect, and conveyed in a manner which He only knew how to do. The lawyer, we may well believe, went away a humbled, if not a better man.

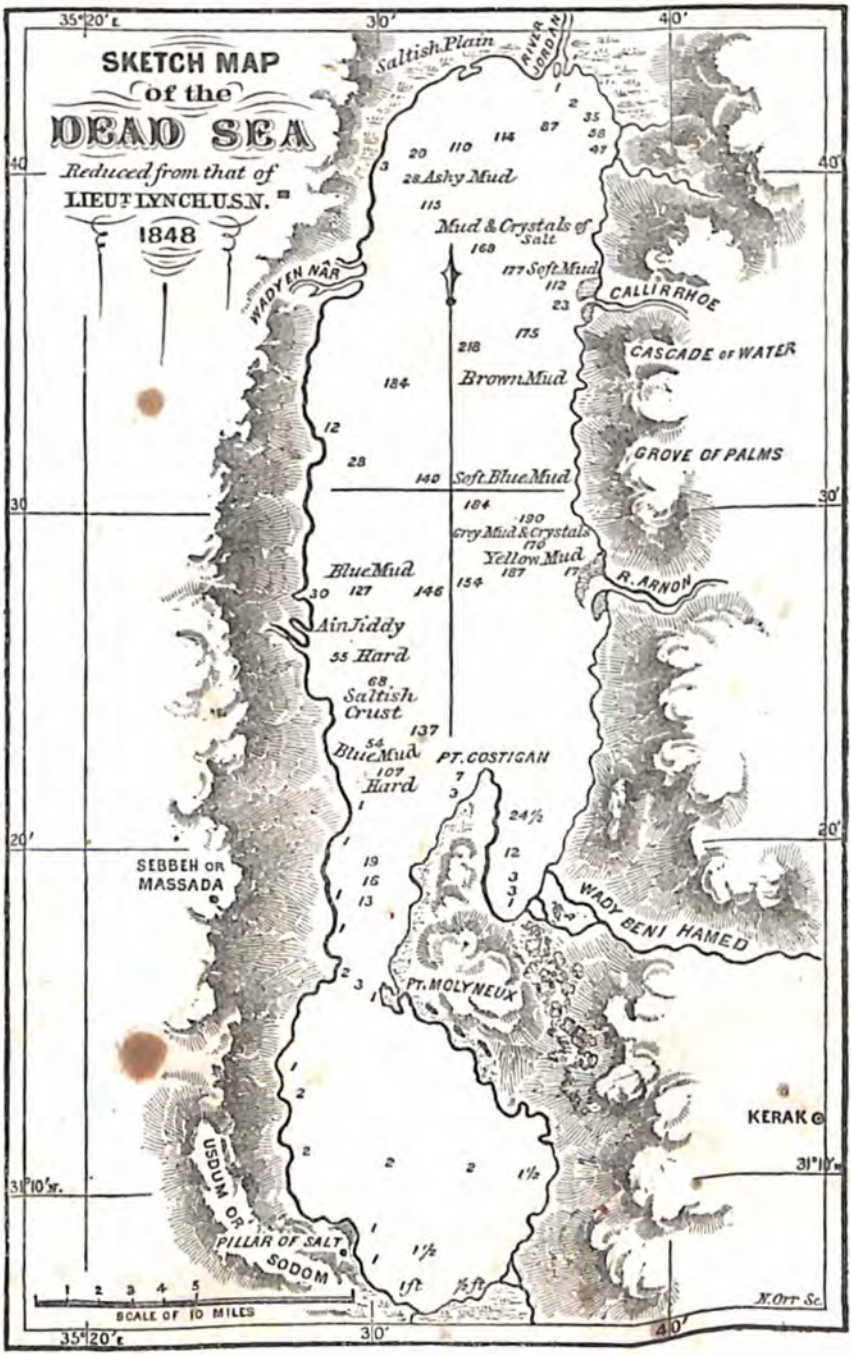
But I must hasten on: at ten o'clock, from the top of one of the hills over which the road winds, we caught sight, for the first time, of the Dead Sea. Apparently it was very near, and in a direct line the journey would not have been long; but so deceptive are all calculations of distance in a region like this, where the road bends and turns with innumerable windings, and so slow is necessarily the progress of the traveller, that we were still nearly three hours distant from the sea; a circumstance which we had occasion to feel very acutely, while making our toilsome progress under a scorching mid-day sun. The road which we had chosen, passed by the far-famed tomb of the great lawgiver of Israel: it is a large and very sacred edifice, surrounded by high, solid walls, and adorned with a minaret, and is entitled by the Arabs, Neby Musa; here, as they say, in contradiction to the Scripture, the prophet Moses was buried. It is certainly much more convenient to have his tomb on this side of the

Jordan, and for the purposes of the Mohammedan pilgrims, it answers just as well as if it were in its true place, which, though he died and was buried in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor, "no man knoweth of unto this day." We stopped a few minutes at Neby Musa, principally to get a drink of water, which is reputed here to be full of virtues. Without reflecting at the time, and seeing no one about the place, I jumped off my horse, and, the door or gate being wide open, was just going to enter the sacred precincts, when the dragoman caught me by the arm in a sort of terror at the risk I was running, assuring me that it was almost death for a Christian to dare to cross the threshold. A moment after, a gaunt, black-eyed, fanatical-looking fellow came out, and glancing at me with no friendly greeting, gave me to understand how readily he would have defended the sanctuary of which he was the keeper, had he caught a "Christian dog" anywhere within the walls. As to the water, it may have many occult virtues, but for the purpose of drinking it was detestable, and I had no wish to dispute the possession of it with the Mohammedan owners.

About noon we descended the last of the range of hills over which the road passes, and riding over the saltish plain near the sea, we reached the northerly end of it in about half an hour. Independently of the many recollections connected with the eventful history of the cities of the plain, and the awful punishment sent upon them, of which this lake is a perpetual witness, the sea itself is very remarkable. It is situate in a deep valley, four thousand feet below the Holy City,* surrounded by mountains and sterile, desolate hills,

* "We found the difference of level, in other words, the depression of the surface of the Dead Sea, below that of the Mediterranean, to be a little over 1300 feet. The height of Jerusalem above the former Sea, is very nearly three times that of this difference of level; while, at the same time, it is almost the exact multiple of the depth of that sea, of the height of its banks, and of the depression of its surface."—Lieutenant Lynch's "*Expedition to the Dead Sea*," p. 440.

without a living creature in its waters, and answering most truly to its name, the Dead Sea. At the time of our visit,



the water appeared to be of a greenish blue color, and its surface mostly still, yet at times slightly rippled by a light southerly breeze. Here and there were a few clouds, which afforded us a little relief from the intense glare and heat of the sun; but there were no trees, no shrubbery, nothing, in short, to ward off the rays of the sun, and we had no alternative but to endure it the best way we could. The map which I have subjoined from Lieutenant Lynch's interesting "Expedition to the Dead Sea," (from April 18th to May 10th, 1848, they were on the sea,) will aid you very much in forming a clear idea of the geographical position, size, and shape of this sea; and as it is undoubtedly accurate in all its details, you may rely upon it with entire confidence. According to the scale of miles, the sea is between thirty-five and forty miles in length, and from six to eight miles in breadth. For the details I cannot but beg you to refer to the large and interesting volume published by the accomplished commander of the U. S. Expedition to the Dead Sea, who, though I do not know him personally, I know nevertheless is an honor to the service and the country to which he belongs, and is always remembered and spoken of in Syria in the highest terms of respect and esteem.

Crossing the "Saltish Plain," marked on the map, we rode along the water's edge, and occasionally had some drops of it splashed on our clothes; it was curious to notice how it discolored them, and how very difficult it was to get the stain out or remove the traces of the acrid liquid. It was also interesting to mark the intense efforts put forth by the poor, suffering and dreadfully heated and thirsty horses, in order to quench their thirst in the water of the Dead Sea. When they came near the water and beheld it spread out so invitingly before them, they were very eager to get near and into it; they dashed their mouths into the liquid brine, hoping to imbibe the cooling and refreshing draught; and for a moment they seemed to have swallowed, as it were unconsciously, the

pungent water; but it was only for a moment; disappointed and angry, they threw back their heads, and more dispirited than ever, pursued the way which their masters wished. As you may see by the map, there is something like a small island or peninsula marked, before one reaches the mouth of the Jordan; it is a collection of sand and stones, mingled with drift wood, brush, &c., encrusted with salt, probably brought down by the river and gradually here collected; it is about two hundred and fifty feet from the shore. We here undressed and determined to take a bath. I had often heard that persons would not sink, so dense is the water of the Dead Sea;* but I had thought that there might be a little exaggeration in the statement, and I was curious to test the matter in my own person. It was literally and exactly true, all that I had heard: I went into the water; I lay down on my back flat and powerless; I used not an effort to keep myself from sinking; and there I lay, about two thirds under water, and buoyed up in a manner wholly unlike any other case I had ever met with. In truth I could not sink except by forcing myself under the water, and in a moment I would rise rapidly up again and lay there, a floating object of life on the surface of a sea containing naught that lives. Two or three times I got some drops of the water on my lips, and I can assure you I never felt anything so bitter, nauseous and stinging as this was;† and afterwards when I came out, my body was covered with a liquid which left a disagreeable, greasy feeling, impossible to get rid of by the aid of towels alone.

* "Tried the relative density of the water of this sea and of the Atlantic, the latter from 25° N. Lat. and 52° W. Lon.: distilled water being as 1. The water of the Atlantic was 1.03, and of this sea 1.13. The last dissolved 1-11, the water of the Atlantic 1-6, and distilled water 5-17 of its weight of salt. The salt used was a little damp. On leaving the Jordan, we carefully noted the draught of the boats; with the same loads they drew one inch less water when afloat upon this sea than in the river."—Lieutenant Lynch's "*Expedition to the Dead Sea*," p. 377.

† Dr. Marcet's Analysis of the water of the Dead Sea, is as follows: the

After a lunch and some little time spent in gathering a few mementoes of the Dead Sea, such as some pebbles, pieces of the black sulphureous stone which here abounds, and filling a tin case with the water, we mounted again and rode onward. For some distance we followed the water's edge, proceeding toward the mouth of the Jordan, and riding over the saltish plain above spoken of; and about three quarters of a mile east of us we could distinctly perceive the volume of water which the river constantly brings down, and which is so different in color, quality, &c. from that of the sea. We had not forgotten the many deeply interesting points which this sea and its history may well fasten in the memory; we had mused over what we saw, and we could not forget that once this plain and valley, where now is all desolation and where there is no life, were fertile and beautiful like "the garden of the Lord."* The Scripture account we had read over with a deep and solemn sense of its awful importance, and with a realization that there are limits to the Divine mercy; there are times and seasons when the cup of iniquity becomes full, and wrath and vengeance go out to fulfil their mission; and those dread warnings of the man of God seemed to acquire new force as we looked upon the very scene to which they were applied:—"The whole land thereof is brimstone and salt, and burning, that is not sown nor beareth, nor any

specific gravity he determines to be as 1211 to 1000 of fresh water, and the substances held in solution by it, to be to 100 grains—

Muriate of Lime, ...	3.920
" Magnesia, ...	10.246
" Soda, ...	10.360
Sulphate of Lime, ...	0.054
	24.580

Compare the note from Lieut. Lynch, on p. 387.

* "And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the Garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar."—Gen. xiii. 10

grass groweth therein, like the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboim, which the Lord overthrew in His anger, and in His wrath."* We had read the statements and opinions of travellers, and beheld much to confirm, much to refute their various speculations; and at the time, we indulged in some of our own, which are not—me judice—worth recording. But, in truth, as a pious traveller a few years ago has well said, "notwithstanding all our examinations, and all our speculations, a veil of awful mystery overhangs this dread locality. It is at once a grave and a monument; a grave in which slumbers the thousands whose daring ungodliness cut them off from mercy—a grave whose chambers lead down to hell. It is a monument, on every hair-breadth of which is recorded in characters of fiery desolation, the irresistible terrors of a just—a tempted—an avenging God. How astounding will be the blast of the archangel's trump, when clanging amidst those bleak and barren rocks, and borne like a spell over the surface of those stagnant waters! when the resurrection power of the Lord Jesus shall call up into second life for final judgment, those objects of Almighty wrath, and lay bare the gloomy secret at which we surmise and shudder!"†

At two o'clock we left the Dead Sea, and rode as briskly as we could over the salt-encrusted and sandy plain, intersected with slimy bogs. On either hand of the valley of the Jordan, were ranges of high hills or mountains; the one a continuation of the mountains of Moab, which rise aloft on the east of the sea, and the other a part of the cluster or collection of hills which bound the valley on the west, and stretch away northward as far as the eye can reach. Our point of destination was the usual bathing-place of the pilgrims who come every year in great numbers and from all countries, to wash themselves in that river where our Lord was baptized by John the Baptist. Two or three times we came near the banks of the Jordan, which are

* Deut. xxix. 23.

† Rev. George Fisk's "*Memorial of the Holy Land*," p. 311.

not easily seen, on account of the thick bushes which grow there; and were witness to the fact of its very tortuous course and its rapid stream.* Maundrell says that in his time the bank of the Jordan was set thick with trees, such as tamarisks, willows, oleanders, &c., and that in this thicket it was reported that wild beasts of several sorts used to harbor themselves, "whose being washed out of the covert by the overflowings of the river, gave rise to that allusion, 'He shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan.'" I could readily imagine that even now the same thing might be true, though it is stated by good authorities that lions have always been very rare in Syria; for so impervious is the thick shrubbery, and so abundant the foliage, that wild animals might well find coverts here, and spring out upon the traveller without a moment's warning. I believe, however, that the only dangerous creature to be feared in these spots now, is the wild and lawless Bedawy, who, if he have committed murder, nas but to cross the Jordan and join his brethren on the east side of the river, the government being too weak and contemptible to search out the offender and bring him to justice. We did not meet with any actual, tangible danger while traversing the valley of the Jordan; yet our sheikh appeared to be more than ordinarily active, and on the look-out,

* Just a year ago, Lieutenant Lynch was on the Jordan; under date of April 18th, 1818, he made a report to the Secretary of the Navy, from which I beg to extract a few sentences: "To my consternation, I soon found that the Jordan was interrupted in its course by frequent and most fearful rapids. . . . We had to clear out old channels, to make new ones, and sometimes, placing our sole trust in Providence, plunged with headlong velocity down appalling descents. . . . . The great secret of the depression between Lake Tiberias and the Dead Sea, is solved by the tortuous course of the Jordan. In a space of sixty miles of latitude and four or five miles of longitude, the Jordan traverses at least 200 miles. The river is in the latter stage of a freshet—a few weeks earlier or later, and passage would have been impracticable. As it is, we have plunged down twenty-seven threatening rapids, besides a great many of lesser magnitude. . . . . The course of the river is more sinuous than even that of the Mississippi."—Lieutenant Lynch's "*Expedition to the Dead Sea*," p. 264, 265.

as we were riding forward, especially when we came near or were passing bunches of tall grass and reeds, or were skirting the thickets by the river's side; possibly it may have been that without his aid we should have been fired upon, and even worse. Let us be thankful that we were preserved from any trial of the kind.

In the course of an hour and a half, we reached the place marked out by tradition as the locality where John baptized the Holy and Blessed Saviour, who ever deemed it right to "fulfill all righteousness." I was somewhat surprised to find the Jordan so much narrower than I had supposed; I had expected to see a broad stream, not unlike many of the rivers of less note in our own country; but it is not so; between the steep and often high banks, where the river flows during most of the year, it appeared to me not to be more than sixty or seventy feet wide. It is but a guess and judging by the eye, for I had no means of measurement with me, and therefore is not to be relied upon at all for any accuracy; all that I would affirm positively is that the Jordan is by no means a wide river, and is narrower between its banks than many of the creeks in our part of the world.* The current is extremely rapid in this part of its course, running I should think from three to four miles an hour; and so strong is it that very rarely can the most muscular swimmer make head against it: instances happen once in a while of persons being carried away and drowned in consequence of having braved it too far. I think myself a pretty good swimmer, and in ordinary cases would mind nothing launching forth to reach a point a mile or more distant; but when I stood and looked upon the Jordan for a while and tried to estimate the force of that powerful current, I knew that it would not be safe for me to venture out beyond my depth; and I did not.

* Dr. Wilson gives the width of the Jordan at this place as exactly forty yards; he estimates the current as at least three miles per hour.—"*Lands of the Bible*," vol. ii. p. 17.

The color of the water is nearly that of gray slate; and the river appears to gather much sediment in its course from the north; but I cannot express to you how sweet and delightful the water is. Notwithstanding its turbidness and mixture of earthy matter, coming from the Dead Sea only two hours before, the contrast was very striking, for that is nauseous and pungent to a degree inexpressible; this is delicious and refreshing to the taste, almost as much so as the water of the Nile. Of course, I could not leave the Jordan without bathing in its most honored stream: my companion declined going in, fearing the chilliness of the water; so all alone, in a woody and retired spot, protected by the shade of the sycamore, the ilex, and the willow, I disrobed and advanced into the river: the bank is very declivitous, and in a few moments I was nearly out of my depth. I found it difficult to stand against the current which rushed by me with considerable force, and the water was decidedly cooler than that of the Dead Sea. You will believe me that the associations of the place and the time were not without effect upon my mind: from the depth of my soul I blessed God for the privileges of His covenant sealed to us by the holy sacrament of baptism; and I seemed to myself to be looking upon the solemn and touching scene of our Lord's baptism by His messenger whom He sent to prepare the way before Him. Earnestly did I supplicate that God of His mercy would wash and purify my soul, body and spirit, by the blood of Christ Jesus our Lord; and with the deepest reverence, remembering whom I was worshipping, I bowed my head beneath the waters of the Jordan three times, and pronounced each time the name of the FATHER, the SON, and the HOLY GHOST, the TRIUNE GOD of our salvation.

We lingered in this lovely and secluded spot as long as we dared; penetrating into the dense thicket, I tried hard to find me a good stick for a pilgrim's staff; but met with very indifferent success: filling a bottle or two with the

water, and remounting our horses, we bade adieu to this deeply interesting place. Our faces were turned towards Jericho, a city belonging to that broad plain, or

> "neighboring land, whose palmy shore
> The silver Jordan laves;"

and as, late in the afternoon, we spurred our horses onward to reach the place of encampment, we were fully alive to the beauty of this region as it once was in the days of its glory. Even now, desolate and degraded, it wears some marks of its former excellence, but they are few indeed, and only serve to remind one very painfully of what it was and what it might be again. May that day soon come when it will please God to have mercy upon the chosen land, and the people to whom He promised it as a perpetual possession! While we were riding onward, we saw only a little way off, several of that beautiful animal, the gazelle, and for a few minutes we gave chase, hoping to get a shot at one; but they were too fleet for us and were ere long out of sight; we saw, too, numbers of quails and some other birds, but did not shoot at any of them. As we approached Jericho, we saw a large old castle near by, at present in ruins, but evidently at one time of great strength and importance. I could get no information worth having as to what it was or when it was built; for the Arabs are very stupid and careless in respect to all the questions which interest strangers so much;* and in general their stories are very little worth. If they hear any one guess or imagine that an old ruin belongs to a particular town, or some old tower might bear such and such a name, their usual plan is to repeat all this for fact to the next party they meet, and by repeating it a number of times they get to believe it themselves and

* Dr. Robinson (vol. ii. p. 295) attributes the castle to the Saracenic times, about the twelfth century, when all this region was renowned for its high state of cultivation and its fields, gardens, fruits, &c.

strenuously to maintain it against all objectors. I am quite convinced that the common Arab stories are worthless on any question of importance;* and few travellers can venture to trust them at all. But this by the way.

About half-past six, we came to the few scattered huts, which, to my astonishment, I was told was all that remained to mark the site of the City of Palm Trees.† A few miserable fellahín were lounging under the shade of some trees, and smoking the shibuk and shisheh, as is their custom; and here and there were some rude dwellings of the inhabitants, having nothing to indicate the possession of aught but the simplest and commonest means of life: and this was all.‡ What a contrast, when we looked back upon its past history, and thought of its strength, power, magnificence, and beauty, in early days! Who that had not seen the utter desolation which has come upon the renowned cities and kingdoms of the world, in time past, would believe that the massive structures, the inexhaustible resources, the uncounted wealth, of a great city like Jericho could pass away forever, and leave not a trace of their existence behind? When the king of this strong city and the people, in the days of Joshua, stood upon the walls, and beheld that great host of God's people approaching, after their miraculous passage across the Jordan, how did their hearts rejoice in their towers of might and grandeur, and how did they trust in their walls of solid masonry, and their capability of keeping out all invaders! Vain and futile hope, this of theirs! God Himself, without one blow being struck, one

* Sir Gardner Wilkinson, speaking of the slight value of "Arab tradition" in Egypt, says, "But little faith is to be placed in the tales of the modern inhabitants." The remark is as applicable to Syria as to Egypt.

† Deut. xxxiv. 3; 2 Chron. xxviii, 15.

‡ "Jericho," says Maundrell, "is at present only a poor, nasty village of the Arabs." Lord Lindsay found only one palm tree at Riha, the village above spoken of; he is inclined to think the ruins of Jericho not in this place, but some little distance to the west. Dr. Robinson (vol. ii. p. 299) is disposed to place the ancient site at the opening of the Wady Kelt, half an hour south of Ain es-Sultan.

arm raised to assault those walls, brought down their confidence in a moment, and the walls fell flat to the earth, and the city and people were captives in the hands of Joshua. Subsequently, its importance was to some extent revived; and in our Saviour's days, it was a large and noted city of the priesthood. Here He lodged with Zaccheus, the rich and honest tax-gatherer; and here He healed the blind man. It figured, too, in the later history of Palestine. But in the lapse of ages, it fell into utter ruin, and now has nothing to tell where it once stood, or to evidence its former wealth, power, and greatness. It will be well if other cities, now so proud, so strong, so confident of perpetual existence, lay to heart the lessons which the desolation and entire ruin of cities and empires in the East so forcibly and so constantly teach.

It was with solemnized feelings that I rode through this petty village, and crossing a woody and very fertile plain beyond, sought the appointed place of encampment, where our party was to meet and pass the night. After considerable search, we found the Bedawin and our servant. They had pitched the tent on the bank of a babbling, smiling brook, which comes from Ain es-Sultan, or the Fountain of Elisha, and furnishes the neighboring village and plain with an abundant supply of pure and sweet water.* It was a lovely spot, and particularly inviting to us at this time; because we were not a little fatigued and worn down with the length of our excursion, and the intense heat of the sun during the day. I do not suppose that we are more fond than others of eating and drinking, but on the present occasion, we were not sorry

* Mr. Buckingham, ("*Travels*," &c. p. 292) gives an account of the Fountain of Elisha, which is worth quoting: "The head of this water is enclosed in a basin of a triangular shape, of which each side is about three fathoms in length. It is lined with wrought stone, and is even paved in parts. There are two niches in one of its sides, which is higher than the others, and an orifice by which the water issues, in a stream sufficient to turn a mill. It is said that several sources discharge themselves into the same basin; but their depth prevents them from being explored." See, also, Robinson's "*Bib. Res.*" vol. ii. p. 283, 284.

to find our dinner all ready to be served, and to be able, with thankful hearts, to refresh our jaded bodies with food convenient. The water of the fountain, too, was especially grateful to our feelings; and we thought much of that Prophet who exerted the power God had bestowed upon him, to make the spring, which was salt and unfit to drink, a source of pure and sweet water, the most invaluable blessing for man in all ages and all countries. The evening was very warm, a sirocco having sprung up, which, despite our cool and pleasant situation under the trees and near the brook and fountain, oppressed us very much, and prevented our sleeping, as we had desired and hoped.* We sat up late, and for a long time were gazing at the starry heavens in their unequalled magnificence and grandeur: for the skies, in Syria, are very brilliant and very beautiful at night. Toward midnight, as we were hoping to sleep in peace, the sharp and disagreeable cries and yells of the jackals saluted our ears; and we were regaled with their music, with little intermission, until the next morning.

Before breaking up the next day, we took another walk to the Fountain of Elisha, and could well appreciate the poet's skill and acuteness in choosing this, if he had any actual spot in view, as his "Diamond in the Desert," in the delightful story where Sir Kenneth, Richard the Lion-hearted, and Saladin figure so pleasantly and enticingly.† We got off,

* The climate here is always excessively hot, and at certain seasons this locality is very sickly for strangers. Dr. Robinson compares it to the sultry heat of Egypt. This need not be wondered at when it is recollected that the plain of the Jordan is more than 1200 feet below the Mediterranean, and nearly 4000 below Jerusalem.

† "Ere they remounted to resume their journey, the Christian knight again moistened his lips and dipt his hands in the living fountain, and said to his pagan associate of the journey, 'I would I knew the name of this delicious fountain, that I might hold it in my grateful remembrance; for never did water slake more deliciously a more oppressive thirst than I have this day experienced.'

"'It is called in the Arabic language,' answered the Saracen, 'by a name which signifies the Diamond of the Desert.'

however, as early as we could—about half-past six—and leaving this interesting locality with many regrets, we prepared to mount the hills, which must be crossed ere we could reach the Holy City. Even at this hour the sun shone hot, and the air was still and oppressive. I do not suppose that you will care to have me tell you again of a road so uninviting, so dreary, and so desolate as this from Jericho up to Jerusalem is: barrenness and deadness are indeed everywhere, and no man can traverse a path like this without being depressed, and without feeling that a curse does indeed rest upon the face of the land. "One must be amid these wild and gloomy solitudes, surrounded by an armed band, and feel the impatience of the traveller, who rushes on to catch a new view at every pass and turn; one must be alarmed at the very stamp of the horses' hoofs, resounding through the caverned rocks, and at the savage shouts of the footmen, scarcely less loud than the echoing thunder, produced by the discharge of their pieces in the valleys; one must witness all this upon the spot," ere he can appreciate the nature and character of this gloomy road. Believe me, I was not sorry when we drew near to the Holy City again, and seemed once more to be amid the habitations of life, and witnessing the still poured out blessings of Almighty God.

About ten o'clock we came to the encampment of our sheikh, who was very urgent with us to stop a while and take coffee, pipes, etc., with him; but we declined, being eager to reach Jerusalem once more, and we parted with the sheikh with many pretty speeches on his part, and fewer but

"'And well is it so named,' replied the Christian. 'My native valley hath a thousand springs, but not to one of them shall I attach, hereafter, such precious recollection as to this solitary fount, which bestows its liquid treasures where they are not only delightful, but nearly indispensable.'

"'You say truth,' said the Saracen; 'for the curse is still on yonder sea of death, and neither man nor beast drink of its waves, nor of the river which feeds without filling it, until this inhospitable desert be passed.'"—"*The Talisman*," ch. iii.

more sincere words of courtesy on ours. Passing Bethany without stopping at this time, we rode on, and were soon greeted with a view of the city of the Great King, which, as it lay before us, now looked more lovely than ever, and seemed to have new attractions in our eyes, because of its being for the time our home. Passing down the southerly slope of the mount, we were saluted by some women at a small fountain near the road side as *Hadji*, a title of honor, and not undeserved certainly, since we were just returning from the pilgrimage to the Jordan, and were full of the thoughts which such a pilgrimage must ever inspire. We entered the city at noon precisely, much fatigued, and glad to rest our weary limbs; but nevertheless very thankful that it had pleased God to preserve us amid the danger to which we had been exposed, and to bring us in safety to the Holy City again.

Many mere personal matters I must pass over in silence; I might tell you a long story about the pleasant social intercourse which I have enjoyed with the bishop, clergy, and others connected with the mission to the Jews; about some dear English and German friends, whose many kindnesses will ever remain enshrined in my memory; about the numerous walks in and about the city for the purpose of forming an intelligent opinion on disputed points; and such like; but I will forbear; and with only a line or two on a matter of deep and touching interest to me, I will close this long letter.

The English church is a very good specimen of its kind, what I should call the mixed Gothic; it is built of light-colored hewn stone, and arranged internally in the most convenient manner. One long aisle, with open benches on each side, runs through the body of the church, or the nave, as I suppose I may call it. The transepts are not long, and also

filled with seats, the windows at either end shedding a clear light upon the interior. The chancel recess is somewhat spacious, and the altar rather prominent, and a noble Gothic window, with its stained glass, lets in a very attractive light, especially when the sun strikes it with its brilliant rays in the latter part of the day. The reading-desk and pulpit are at the right hand of the chancel; the vestry is on the opposite side. The church would seat, I presume, about four hundred, perhaps more. Alas, that I should say it, the attendance is small, and never, if I may judge from the occasions on which I have been present, equals one half what the church could easily accommodate. The services are in Hebrew, German, and English. I was very much interested in the early six o'clock service in Hebrew every day, and was very glad to have the opportunity to join in the Liturgy in a language so appropriate to Jerusalem and the children of Israel. What, however, has made a deeper impression than all upon my feelings individually, has been the fact that I was privileged, on the invitation of Mr. Nicolayson, to read Evening Prayer on Sunday last, the First after Easter. It was a very lovely afternoon, and was an occasion which I can never forget. I, an invalid from a land many thousand miles off,—I, a poor, unworthy ministering servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, was permitted to stand and in His name read the Holy Gospels in the ears of the congregation, and offer up the prayers and praises of His people in the very city where He once walked the earth, and where He died to atone for our sins. You will believe me that my heart was full of emotion, and you will not wonder that tears of mingled thanksgiving and mourning bedewed my eyes. O may the aspirations of that hour be sanctified to my soul's eternal welfare! O may He, without whom we can do nothing, strengthen me for the work which he has given me to do!

And now, my dear S., let me say adieu for the present: all our preparations are made to leave Jerusalem: my Pil-

grim's Certificate has been duly obtained; our horses and mules are engaged; our friends, Dr. W. and Mr. M., have already gone; and in a few hours we hope to set off for the north, and to visit other parts of the Holy Land. Be sure that I shall address you again at the first opportunity.

LETTER XIX.

Judea—Samaria—Jacob's Well—Nabulus.

Preparations for Departure.—Leave the City.—Last View of Jerusalem.—Character of the Road as we proceed Northwardly.—Ruins by Roadside.—Anathoth.—Er-Ram or Ramah of Benjamin.—Gibeon, Beth-horon, &c.—The Miracle wrought by Joshua.—Baoroth, Place of Encampment.—Pleasantness of the Scene.—Tradition relating to the Virgin and Child.—Next Morning's Experience.—Delays.—Beitin or Bethel.—Hilly Road.—Picturesqueness.—Yebrud.—Mountains of Ephraim.—Khan Lubban.—Shiloh.—Plain of El-Mukhna.—Extent and Fertility.—A Gallop.—Jacob's Well.—Its Touching Interest.—Our Lord and the Woman of Samaria.—Arrival at Nablus.—Adventure.—Were Stoned.—Beauty of the Valley between Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal.—Musings on the Past.—Visit to the Synagogue of the Samaritans.—Had a Sight of the Pentatouch.—Its Age and Value.—Tischendorff's Opinion.—The Lepers.—Population, Name, &c., of the City.

NABLUS, April 19th, 1849.

MY DEAR S.,

ON Tuesday afternoon last, we made our final arrangements for leaving the Holy City. After seeing our mules well packed and sent on ahead to meet us at a certain point, and after paying our respects to the few friends and brethren whom we were leaving behind, we mounted our horses, and rode out of the Jaffa Gate, with feelings which you can imagine, but which I find myself wholly unable to express. Jerusalem grows upon one so much, it has so many points of attraction, and is so full of everything to interest and move the heart, and to stir up the deepest sympathies of the soul, that every pilgrim who has been privileged to sojourn a few weeks within its hallowed precincts, is filled with regret and sorrow when the hour arrives at which he must bid it adieu forever. We passed out of the gate slowly and sadly; cast one lingering look down the narrow ravine, with the heights of Zion on the one hand, and a part of the vale of Hinnom beyond;

looked our last upon the Tower of David ; skirted the western wall; turned to the right at the north-west angle, and after another survey of this portion of the wall and ground, joined the main road, which leads almost directly to the north of Palestine. We did not now stop to examine the various localities near the road ; we had before visited the Grotto of Jeremiah, the broad plain beyond the Damascus Gate, the ruins in the neighborhood, the tomb of Helena, Queen of Adiabene, the tombs of the Kings, &c., and now we were leaving them all, and our feet were no more to tread the hills and valleys about Jerusalem. Crossing the olive grove, where the green grain gave tokens of life and industry, we passed the supposed tombs of the Kings, and entered upon the rocky path beyond. Ere long we reached the heights of Scopas, and under the brilliant light which even the declining sun affords in Syria, we gazed upon the Holy City for the last time. It was a long and an earnest gaze ; for only about a mile distant was the city of the Lord our God, silent, sad, and desolate. We looked upon the scene with mingled emotions, and as each object,—O how well known, short as had been our stay !—struck upon our sight ; we remembered what we had beheld and enjoyed, and we thought with sorrow, that we should see them again no more forever. The dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Tower of David, the Mosk of Omar, the minarets here and there, were prominent objects in the view, within the walls ; while outside the city, the valley of Jehoshaphat stretching away in the distance, the heights and slopes of the Mount of Olives, and the sombre-hued mountains of Moab, from this spot just visible, served to add as well to the beauty as the interest of the scene. We could not look upon all these things without deep feeling, and we halted for some little time before we could bring ourselves to turn away and look no more. I will not attempt either to describe or to analyze my emotions ; I will only tell you what I did, and how apt and meet seemed the Psalmist's words,

when God's people were mourning over the desolation and captivity of Jerusalem. I lifted my hat from my head, and with a devout gesture, becoming the sacredness of the time, and the words of Holy Writ, I exclaimed, from the very depth of my heart,

> "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
> Let my right hand forget her cunning.
> If I do not remember thee,
> Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth;
> If I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."*

May God of His mercy listen to the supplications of those who pray for the peace of Jerusalem! and may the day soon come when "the LORD shall inherit Judah his portion in the Holy Land, and shall choose Jerusalem again!"†

The road, for some miles, we found to be very stony, uneven, and uninteresting; and though I doubt not that once this land, in every part of it, was very fertile, and yielded abundantly, yet now from the barren and rocky soil it would seem but little could be obtained. Very little, certainly, *is* the increase of the ground, as it is now managed by the careless, oppressed, and unambitious population; though there is good reason to believe, that under proper culture, the ground would produce fairly and well, if not abundantly. Once it was indeed "a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey;" a land where there was bread without scarceness; whose stones were iron, and out of whose hills one might dig brass.‡ But the wickednesses of the people have brought upon it the curses denounced against the rebellions of Israel, and the Lord has "rooted them out of their land, in anger and in wrath, and in great indignation, and cast them into another land, as it is

* Ps. cxxxvii. 5, 6.
† Zech. ii. 12.
‡ Deut. viii. 7–9.

this day."* Here and there we find traces of the ancient, widely-extended cultivation. Waste and unreclaimed districts are frequently met with; and, "except immediately round the villages, the hills, once terraced and crowned with olive-trees and vines, are uniformly bare or overgrown with wild shrubs and flowers—proofs far more than sufficient that the land still enjoys her Sabbaths, and only waits the return of her banished children, and the application of industry commensurate with her agricultural capabilities, to burst once more into universal luxuriance, and be all that she ever was in the days of Solomon."†

Meditating upon such topics as these, we passed Shafat on our left, and about three o'clock, came to some curious remains of arches, large stones, and other things indicative of a town or city which stood here in former days. Possibly, as has been suggested by a recent traveller, this may be the place alluded to in Joshua, in speaking of the lot of the tribe of Benjamin:—"Ataroth-adar, near the hill that lieth on the south side of the nether Beth-horon."‡ Dr. Robinson makes Atara, the Ataroth of Scripture, to be situate some distance to the north of Ramah. On our right, not very far from the road, we saw Anata, or Anathoth, where the Prophet Jeremiah was born, and which was one of the cities of refuge. Soon after, passing over the same stony and uneven road, at the usual rate of a horse's walk, we came to Er-Ram, or Ramah of Benjamin (Josh. xviii. 25),§ which is situate on a hill, and is a rather striking object, as seen from the road. To the west, we could just catch a glimpse of the site of what Dr. Robinson considers to be Gibeon; and still farther off, and to the north of west, was Beth-horon, as placed on his map. From the position of Beth-horon, it would appear that there were two

* Deut. xxix. 28.

† Lord Lindsay's "*Letters on Egypt*," &c., p. 251. ‡ Josh. xviii. 13.

§ The Ramah of Mount Ephraim, where Samuel was born, is supposed by Dr. Robinson to be the present Sôba, lying to the west of Jerusalem.—"*Bib. Res.*," vol. ii. p. 330-331.

towns of the name, Upper and Lower, or perhaps one city called by these names, according to the part of it on the hill-top or further down into the deep pass or valley. Josephus speaks of there being here a narrow, steep, and rocky hollow way or pass, exceedingly dangerous to an army, which would seem to favor this view.* In the book of Joshua (ch. x. 10, 11) we are told of "the going down to Beth-horon," and of the way from Gibeon "that goeth up to Beth-horon." It was on the occasion of which the sacred writer speaks, that the captain of the host of the Lord commanded the sun and the moon, and they obeyed him:—"Then spake Joshua to the LORD, in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel, and he said, in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon obeyed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. Is not this written in the Book of Jasher? So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day. And there was no day like that, before it or after it, that the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man: for the Lord fought for Israel."† It was a stupendous miracle indeed, and one which magnified the power of Him who created and sustains the universe. Without perplexing ourselves as to the speculations and doubts of philosophers and wise men, it was enough for us to know that thus it is written; and believing in God's almighty power, we were in no wise troubled with hesitancy as to His ability to do what seemeth good in His sight; so that we looked toward Beth-horon and the Valley of Ajalon, with the deepest awe, and bowed our souls in adoration before the throne of JEHOVAH.

Descending into a low plain or valley, pleasant and green

* Dr. Robinson says, that "it appears that in ancient times, as at the present day, the great road of communication between Jerusalem and the sea-coast, was by the pass of Beth-horon."—"*Bib. Res.*," vol. iii. p. 61.

† Josh. x. 12–14.

in comparison with most of the road over which we had been journeying, at a little past four P.M., we arrived at El Bireh, the Beer or Beeroth of Scripture. It is a very pretty spot, and offered so many attractions in our eyes, as a resting place, that we determined to encamp here for the night. We pitched our tent near a ruined wely, or Mohammedan saint's tomb, to the west of the village, and were regaled with the gushing streams and fountains of water which were close by and all around in every direction: most truly does the present locality answer to the name of the Well or Wells, for water is in abundance, and what is more, is very sweet and good. I was much interested in rambling about a while before evening, and looking upon the varied scenes offered to the inspection of the traveller. On the gentle slope near to our tent, I came upon a large flock of goats and sheep, in charge of a lad about twelve years of age, who looked at me with wondering eyes, and tried to enter into conversation; but our stock of words and sentences was too small to give much satisfaction for this purpose. I saw also several other flocks, generally in charge of men, and sometimes of women. Here and there the fields of grain were abundant, and appeared to promise a rich harvest, which was matter of no surprise to one who beheld the supply of water in every direction. How truly might such a land become again rich and fruitful to a degree equal to anything in its former history! Walking down by the ruined wely, I found there several women and girls with their jars for water, and was rather struck with the prettiness, amounting almost to beauty, of the girls, and the haggard, disagreeable faces of the older women;—for here, as you may recollect, the people in the country districts do not make it a point to cover their faces with the odious veil, which forms the essential element in a female's dress out of doors in Egypt. They looked at me with considerable interest, quite as much so as I did at them; and placing their jars on their shoulder or head, they smiled

an adieu, and went to their homes. Besides these trifling incidents, I was not a little interested in the traditionary relation, which sets forth that it was here that the Virgin Mother, not finding her Son, as she had hoped, somewhere in the company which was journeying like ourselves towards Nazareth, turned back to the Holy City, and with Joseph went in sorrow and apprehension to search for Him. It was a meet and fitting subject of meditation for us that evening, to call to mind the incidents related in Holy Scripture of our Most Blessed Lord and Saviour during the days that He was subject unto His earthly parent, and His reputed father, Joseph the carpenter of Nazareth. But I will not weary you with a recital of our musings on this occasion: I will only hope and trust that they were profitable to us in more ways than one.*

We rose the next morning at daybreak, having passed a quiet night, and though rather longer than usual in getting off, we were, nevertheless, in the saddle about half-past six. The first morning after leaving a city, has always more or less of delay and vexation connected with it: the mules are not yet well broken in; their loads are not clearly portioned out; the mukri, or drivers and attendants of the mules and horses, are not yet perfectly familiar with their new charge; something is sure to be mislaid; too much load to be got on to one, too little on to another; the tent apparatus and the kitchen affairs do not pack as well as they ought; the saddles or bridles or stirrups of the horses do not altogether suit the gentlemen; and withal there is a bustle and confusion which never helps work forward, but the reverse. We having six mules and four horses, experienced a number of these trials on the morning of Wednesday last; but, after all, as our

* Dr. Robinson's notice of El-Bireh is interesting; he rates the population at 700, all Mohammedans, and points out some traces of the antiquity of the place, particularly the remains of a fine old church with pointed arches, which was probably built by the Knights Templars, who at one time owned this village. The houses in the town are mostly low, and in some cases, half under ground. —"*Bib. Res.*," vol. ii. p. 130, 131.

muleteers were tolerably good-natured and willing, and as Antonio was a very thorough-going fellow, we succeeded in getting under way in pretty fair season; and after the first morning, had no reason to complain of needless delays on the road. In less than an hour we passed Beitin, or Bethel, on our right, but did not turn off to examine it at all, our object being to reach Nablus before night, if possible. The air was warm, but not to be termed hot, and, excepting occasional clouds, the weather was clear and delightful. In general, the country was very hilly, and ofttimes very picturesque and beautiful. The road, which, as you understand, is only a bridle path for horses, camels, &c., no vehicles ever bring used, passes along the hill-sides or through the deep ravines and valleys; at one time there are lofty but sterile mountain-tops, towering up at your very side; at another you find yourself in a deep and lovely valley, rich with the products of the ground, the grain, the fruits, the vines, the groves of olives, figs, &c.; and at another again you ride slowly over the pathway which is cut in the rocks, and from which you look down precipices of no mean height, and full of danger in case of misstep or slipping. The soil, too, as we approach the vicinity of Samaria, seems to be more fertile and productive, and the people, though here, as everywhere, far too careless and indolent, find good harvest and good return, indeed, for the scanty labor they bestow in tilling the ground.

Leaving on our right Ain Yebrud, which stands on a conical hill in a narrow valley, and Gophna on our left, we skirted the precipitous sides of a deep ravine, and arrived at Yebrud at half-past eight. We were now entering the portion of country belonging to the tribe of Ephraim, and were continually reminded of the change from the generally barren and sterile regions about Jerusalem to the more fruitful and better watered country to the north. The hill-sides are terraced up and brought under cultivation; and the villages, as seen at this season of the year, surrounded by their gardens

and fields of grain, and rich with the vine, the fig, the pomegranate, the olive, and other productions of nature's bounty, appeared very attractive, and not unlike what we may imagine them to have been in the days when Moses wrote of the promised land:—"The land whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs; but the land whither ye go to possess it is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven; a land which the LORD thy God careth for; the eyes of the LORD thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year."* Continuing our onward progress, almost due north, we had the mountains of Ephraim a little way to the left, and reached Sinjil at eleven. Traversing a fine broad valley between hills of stony, barren summits, at a quarter past twelve we arrived at Khan Lubban. The Khan itself is in ruins; but in the vicinity is a fine fountain of water; and to the north-west on a hilly slope is the village of Lubban. A little to the right is the deserted site of Shiloh, which, as says a recent traveller, is "marked by a ruinous mosk, overhung by a lofty and noble tree. The utter desolation of the scene was startling. A rocky hill, strewn with prostrate walls and foundations, seemed a burrow for jackals and a nest for scorpions; in a wild and sterile valley below yawned the orifices of a few vacant tombs; and at a short distance were the fast mouldering vestiges of a Byzantine church, its wall and gate overrun with foliage and a few prostrate columns half buried in herbage. Not a human dwelling was in sight." A most sad scene of desolation indeed, when one remembers the many incidents connected with Shiloh in the Old Testament history; for here the ark and the tabernacle were; near to this place the daughters of Shiloh came out to dance in dances, and were many of them carried off

* Deut. xi. 10–12.

by the children of Benjamin who had escaped the slaughter of their tribe; here Eli the high priest ministered before the Lord; here the little Samuel was called, and spent his childhood's days in the services of the sanctuary; and many such interesting recollections were associated with Shiloh. Alas, that the wickedness of the people called down upon it the just vengeance of God:—

> "So that He forsook the tabernacle of Shiloh,
> The tent which He placed among men:"
> —"Go ye now unto my place which was in Shiloh;
> Where I set my Name at the first,
> And see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people Israel."*

After leaving Khan Lubban, the road passed at intervals over rocky hills, through cultivated valleys, and across plains of no great extent, with several small villages or towns here and there, which I believe are not marked on any map of the country. About two o'clock, we reached the descent of the last of those hills on this route before coming to the broad valley or plain of El Mukhna, which extends with little interruption northward even to the vicinity of Nablus, where I am now writing. It was a lovely sight to look down upon this plain, so extensive and so rich with the products of the ground, wanting nothing but the thriving village and the busy hum of people happy, free and contented, to make it a terrestrial paradise. It may appear rather childish, I fear, but under the excitement of a broad course over which to spur our horses, we yielded to its influence, and in high glee, dashing past Hawâra, a large village on a side hill, we put our steeds upon their mettle and soon left dragoman, muleteers, and everything out of sight, much to the astonishment of the peaceful husbandmen along the roadside. I have not had so good an opportunity to test the value of Syrian horses before; and from my experience

* Ps. lxxviii. 60; Jer. vii. 12.

of their qualities, I assure you I am delighted with them; their paces are just to my taste; they are trained to walk at a rapid pace and to keep this up for hours; they know naught about that horrible gait termed a trot, which almost kills me when I attempt to ride at home; and they gallop or canter most swiftly and pleasantly indeed, being always tractable under the management of the bit and bridle. I hope to have many a delightful ride before our journey is ended.

Soon after, Mount Gerizim rose distinctly before us, with Mount Ebal beyond, a deep gorge or valley lying between;* and when we had been rejoined by our dragoman and a Nubian muleteer, and had proceeded for an hour or so, still over the plain, we came to a spot of the deepest interest, and one which excited all our sympathies;—I mean Jacob's Well. It is some distance from the city, and at present is deserted and desolate, without water. I had hardly expected such a scene as met the eye; climbing over a low wall of stone, and making our way through the brush and brambles, which are quite thick here, we came to the mouth of the ancient well; at present the opening is only about a foot wide, and it looked to me as though the stones forming the mouth had fallen or been pushed together and made it much smaller than it once was. Maundrell's account is interesting, and well worth quoting, since there is little doubt that the well, and everything about it, is very nearly precisely the same as it was in his day, a hundred and fifty years ago. "Over the well there stood formerly a large church, erected by that great and devout patroness of the Holy Land, the empress Helena. But of this the voracity of time, assisted by the hands of the Turks, has left nothing but a few foundations remaining. The well is covered at present with an old stone vault, into which you are let down through a very straight hole; and then removing a broad, flat stone, you discover the

* These mountains are between 800 and 1000 feet above the valley, and some 2700 above the Mediterranean.

mouth of the well itself. It is dug in a firm rock, and contains about three yards in diameter and thirty-five in depth, five of which we found full of water. This confutes a story commonly told to travellers who do not take pains to examine the well, viz.: that it is dry all the year round, except on the anniversary of that day on which our blessed Saviour sat upon it, but then bubbles up with abundance of water."*

Among the deeply touching localities of the Holy Land, Jacob's Well holds a prominent place; and we lingered here in this now desolate spot, and strived to realize the eventful story recorded by St. John. It was a day—more than two thousand years ago—fraught with the tenderest compassion and love on the part of the Divine Saviour towards the souls of men, when wearied with journeying under the hot sun of Syria, at the hour of noon He reached the well of the great patriarch. Faint and fatigued with exertion, and desiring rest, He sat down on the side of the well's mouth to rest; His disciples had gone away into the city to buy food and provide things needful for their journey: as He sat thus alone by the well-side, a Samaritan woman, most probably not from the city of Shechem or Sychar, but a hamlet nearer by, came to draw water for her domestic needs. She saw that He was a Jew, and knowing that fact, and remembering the enmity subsisting between her countrymen and the Jews, she did not address Him, nor would she have extended to Him any of the civilities and courtesies so common in the East, and so cheering to the weary and way-worn traveller. She was well aware too of the inveterate hatred and scorn of the Jews for the Samaritans, and she thought that He who now was resting His wearied person by the well-side would only look at her with dislike if not disgust; but she was ignorant who He was that she was now privileged to meet. Jesus, therefore, perceiving that the woman had not offered the water to His parched and thirsty lips, said unto her, "Give Me to drink."

* Maundrell's "*Journey*," &c., March 24th.

The woman, in her astonishment at the request, asks Him the question, how it was that He would do thus, and demand drink of a woman of Samaria. The blessed Saviour condescends to continue the conversation thus begun, and by His heavenly discourse both manifests His compassion to her ignorance, reveals His heavenly doctrine, and proclaims to her His true character as the Messiah of God. When she, with all the zeal of one who had taken part in the bitter controversy which raged between Samaritan and Jew ever since Sanballat, by permission of Alexander the Great, had built on Mount Gerizim a temple for his son-in-law, Manasseh, in opposition to the temple of Jehovah at Jerusalem, was eager to know from one who was possessed of prophetic and Divine knowledge, the truth on the question at issue; Jesus replied, "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. Ye worship ye know not what; we know what we worship; for salvation is of the Jews; but the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." It may be that neither the woman nor yet His disciples, who enjoyed His daily teaching, understood the full import of these momentous words; but to us, who live in these days of Christian light and blessing, they are clear, most impressive, and full of comfort; for God our Saviour, in His love and compassion, requires of us now the service and obedience of faithful hearts and lives, and not that we should three times a year, as of old, go up to His temple at Jerusalem. Let us bless and praise His holy name that His Church is no longer confined to one people, one country, one language, but is now catholic, for all ages, all climes, all people of the earth!

We did not venture to linger here very long, for the afternoon's sun warned us to fix upon our place of encampment

ere night set in; and the knowledge of the fact that these mountain-sides are infested with petty thieves and vagabonds, induced us to hasten away towards the city. Turning to the west, we entered the lovely valley between Gerizim and Ebal on either hand. Gradually ascending the slope towards the city, we were gratified with the view of the profusion of fields, and gardens, and groves of olive, the enclosures of citrons, pomegranates, mulberry, vines, etc., which seem to surround the whited walls of Sychar, or Nablus, as it is now called; and we promised ourselves a delightful repose, either in or near the town, after the fatigues of the day. But our anticipations were not to be realized, and we met with an adventure which was more vexatious and dangerous than pleasant. I have not yet been able to find out how or why it was that we did not follow the more usual plan, and pass outside of the walls to our proposed place of encampment beyond; but we did not, that is certain, as I have had too much occasion to remember ever since. When we came near the city, at the eastern entrance, an officious young scamp was very ready to show us the way, and as Antonio was in advance, he ought to have known better than to have followed him; however, in our simplicity, in we went after the boy, and at a slow pace proceeded through the main street, where most of the shops are, towards the gate at the opposite end of the city. Perhaps it was mere fancy, but I think now that I saw a twinkle of the eye, as though our extemporary guide had succeeded in getting us into a scrape from which we could extricate ourselves no better by turning backward than by going forward. The street was full of people, and just wide enough for us to advance in single file: at first, they looked at us rather spitefully, which we did not mind a rush; then they began to use abusive language, which we did not particularly care about, and could have endured; next, the children and half-grown boys and girls began to shout words and songs of insult against "Christian dogs,"

which was very vexatious and annoying, but of no great consequence: the result of all this, as you may suppose, was, that very soon a considerable excitement was got up against us in this fanatical city. The old people, and parents in general, began to come out to the doors to see what it was all about, and as, by their smiles and laughs of encouragement, they pushed the younger ones on to extreme steps, so it happened, and matters did indeed proceed to extremities. You will recollect that we were advancing at a walk, one behind the other, and, as ill fortune would have it, we were alone, except the dragoman and a Nubian slave, who had one of the horses in charge: the muleteers were some miles distant, coming on at a slow pace: Antonio was ahead, Mr. P. next, the Nubian next, and poor I last of all: I mention this particularly to show you that the severest trial by far came upon me, in consequence of my situation behind. Well, then; the noise, and confusion, and insult, and contumely, did not seem to satisfy the Nablus people; so, as we were a small party, they ventured upon another step, which was more serious; some boy or other took up a stone or two, shook it at us, and emboldened by nearness to his own door, had the audacity to throw it; this time no one was struck; but the evil was begun; other boys picked up stones and in a moment or two a whole volley of these was fired; several struck me with much force, but as they came from behind I could not tell who threw them; and as the odds were too much against us, a whole city against three or four persons, I knew that we must get out of it the best way we could; so I shouted to Antonio to push on, feeling, I must confess, a strong desire to punish the young vagabonds for their outrage against quiet travellers like ourselves, and grasping my stout stick with an energy that would have been dangerous to any one of them had I caught him within my reach. On we pushed, every now and then struck by a stone or two, but happily all the time getting nearer to the end of our sore trial; at last we

reached the gate, when the uproar ceased and we passed out in comparative safety, on the whole glad that it was no worse, and rather rejoiced that we had not given way to our indignation to such a degree as to use fire-arms in our defence: in that event, the Nablus folks are not a whit too good to murder a man outright, which considering our small party they might have done with certainty had they got their passions sufficiently roused. I do not recollect the exact time that we were walking, not running, the gauntlet; but it seemed to me an hour at the least; and had I had it in my power, I would have administered a little wholesome discipline upon this city, which should have taught it hereafter to respect the rights of the traveller and the stranger, no matter of what religion or nation he might chance to be.*

We halted outside the city, under some olive trees, and on a pleasant knoll looking down into the valley at our feet, and having in full view Mount Ebal, opposite, and Mount Gerizim rising up immediately behind us. In about an hour the rest of our train arrived, and we were very glad to have our tent pitched, and to get some refreshments and repose after the exciting scene through which we had recently passed. Excepting some disturbance, caused by the firing of guns, in the evening, and the frequent visits which we had paid to us by those who came to spy out what they could lay hands on, and were rather summarily repulsed on our part, we met with nothing of consequence to interfere with our quiet repose at night.

The next morning, that is the present one on which I am writing, we rose very early for the purpose of visiting such objects as we had time for, and in order to get off in good

* Tischendorff gives the Nablusians a very bad character; they "are a riotous, overbearing and fanatical people. The day before our arrival they had slaughtered the sheikh of a neighboring village, in the heart of the city, out of malicious caprice, and this, without even the shadow of a punishment having visited them; for when the circumstance was related to the pasha, he exclaimed, 'Why did he enter the city?' and he took charge of the investigation."—"*Travels in the East*," p. 221.

season if possible. We rambled about somewhat before breakfast, and climbed up nearly to the top of Mount Gerizim. We were very much gratified with the view spread out before us at different points in our walk; for, though the mountain summits of both Gerizim and Ebal are, in great measure, sterile and harsh to the eye, the picture is softened, and rendered indeed lovely by the fertile valley, rich in fruits, and gardens, and flowers, and by the picturesque minarets and flat roofs of the houses, with central domes (as in Jerusalem), of the city of Nablus; we could not, too, but call to mind the impressive account in the Holy Scripture, of the significant ceremony here performed by the twelve tribes of Israel, God being pleased to take this and every means to set before His people the blessings of obedience and the curses of disobedience to His holy will and commandments. While Moses lived God had enjoined upon him this striking service, and afterwards, under the noble Joshua, when the armies of the children of Israel had subdued Jericho and Ai, an altar was built unto the Lord God in Mount Ebal. "As Moses, the servant of the Lord, commanded the children of Israel, as it is written in the book of the Law of Moses, Joshua built an altar of whole stones, over which no man hath lift up any iron; and they offered thereon burnt-offerings unto the Lord, and sacrificed peace-offerings. And he wrote there upon the stones, a copy of the law of Moses, which he wrote in the presence of the children of Israel. And all Israel, and their elders, and officers, and their judges, stood on this side the ark, and on that side, before the priests, the Levites, which bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord, as well the stranger as he that was born among them; half of them over against Mount Gerizim, and half of them over against Mount Ebal; as Moses, the servant of the Lord, had commanded before, that they should bless the people of Israel. And afterwards he read all the words of the law, the blessings and cursings, according to all that is written in the book of the law. There was not a word of all that Moses commanded

which Joshua read not before all the congregation of Israel, with the women, and the little ones, and the strangers that were conversant among them."* O it must have been a most solemn sight, and one which we might imagine would never fade away from the memory of the chosen people; six tribes on the one mount, and six on the other, the one uttering the words of blessing, the other denouncing the curses upon rebellion and disobedience, and the thousands, and tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, shouting with one voice, the expressive Amen! And what, think you, it was to us, to stand here so many ages afterwards, and to see and know that the blessing has been despised, and the curse in all its force had come upon the chosen people? What wonder if our eyes filled with tears, and our hearts were sad and heavy with the thought, that even as He *has* done to the perverse and wicked people, called by His name, so *will* He do to us who hear His words, have entered into His covenant, and promised to obey Him, if we fall away into sloth or forgetfulness, and do not as He has commanded. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall never pass away." Let us not be high-minded, but fear Him whose justice is infinite, and who will not spare the impenitent and the disobedient.

We made it a point this morning, to see the city and to visit the Samaritan Synagogue, in hope of having an opportunity to inspect the Samaritan Pentateuch, which, as you know, is of great importance in the estimation of Biblical scholars. Accordingly, after breakfast we went into Nablus, which, though it looks well outside, has not many attractions internally. The houses are generally of stone, the bazaars are well supplied, the population large, and apparently industrious, but the streets and lanes are like those in all oriental towns which I have seen, narrow, crooked, and filthy. We got along pretty well, as respects the clamor and abuse, which this time was unaccompanied by a repetition of yesterday's

* Josh. viii. 30–35.

outrages; and, save being called bad names by some children, who ran after us, we escaped unharmed or unmolested.

In a little while, we reached the entrance to the old priest's house, who lives close by the synagogue; and we found him and a few other persons, sitting cross-legged, and smoking, in the court or vestibule before the door of their house of worship. After some little conversation with reference to our object, and after settling the important matter of keeping on our boots while within the synagogue, we were admitted into a moderate-sized room, covered with straw mats on the floor, and offering nothing worthy of mention in regard to its arrangement or its contents. The venerable rabbi, who was present, showed us at first a number of old books and manuscripts which he had, keeping back the only one that we really cared to see, as if to enhance its value and consequence in our eyes. As we were a little impatient, having no time to lose, we prevailed upon the old gentleman to bring out the great treasure for our inspection. It proved to be a large roll, kept in a brass case, and adorned with various costly coverings of crimson silk, and letters embroidered in gold. We examined the manuscript with all the care we could, and noticed, besides its evident air of antiquity, that it is written in columns of about five by fourteen inches, and three of these to what may be termed a page. We were permitted to touch the valuable manuscript, to look as closely as we chose at the various peculiarities which it possesses, the color of the ink, the size, shape, and character of the alphabet, the arrangement of the words and sentences, &c., and, in short, to enter upon any examination which our time or our wishes allowed. The old rabbi was very obliging in every way, and in answer to our inquiries as to the probable age of the manuscript before us, did not scruple to declare that it belonged to the period of Moses! This was rather more than we could credit, though we entertained no sort of doubt that the Samaritan Pentateuch is of an age which entitles it to very great consid-

eration in Biblical questions. I was very sorry that our time was so limited, and so little opportunity was afforded us for making some research into the interesting questions connected with this manuscript; but we had no alternative, and were compelled to bid our old friend adieu, much gratified on the whole, and yet regretting the lack of those things which we had not in our power.* Tischendorff visited Nablus five years ago, and gives an interesting account of what he saw and experienced. As his name is distinguished in matters relating to ancient manuscripts, I may be allowed to quote a sentence or two from his "Travels in the East," with regard to this relic of other days:—"I was chiefly occupied with the alleged exceedingly ancient manuscript, which is said to contain a statement to the effect that it was written thirteen years after the death of Moses, by Abischua, the son of Phineas, who was grandson of Aaron. The rabbi brought us a tin case, within which lay the manuscript, like a large synagogue roll of parchment, enveloped in a costly covering of crimson silk, with embroidered golden letters. It bears undeniable traces of antiquity. I examined the parchment, the color of the ink, the system of the lines, the punctuation, the divisions (none of which have initials), and the characters, as well as they could be examined without a knowledge of the Samaritan. All combine to convey the idea of a manuscript of the sixth century. Even under this supposition, it necessarily holds a very distinguished rank among all the ancient parchment codices of both the East and West. With respect to the alleged statement, it may not, if in fact it exist, be considered otherwise than as a transcript, carelessly copied from former documents, and incorporated in it as a note founded on a remote tradition. Perhaps this Abischua took some share in writing the original Pentateuch."†

* I must beg to refer you to Dr. Robinson for an interesting account of the correspondence with the Samaritans by accidental scholars, and of the literature of this small community. See the "*Biblical Researches*," vol. iii. p. 129–134.

† "*Travels in the East*," p. 219.

While I am writing, the dragoman is bustling about, and making preparations for our departure. Standing not far off are some of that wretched class of persons, lepers, holding out their boxes for alms, and begging most piteously for aid. Poor creatures! how deeply do your sufferings move the sympathies of Christian hearts, and how earnestly do they make one long for the Divine power and compassion of Him who heard the cry of the leper, and said, "I will; be thou clean!" Despite the ill-treatment we have met with in this ancient city, we cannot but acknowledge its beauty of situation, and its consequence as the chief town in Samaria. It is said to contain about seven thousand inhabitants, among whom are a hundred and fifty Samaritans, and if we may judge from appearances, possesses considerable wealth and resources. Its present name is derived from the title which it received in honor of Vespasian, viz. *Flavia Neapolis*, whence the Arabic Nabulus, or Nablus. Anciently, it was called Shechem, Sychem, or Sychar, and calls up the recollection of events which transpired ages ago. Abraham dwelt here. Jacob pitched his tent before this city, and bought a parcel of a field, which afterwards he gave to his son Joseph. Here Joseph's brethren came, to feed their father's flock; and not far hence, they consummated their wickedness, by selling their brother into slavery. Here Jotham uttered that beautiful parable to the men of Shechem, respecting the trees which went forth to choose a king. And here our blessed Lord came, at the urgent prayer of the people, and abode two days in their midst, proclaiming unto them the life-giving words of His Gospel. But I need not enlarge upon these topics; and my time is very short. In a little while, we shall be all ready, and in the saddle again. May God bless you, and permit me to reach the haven of rest, whence I will write you again!

LETTER XX.

Sebaste—Tabor—Tiberias—Nazareth.

Departure from Nablus.—Lovely Valley between Gerizim and Ebal.—Well-watered.—Lawless Character of the People.—Arrival at Sebaste.—Beautiful Situation on a Conical Hill.—Remains of a Grand Colonnade.—Church of St. John the Baptist.—Difficulty of getting Admission.—Insults offered to Travellers.—Road after leaving Sebaste.—Sanuro a Strong Place naturally.—Reached Jenin.—Story of our Dragoman's Adventure here.—The Town.—The Great Plain of Esdraelon.—Its Fertility, Extent, and Beauty.—Zerin, or Ancient Jezreel.—Solam, or Shunem.—Nain.—Kleber's Battle.—Little Hermon.—Arrival at Mount Tabor.—Make the Ascent.—Ruins on the Summit.—Magnificent View from the Summit.—Question as to the Place of our Lord's Transfiguration.—Reflections on the History and Associations of Tabor.—Leave for Sea of Tiberias.—The Route.—Jebel Hattin.—Tubarieh.—Its present Degraded Condition.—Beauty of the Lake.—Our Lord's Frequent Presence here.—Desolation of the Cities and Towns around it.—Departure for Nazareth.—Lubieh.—Kefr Kenna.—Beautiful Situation of Nazareth.—Its Traditionary Localities.—The Mount of Precipitation.—The Panorama from the Summit of the Hill on which Nazareth stands.—Reflections on our Lord's Early Days, and the Years spent in Nazareth.

NAZARETH, April 22d, 1849.

MY DEAR S.,

MY last letter was finished in a very great hurry, as I fear you have discovered ere this; but there was no alternative. I must write when I can, and, though I am am sensible that I do it under great disadvantages, still as I have promised to let you hear from me at certain intervals, and as, perhaps, the necessity of writing rapidly and in great measure without books to consult, may be more than compensated for by the fact that I give you just what I see, and hear, and feel, without reference to the speculations and theories of the learned or the critical, you will, I am sure, take what I send you for what it is worth, and give me your attention still further even to the end of my lucubrations.

Just at present I am seated in the comfortable apartment furnished by the good monks of the Latin convent at Nazareth, for the refreshment of travellers and pilgrims; and having now some few hours' leisure and repose after the fatigues of several days past, I purpose devoting them to your gratification—so far as I am able to minister to that—in giving you an account of our journeyings since the date of our leaving Nablus and its neighborhood.

It was a bright and beautiful morning, that of the 19th, when we turned our faces westwardly, and rode through the lovely valley between Mount Gerizim on the south and Mount Ebal on the north. Perhaps nowhere in Palestine is there a spot which surpasses this vale in attractiveness and beauty. It abounds in springs, and fountains, and rivulets of pure and sweet water, which gushes forth in every direction, and invigorates and clothes everything in the mantle of loveliness. The hill-sides are covered with gardens, and groves, and verdant, flowery meads; the melon and the cucumber, the pomegranate and citron, the almond and the fig, the orange and the apple, the vine and the olive, all grow in abundance near Nablus; amid the foliage of the trees, the feathered songsters pour forth their cheering notes of gratitude and praise; and everywhere nature wears her garb of beauty, more vivid and striking here because of the sterile mountain-tops on either hand and the rough and stony region not far distant to the north-west.* As we rode along, we noticed several villages near our line of road which were apparently thriving and populous; and we saw evidences of the industry and comforts of the people in various little things which attracted our attention: occasionally, we

* "Here a scene of luxuriant and almost unparalleled verdure, burst upon our view. The whole valley was filled with gardens of vegetables and orchards of all kinds of fruits, watered by several fountains, which burst forth in various parts and flowed westwards in refreshing streams. It came upon us suddenly like a scene of fairy enchantment. We saw nothing to compare with it in all Palestine."—"*Bib. Res.*," vol. iii. p. 95.

met a party of horsemen or pedestrians who looked at us with no very friendly eye, and I suspect would not have hesitated to try what they could get out of us had we not appeared to be rather too strong to make it safe to meddle with the Franks. Some English friends that followed us a day or two later were rather shabbily used by some of these vagabonds prowling about Nablus, and would have got into very serious trouble had not their firmness overawed the Arabs, and thus prevented a resort to extremities. With the experience which we had had in respect to the temper and conduct of the people of Nablus, and knowing the reputation of all this district since the stern sway of Ibrahim Pasha has been removed, we neither felt very complaisant to those whom we met at intervals, nor did we relax our vigilance against surprise, or the attacks of robbers and vagabonds. Believe me, travellers must not depend too much upon the general impression that it is safe in any part of the Holy Land; for that is only partly true, and does not apply to the region of Samaria any more than to that east of Jerusalem toward the Dead Sea. And I am convinced that the main security of travellers consists in their being firm, resolute, prudent, and (in show at least) well armed, together with the absence of any specially exciting cause of the fanatical and turbulent spirit of the Mohammedan population in this portion of Palestine. Some circumstances which I will mention by and by, may serve to illustrate these statements.

Passing out of this beautiful valley and continuing our course to the north-west, we began gradually to ascend again, and after a ride of some two hours over hill and dale, we arrived at Sebustieh, or ancient Samaria. Before reaching the city, we had a fine view of its commanding and noble position from the southern valley, from whence rises the hill on which it stands; and we were much struck with the figure used by the prophet Isaiah, when he terms Samaria "the crown of

pride of Ephraim," and declares that "the glorious beauty which is on the head of the fat valley, shall be a fading flower, and as the hasty fruit before the summer;"* for not unlike a crown is this round and picturesque mount, girted about with a circlet of hills and beautified with fruitful fields, and gardens, and flowers. It required but little imagination to induce us to believe that in its palmy days it was one of the most beautiful and noble-looking cities in the world: it was founded, as you will recollect, by Omri, king of Israel, who was contemporaneous with Asa, king of Judah, and Elijah, the great prophet of the Lord, between nine hundred and a thousand years before Christ;† but now, alas for the pride of man, it is like the faded flower, and its wealth, beauty and power are all gone; the hill has been ploughed as a field, and where once the lofty palace and the gorgeous structure stood in all their magnificence, where the populous streets and the thousands of inhabitants gave token of life, energy and power, now naught is found but the few broken columns half covered with earth, and the scanty remains of other days amid the trees, and fields, and gardens, and peasants' huts. We rode up the hill by a steep and winding path, with considerable expectations, and passing the lowering villagers without stopping to parley with them, we hastened to the top of the mount to gaze awhile at the splendid scene which there gratifies the traveller. "We stood in the very centre of a magnificent panorama. To the north-east and south our horizon was bounded by mountains, enriched with cultivation and villages; towards the west our eye admitted of the eye ranging even to the Mediterranean. The valleys which girted the mountain, as well as the mountain itself, are luxuriantly overgrown with trees, especially olives and fig-trees. Around

* Is. xxviii. 1, 4.

† "And Omri bought the hill Samaria of Shemer for two talents of silver, and built on the hill, and called the name of the city which he built, after the name of Shemer, owner of the hill, Samaria." 1 Kings xvi. 24.

the mountain run, like a coronet, the traces of a terrace, which was probably formed as a decoration to the royal residence." We spent some little time in visiting and examining the remains of the colonnade, which is situate some distance below the summit of the hill, and on its south-west side or slope. A large number of the pillars are still standing, and most of them are in very good preservation: they are of limestone, about eighteen feet in height and nearly two in diameter; the width of the colonnade Dr. Robinson gives as fifty feet. We followed its course a long way, and were quite satisfied that it extended around the base of the hill for considerably more than half a mile from the point of beginning. It was a sad sight, however, to look upon; for though as many, probably, as a hundred columns are still standing, and the course and splendor of the colonnade as a whole may readily be imagined; still here they stand in the midst of ploughed fields, and utter loneliness and desertion, and in every direction portions of their companions form part of the rude walls for terracing up the slopes, or are half buried in the ground, or carried off to aid in building the houses in the modern town. Truly, a termination to the labors and wealth of the sanguinary tyrant Herod the Great, which he never anticipated; and we who come from a far-off land and gaze upon the pillars, neither know when they were erected or to what edifice they belonged. We do know that he rebuilt the city of Samaria, adorned it with magnificent structures, and named it, after the emperor Augustus, Sebaste;* but we know little more than this. His wealth and magnificence, his power and glory have all faded away, and naught remains but the memory of his evil deeds, his murders, his jealousies, his awful wickednesses. O, as we turned away and left this colonnade to its unbroken solitude, how loathsome appeared

* Σεβαστός is the Greek for Augustus; Σεβαστή is the feminine of the same adjective, agreeing with πόλις, city; and hence "Sebaste," the name from which we have the present Arabic title, "Sebustieh."

the sins and crimes of which the city of Samaria had been the witness, the idolatries and abominations of Omri, Ahab and Jezebel; how just the judgments denounced against it by Elijah, Ezekiel and the other prophets; how fearful the retribution which came upon it about two hundred years after its foundation, when Shalmanesar besieged and took it, and carried away the people into captivity: how horrible the murders and other crimes committed here by Herod, the bloodthirsty and jealous tyrant; and how exact and true the punishment which was come upon it for all the evil which it has committed on the earth!

Before leaving this interesting locality we made an attempt to see the interior of the ruins on the east brow of the hill; they are those of a church erected in honor of St. John the Baptist, and are among the most prominent and striking which can anywhere be met with in the Holy Land. On various accounts we hoped to be able to look closely at these remains of other days; but like many travellers before us, we were not permitted so to do, and rather esteemed ourselves well-off that the fanatical guards and peasantry did not assault us for our presumption. As we approached the ruined church from the west side, we could not but admire no less the beauty of situation than the still remaining evidences of a magnificent edifice on this noble mountain-side.* Even at a distance we could distinguish clearly the general features of the architecture, which appears to have been the Byzantine; the small windows, high up from the ground, the beautiful and impo-

* The reputed sepulchre of Neby Yehya (St. John the Baptist) is under a wely in the enclosure of the church; it is a little chamber excavated deep in the rock, to which the descent is by twenty-one steps. There is a tradition, but of little value, that the holy Baptist was cast into prison and executed here; whereas Josephus and after him Eusebius relate that he was beheaded in the castle of Machaerus, on the east of the Dead Sea. Tischendorff relates that though the firman of the Sultan failed to obtain admittance for him, he succeeded in getting in through a window, and beheld the art and skill of the Crusaders in adorning the church, the mutilated crosses of St. John upon marble tablets, &c.

sing buttresses, the graceful circling chancel recess, and other points attracted our notice and made us wish for time and opportunity to examine in detail these interesting ruins; but on approaching nearer by, we saw that the court of the church was full of armed peasants lounging about, and it was necessary to pass through their mosk situate within the enclosure, before we could attain our purpose, we felt at once that we must forego all attempts of a nature which would embroil us with the people. And I may mention here, that it was well that we acted as judiciously as we did; for had we drawn up in front of the church, and sought to obtain admission under the present state of things, we should certainly have been grossly insulted and abused, if not treated in a far worse manner; I say, certainly, because a party of English friends who followed us, and had the same desires with ourselves to visit the interior of this ancient church, were set upon by these lawless fellows, their bags and portmanteaus were rudely hauled over and rifled, themselves called all manner of names, and most outrageously pushed about and jeered at, and at last suffered to escape only by submitting with admirable patience and presence of mind to the importunities of these scoundrels for *bakhshish*, and to their unscrupulous thefts before our friends' eyes.

In our own case, I am quite confident, that from the stir in the midst of the fellows in the large court, they were consulting about an attack, and nothing but our slowly, and yet steadily riding onward, neither courting nor fleeing from danger, saved us from a disagreeable, and I fear it would have proved dangerous rencontre, with the inhabitants of this lawless district. We did not, at the time, understand why it was, that so many persons were in arms, since it was evident that they were not regular troops, belonging to the government; and it was not till we arrived here at Nazareth, and heard various particulars more in detail, that we became aware of the true state of things in the central part of Pales-

tine. The fact is, that the government is weak, and well nigh contemptible, and the villages are continually engaged in feuds, and broils, and disturbances: only the day after we passed, two villages along the line of road were at open warfare, one with the other, and a clerical friend and his companion fell into that very uncomfortable position, viz., between two fires, and managed to escape only by abruptly turning off and leaving the field of action to the mutually infuriated combatants. Providentially they soon got out of the range of the fire-arms, and after a day's wanderings, they knew not where, they lighted upon the road once more, and pursued their journey in peace. Such facts as these go far to confirm the views expressed a little while ago respecting this portion of the Holy Land, where Turkish weakness in the governors, and Mohammedan bigotry and quarrelsomeness in the governed, keep the country in a state of continual agitation, and materially interfere with the safety and comfort of travellers.

I need not dwell upon the particular features of the road from Sebustieh northwards, neither is it important to mention specially the numerous villages which we passed, but which we did not stop to examine, except in rare cases. At ten o'clock we were under way again, and riding over a varied section of country, marked occasionally by steep and high hills, but more generally by plains and valleys rich in the fruits of the earth, we left the territory of Ephraim, and entered that belonging to the half-tribe of Manasseh. Passing Burka, with its olive groves, we traversed a broad plain, saw the village of Fendekumieh, having several fountains near it, ascended the hills again, passed Jeba (between which village and the one last named there was a fierce dispute, and the day following a battle), lunched under the olive trees, and at half-past twelve reached Sanur, situate on a high conical hill. It is a striking object, and even to an unscientific eye, wears the appearance of great natural strength, which art could easily render impregnable. It is now only a petty vil-

lage, the fortifications being in ruins; but at one time it was so strong, as to resist all the force of the notorious Jezzar Pasha, with five thousand men, for two months, when he retired without accomplishing his object. Abdallah Pasha, in 1830, succeeded in taking the place, after a siege of several months, and in order to prevent its being a stronghold in future for rebels, razed the fortress, cut down all the olive trees, and left it, as we now saw it, a shapeless heap of ruins. Continuing our route over the plain beyond Sanur, which is not only very beautiful, encircled as it is by numerous hills, but is very fertile and productive, we noticed here and there the shallow ponds of water, alluded to by Dr. Robinson, as a peculiarity of this plain, or valley, and ascending again the hill-sides as we advanced, we were gratified, about two o'clock, with a noble view of the region of country towards which we were journeying, the mountains, or heights about Nazareth forming not the least interesting feature in the scene. We rode through the large village of Kubatieh, surrounded by its extensive and fruitful olive groves, and winding our way through a deep, stony valley, we arrived at Jenin at four o'clock. Here we determined to halt for the day, and selecting a gentle rise west of the town, we pitched our tent, and prepared to make ourselves comfortable for the night. But we were not allowed to do so without remonstrance: first some of the town's-people came and annoyed us very much by staring into the tent, putting their hands upon things, trying to frighten us with horrible tales of robbers, &c., and warning us of the necessity of having additional guards; we, however, paid no attention to them, leaving Antonio to settle the matter in his own way. Now it so happened, that this worthy, a year ago, had met with an adventure here, which he is not likely soon to forget. It appears that he was induced to take guards at Jenin, as it is the usual plan; they were furnished by the governor, and of course, supposed to be trustworthy; but during the night they man-

aged to steal—not of his master—but of Antonio himself, to the amount of about a hundred dollars: the next day, on complaint being made, the governor had the thieves arrested, promised redress, talked round and round, and ended by doing nothing; and so Antonio was compelled to leave Jenin, believing in his heart (and I confess I am not a whit more charitable), that the rascally governor had pocketed the principal share of his hundred dollars! Of course our dragoman did not feel very amiable when he reached Jenin again; nay, so far from this, he sent off very summarily, the applicants for posts as guards, and had the audacity to give the governor a piece of his mind, as to the rascality of Jenin and its people in general, and its chief officer in particular. He absolutely refused to have any one about, and announced his determination to watch all night himself, a plan to which we had no sort of objection, believing ourselves as safe without as with the so-called guards. A large caravan came up before evening, and placed itself in our vicinity; and saving a shot or two, fired most probably to frighten us, during the night, and the unusually loud croaking of frogs in a pond near by, everything passed off quietly and satisfactorily, and the people of Jenin got nothing out of us of any kind, except Antonio's pointed and well-deserved objurgations.

The town of Jenin, answering to the Ginaea of Josephus, is pleasantly and picturesquely situated on a side hill, and from the road looks very well; there are several domes, minarets, &c., quite prominent and really pretty in the distance; close to the walls, too, are numerous gardens, enclosed with the thorny cactus, and abounding in fruits and flowers. But probably its greatest attraction in our eyes, is the fact, that from its elevated site, you can look abroad over that noble and far-famed plain of Esdraelon, stretching away to a very great distance, and lying spread out, in all its verdant beauty and richness, to the delighted and wondering gaze of the traveller. I can but feebly express to you my

emotions, as the next morning, bright and early, we bade adieu to Jenin, the ill-favored and inhospitable town, and entered upon the plain of Esdraelon: it was not merely the marvellous change from a hilly region, ofttimes sterile, sad, and gloomy, to the widely-extended, fertile and magnificent plain over which lay our route; it was something more; for, around this plain are situate some of the most interesting places noticed in Holy Writ, and on Esdraelon have been fought the battles of century after century. Gilboa, Jezreel, Shunem, Nain, Endor, Tabor, Nazareth, Carmel, the Kishon, Megiddo,—what deep and stirring thoughts do they excite in the mind? Deborah and Barak, Gideon the mighty man of valor, Saul and Jonathan, the Maccabees, the Romans, the Saracens, the Crusaders, the gallant Kleber, Napoleon,—what memories of other days do these names call up;* and who that crosses this great battle-ground of ages, can do it without emotions, or without a fervent prayer for the speedy and entire sway of the Prince of Peace?

Our course was nearly north after leaving Jenin; and though we rode at a tolerably good pace, we were between three and a half and four hours in crossing the plain; a fact which may help to give you some idea of its vast extent. I shall fail, however, in attempting to convey to you anything of a clear conception of the fertility and beauty of the plain of Esdraelon, as we have seen it under its present aspect; when the waving fields of grain, giving promise of a rich harvest, are around and about you at every step; when you be-

* "It has been a chosen place for encampment in every contest carried on in this country, from the days of Nabuchodonosor, king of the Assyrians (in the history of whose war with Arphaxad it is mentioned as the great plain of Esdrelom), until the disastrous march of Napoleon Bonaparte from Egypt into Syria. Jews, Gentiles, Saracens, Christian Crusaders, and anti-Christian Frenchmen, Egyptians, Persians, Druses, Turks, and Arabs, warriors out of every nation that is under heaven, have pitched their tents upon the plain of Esdraelon, and have beheld the various banners of their nations wet with the dews of Tabor and of Hermon."—Dr. Clarke's "*Travels in Greece, Egypt*," &c. ch. xv.

hold the plantations of cotton here and there, the patches or fields of durah or millet,* the banks and beds of streams and of rivulets which go to fill up, at certain seasons, "that ancient river, the river Kishon;" and when you look around you at the hills and mountains which everywhere greet the eye, and seem as it were to be keeping watch and ward over this great valley. Bear with me, then, if I do not attempt to describe in detail, but simply to tell you of our progress across the plain, even to the resting-place where I am now writing. On our left we had a glimpse of the village which Dr. Robinson thinks is identical with the Taanach of Scripture, and to the north-west of this we could distinguish the site of El Lejjun, Legio, or Megiddo of Holy Writ; while still farther in the same direction the blue outline of Carmel's range bounded the view. On our right, the heights of Gilboa were plainly visible; and passing several small villages, we arrived at Zerin at a quarter before nine. This, there is little doubt, is the ancient Jezreel, and is a very interesting and not unlovely spot, situate, as it is, on a small and slightly elevated conical hill, only a short distance from our road. Its connection with Gideon, the mighty warrior, on whom the Spirit of the Lord came and who fought so successfully against the Midianites and Amalekites, and the children of the East; with Ahab and Jezebel, his wicked wife, whose horrible end is related in the Word of God; with Jehu, the zealous avenger of God's truth; with Elijah, the holy prophet of Jehovah; and in later days with the Christian

* "The great valley of Esdraelon is certainly the plain most remarkable, both physically and historically, in the Holy Land. . . . . We observed far more culture in the great valley, in general, than the accounts of travellers had led us to expect. We were rather surprised at this, when we adverted to the paucity of agricultural villages in our view. The crops which are raised in it are of barley, wheat, millet, beans, chick-peas, sesamum, lentiles, flax and cotton. Wild oats, too, are found growing among the fields of grass, or rather herbs, of which very little care is taken. The valley through the whole of its extent, as far as it appeared to our view, is nearly destitute of trees of every kind."—Wilson's "*Lands of the Bible*," vol. ii. p. 84, 85.

and Saracen hosts;—its connection with these I need not enlarge upon, much as I should desire to tell you of the many reflections and musings to which this famous city gave rise in our minds, while we were journeying over the plain. Neither may I now stop to dwell upon Solam, the ancient Shunem, near to which on our right we passed, at a quarter past ten o'clock; though the prophet's miraculous power here displayed might well induce us to pause; nor even upon Nain, the city where our Blessed Lord was moved with divine compassion and raised the widow's son to life; much and deeply as we felt the fulness of His never-failing compassion and mercy, and much as we were affected by gazing upon the very site of that event so touchingly related by the Evangelist,* when He said to the bereaved mother, "Weep not;" and when, having called back the dead again to life, He delivered him to his mother, and caused all who saw or heard of what He did to be filled with fear and reverence towards God. Our path led us over a part of this plain celebrated for a far different scene; for, about fifty years ago, between the two villages, Fuleh and Afuleh, close to which we just now rode, was fought a famous battle between Kleber, with his little band of fifteen hundred men, and the whole force of the Turkish army, amounting to at least twenty-five thousand. To those who admire such things it must have been a grand sight to witness the brave Frenchmen, drawn up into a square, fighting from sunrise to midday, against such fearful odds; to see the idol of the army, Napoleon, dashing over the plain with a few hundred men to his aid; to mark the panic, precipitate flight and total rout of the Turks; to trace the rapid steps of that great warrior who, after this exploit, dined at Nazareth, and returned the same day to Akka; and such like; but I love not to dwell upon these things, especially when so near the very spot

* Luke vii. 11, &c.

where He, our Lord, restored the dead to life, and left the impress of peace and good-will upon the hearts of men.

Continuing our course over the plain, we skirted the western base of Jebel ed-Duhy, or the Little Hermon, and bending towards the east, had in full view Jebel et-Tor, or Mount Tabor. It is one of the most striking objects in Palestine, and rises up to a great height above the plain: its shape is conical, and being clothed with verdure, shrubbery, and trees, even to the very top, it presents itself to the eye as remarkable for its beauty as its commanding importance in a military point of view. We arrived at the foot of Tabor at half-past twelve, and choosing a convenient place under the shady trees near its base, we lunched and enjoyed the delightful prospect spread out before us. We concluded that we would pass the rest of the day here, in examining the mountain and its vicinity, and antiquities: so, after reposing awhile and leaving our muleteers to pitch the tent, we set off at two o'clock to make the ascent. For a time we could not find the road, but wandered about amid the trees and bushes, and stumbled over the rocks and stones; but our guide, who was ashamed at our discovering his ignorance, bustled about and soon succeeded in getting into the right path: it is very winding, necessarily so, on account of the steepness of the mountain-side; but it is all the better and pleasanter to the traveller, since it opens to him so many charming views as he gets higher and higher. We were little more than an hour in riding up the side of Tabor over a road, sometimes paved and constructed with care, on the slope of the mountains, but more generally very uneven, rocky, and not devoid of danger to the unwary traveller: we did not see any of the wild boars or leopards which are said by some writers to be occasionally found here; all was still and silent and deserted; and had it not been for the groves of oak, the pistacio or turpentine trees, the laurel and thick bushes and waving grass, all along the pathway and sur-

rounding the whole mount, it would have been a gloomy and a dreary ride indeed. As we came near the top, we looked with much interest upon the numerous remains of fortifications which formerly existed here, and our thoughts were carried back to the period when Mount Tabor was one of the very strongest fortresses in all Palestine. Unscientific as I am in everything relative to military matters, I could not but perceive that naturally Tabor possessed all the elements of strength, and I could well understand how the hand of art was enabled to render it impregnable: in such point of view it was, no doubt, regarded in early times; for here we now see the strong foundation walls of a fortress, and the remains of towers, trenches, vaults, cisterns, gateways, &c. Even more remarkable did these ruins appear when we had actually gained the summit and had gone over it slowly and carefully; for, somewhat to our surprise, we found the top of Mount Tabor to be much more extensive than we had been led to expect, and in every direction we beheld the evidences of the care, skill, and labor, bestowed upon fortifying this remarkable mount. At present, however, it is desolate and abandoned by man; the wild oats are growing in abundance, the bushes and shrubbery are fast covering up the rubbish and ruins scattered about, the grass, with its green mantle, has almost obliterated the evidences of human skill and human ingenuity; and now no more is heard, the shrill trump of war, the martial tread of thousands and tens of thousands, the shouting for battle, and such like things: the chirping of the birds, and the mournful whispering of the winds amid the trees, are all that now greet the traveller on Tabor's summit.

And yet we enjoyed our visit more than I can adequately express; for notwithstanding the desolation of Tabor, compared with its glory once, in other days, we beheld there what man has neither given nor can take away—the glorious view of the surrounding country, which is unsurpassed in all

Palestine. I would that I possessed the power of graphic description, that I might tell you of what we saw from the summit of this noble mount, and how deeply the beauty and splendor of the scene are written in our choicest recollections. How grandly loomed up in the far distance, to the north, the snow-crowned Jebel es-Sheikh, the Hermon of Scripture! How picturesque appeared the hills and mountains to the north-east and the east, beyond and on this side the silvery Jordan, which springs out of their very bosom! How lovely seemed that lake, of all others most interesting to the Christian's heart, the Lake of Tiberias, a part of which we could plainly see! How noble, toward the south, looked the valley of the Jordan, Gilead, Gilboa, the Little Hermon, and the charming vales between! But how surpassingly beautiful, which I cannot find words rightly to express, was the scene in the west, as, at this commanding elevation, some fifteen hundred feet above the plain,* we looked down upon Esdraelon, in all its glory and magnificent verdure, its extent, its fertility, its loveliness, its surrounding hills, its streams and rivulets, its river, the Kishon, and its many, many points of attractiveness! Believe me, I stood as it were entranced on the steep brow of Tabor, and beheld this scene with emotions too deep for utterance.

It was a deeply-interesting hour which we spent on the summit of Tabor, in reflecting upon the scene of our Lord's transfiguration, occurring, as it did, according to early tradition, on this very mountain. We felt all the force of the objections urged by Dr. Robinson and others against this locality, on the score of its having been fortified, and more or less covered with buildings and dwellings of various sorts; and yet, though by no means strenuous on the point, I felt that the transfiguration *might* have taken place on one of the

* Some authorities give the height of Tabor as 3000 ft.; Dr. Wilson thinks it less than 1000 ft., in which he agrees with Dr. Robinson: the height given in the text agrees nearly with Schubert's barometrical measurement of Tabor.

retired and woody slopes of Tabor, somewhere near its summit, even though it was in general devoted to the purposes of a town and fortress. I would by no means insist upon the correctness of the view entertained for centuries past, that this is the mountain, κατ' ἰδίαν, referred to by the Evangelist, when he tells us that "after six days, Jesus taketh with Him Peter, and James, and John, and leadeth them up into a high mountain apart by themselves,"* and that there He was transfigured before them; since it is not certainly correct, and the tradition is not so ancient and clear as to warrant our receiving it without hesitation, when the strong reasons urged by Dr. Robinson against it are duly considered. Still, musing upon that great event in our Lord's life and ministry, and remembering the gracious words which were then uttered "in the holy mount," "when there came such a voice to Him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;" "hear ye Him;"† I could not but wish that the tradition might be correct, and that I too might be worshipping my Lord and my God from the very mountain consecrated by His presence, and the glory of His transfiguration. On the whole, you will let me, I trust, adopt the sentiments of a recent German traveller: "Even were the tradition in error, it would be difficult to renounce it; for the mountain to which it clings stands like a moment of inspiration, transformed into an earthly form, and deposited as a memorial-stone by God, in the creation, as the altar of the land, which itself is a temple of God. He who sees it at the present day, believes, as firmly as if an angel had told him, that the beautiful mountain, whose brothers stand at a distance, as if in admiration, bears a sacred mystery within it, and has been sacredly endowed by Him who made it so splendid. But it has displayed its mystery, it has fulfilled its object, if it indeed was the scene of the transfiguration of the Son of God. Fifteen centuries have celebrated the mem-

* Mark ix. 2. † 2 Pet. i. 17, 18; Matt. xvii. 5.

ory of this transfiguration upon Mount Tabor. How many a sword, since gray antiquity, has glittered upon it, and aroused the bloody contest! How many an eye has beamed from it aloft to heaven, and supplicated the peace of God!"*

Late in the afternoon, we reached our tent again, after a toilsome and unpleasant descent; and reposing under the shade of a large oak-tree, we strove to take in the reality of the things with which we had been brought into close connection. For myself, I found it a very interesting occupation, to show our dragoman the very passages of Scripture in relation to Mount Tabor, and to witness his astonishment, Christian though he is nominally, at finding in the Bible what is there written. I do not recollect ever to have had a more attentive listener than Antonio proved to be, while I read to him and told him about Barak and his ten thousand men, marching down from the heights of Tabor into the plain; about Deborah the Prophetess, in whose days the highways were unoccupied, and the travellers walked through byways; about Sisera and his nine hundred chariots of iron, and the multitude of his host; and about the great battle on the plain before our eyes, when the Lord discomfited Sisera and all his army, when "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera," and when "the river Kishon swept them away—that ancient river, the river Kishon."† Oh, it was a time not to be forgotten, when, on Tabor's slope, perhaps in the very path pursued by Barak and Deborah, on this memorable occasion, we sat and read aloud the song of victory, which, ages ago, was chanted to the honor and glory of Jehovah!—"So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

The next morning, at half-past five o'clock, we left our encampment, and set out for the Sea of Gennesareth. Passing round the northerly base of Tabor, through a lovely and fertile vale, at half-past six we reached two strongly fortified

* Tischendorff's "*Travels in the East*," p. 235. † Judges, v. 20, 21.

khans, one on each side of the road. They are mostly in ruins now, but were formerly, beyond a doubt, posts of importance, and commanded this portion of the great caravan route between Egypt and Damascus. Passing the khans, we rode over a broad fertile plain, for two hours, passing some few villages, and being struck with the appearance of the wild artichoke, called khob, with its thorny, violet-colored flower in the shape of an artichoke, upon a stem five feet in height. Very possibly, this may have been the flower alluded to by our Lord, when He spoke of "the lilies of the field," as so glorious and beautiful. On the road, we met with wells, occasionally, having large, thick stones over their mouths. We found the water very cold, too much so to permit us to drink of it under the intensely hot sun of this season in Syria. At eight, we had on our left, not far off, that peculiar-looking, horn-shaped hill or mountain, Jebel Hattin, renowned for the battle fought there in 1187, when the Crescent triumphed over the Cross, and the power of the Crusaders was broken and destroyed in Palestine. For a graphic description of this disastrous battle, let me refer you to Dr. Robinson's "Biblical Researches," vol. iii. p. 241–249; it is related with more than the usual power of the learned author's historical summaries, and will well repay perusal. Soon after, we reached the brow of that chain of hills which enclose, on this side, the beautiful Lake of Tiberias; and winding down their slopes and steeps, at half-past nine we arrived at the town of Tiberias, situate a little to the south of the centre of the lake's western shore, and on the water's edge. Tubarieh is certainly a miserable and lifeless place, offering little to interest the traveller, except it be that here several hundred Jews reside, and—most marvellous of all—here is a new hotel, for the accommodation of visitors! From what we saw of the town internally, and from what we had heard, we felt no disposition to test the goodness of the new hotel, notwithstanding the proprietor's son, a black-eyed Jewish boy, beset us, and plead

long and earnestly with us to enter the grand dwelling, assuring us that the whole house was at our command—a fact which we had no reason to doubt, seeing how dreary and desolate the whole town appeared. In truth, never since the earthquake, in 1837, has Tiberias recovered its former condition; and not only do the walls plainly show, in their rents and breaches, the effects of that visitation, but the surviving inhabitants wear still the marks of a grievous calamity, in their poverty-stricken and woe-begone appearance, and their listless habits and manners. It may well be doubted whether, considering their present depressed condition and the half-ruinous state of the walls of the town, the citizens and the few soldiers here stationed could make much head against an attack of the Arabs.*

You will readily enter into our feelings as we stood on the shore of the beautiful lake of Tiberias, tasted its sweet water, gazed upon its clear expanse, and called to mind its frequent connection with the history of our Lord and Saviour. Independently of its great natural beauty, embosomed amid the hills, it has recollections of a kind and character which make the deepest impression upon the Christian heart. How often was He, the Redeemer, a dweller upon the shores of the lake of Gennesareth: how often was He upon its waters, crossing and recrossing its placid bosom: how frequently He taught the people on its banks; and on how many occasions did He exert His divine power on its shores, in healing the sick, cleansing the leper, and making the blind to see and the deaf to hear. From its vicinity, He chose His Apostles; those honest and simple-minded fishermen, whose memories we reverence: here, He walked on the water, and saved from sinking into its deeps the sanguine Peter; here, He lay down in the boat and slept when the storm came down on the lake,

* For an interesting account of Tiberias and its history, including that of its celebrated schools of Jewish learning, allow me to refer you to Dr. Wilson's "*Lands of the Bible*," vol. ii. p. 115–122.

and when, on being awaked by His terrified disciples, He arose and rebuked the wind and the sea, and there was a great calm; here, He gave the miraculous draught of fishes; and here, after His resurrection, He showed Himself on the shore, ate and drank with His disciples, and delivered those touching charges unto Peter, and through him to the rest of the Apostles, and to the ministry of His Church in all ages. Ah, how different now the scene! the villages and towns on the borders of this lake, the activity and bustle on its shores, the numerous boats and vessels on its waters, are no more; and now silence and deadness brood over everything: not a solitary sail, not a boat of any description did we see; and all business, all trade and commerce, have ceased utterly. Most solemn seemed the words of our Lord, as we looked upon the present aspect of this beautiful lake and the few, scant ruins of the flourishing villages and cities which once here existed:—"Then began He to upbraid the cities wherein most of His mighty works were done, because they repented not: woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment than for you. And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day."* Is it not a startling consideration for Christian nations and people that the privileges which they enjoy; and which they despise and use not, shall at the day of judgment, stand in array against them; and because they have not repented and turned away from their sins, when God has called them by His Holy Word and His ministering servants, their lot and condition in the last day shall be more terrible than that of the guilty cities of

* Matt. xi. 20-24.

W. A. BRANDARD IMP.

J. BRANDARD LITH

TOWN & LAKE OF TIBERIAS

the plain, on whom the Lord rained down fire and brimstone in the day of His wrath?

As we were desirous to reach Nazareth before night, so as to be able to rest there on the morrow, or Lord's Day, we did not undertake to explore the shores of the lake for the few remnants of the villages mentioned in the New Testament: after resting awhile under the shadow of the northern wall—and, by the way, being satisfied by the evidence of two senses at least, that the king of the fleas does indeed hold his court at Tubarieh—we remounted at eleven o'clock, and turned our faces towards the west. The day was intensely hot, and as there was not a particle of wind to mitigate the force of the sun's rays, we had the full benefit of a temperature more trying than anything which I have ever experienced, not excepting on the borders of Nubia, or in the deep caldron of the Dead Sea and its vicinity. In the course of half an hour, we had reached the hills again, and looking back upon the lovely lake once more, could not but stop a few minutes to admire its beauty. In several respects it is not unlike some of the Swiss and Italian lakes, but it has besides features of its own; though situate among the hills and mountains, and though most picturesquely beautiful on this very account, there is a peculiarity about the scene unlike what we behold in Europe; there, we see life, industry, and a busy population rejoicing in the good gifts of Almighty God; but here, where shall we find the people? Where shall we look for the thousands and tens of thousands which once lived and labored on the banks and on the waters of this quiet lake? In Switzerland, as well as in our own highly favored land, the lakes and inland seas are surrounded by hills and fields of verdant beauty and fertility; but here, as we now look upon it, the eastern shore of the lake has nothing of verdure, and presents only a bright red, naked precipice, which contrasts strangely, and almost solemnly with the blue mirror beneath; while the western bank, though in many spots fer-

tile, and lovely to the eye, is still neglected as a whole, and like a land keeping her sabbaths for the wickedness of the people that dwelt therein. With one long and steadfast gaze, and with one more supplication to Him, who once trod its banks, and sailed over its waters, for grace and strength, I bade adieu to the Sea of Tiberias, and hastened onward toward our proposed haven at Nazareth.

I shall not attempt, on the present occasion, to describe, with any particularity, the road over which we travelled, but shall simply say, that at half-past twelve we passed Lubieh; at three we reached Kefr Kenna, the Cana of tradition, though rejected by Dr. Robinson; rested a little while under a fig-tree; ascended the high hills on the road, from whence we saw the Mediterranean in the distance; and at half-past four descended the last of the hills, into the valley where this retired town is situate. The village looks well as approached from this direction, and being on a side-hill, about half-way from the top to the lowest point in the valley, and looking towards the east, it lay spread out before us in its most attractive garb. We particularly noticed the tall minaret which rises out of the centre of the town, the large monastery of the Latins, the few palms and cypresses in close proximity, the solidly built houses, &c. Perhaps there may be something of fancy in the idea, but we could not help thinking that there was a different air about this Christian town and region from that which prevails in the neighborhood of Samaria: the people seemed to us to be more humanized; they did not give us such lowering looks as we had met with in the central portion of Palestine; and they appeared to us to smile and bid us welcome, as Christians, to a Christian city. A little way out of the town, properly speaking, is a large and abundantly supplied well, termed the Well of Mary, because it is said—and that truly, I believe—that the Blessed Virgin here came for water during the many years that she lived with her husband in Nazareth: it lay

directly in our road, and when we came near to it, a picturesque scene met our eyes. The young maidens of the village, clad in gay attire, and laughing merrily, had come out to the fount for water; they filled their jars, placed them on their heads, and looking pleasantly at the strangers, walked away, erect, of fine forms, and some of them possessing beautiful features. In justice to ourselves, I must mention, that the same idea respecting the people of this region, had occurred to others of our friends, whom we have met at the Casa Nuova of the Latin convent; and they quite agree with us, that the Christian village, or city of Nazareth, is vastly more agreeable than any into which they have been since they left the Holy City :* if it be a delusion, it is at least a harmless and pleasant one, and it served to render more tolerable the excessive fatigues of this long and hot day's journeyings.

I shall not weary you, my dear S., with dwelling upon many of the mere idle traditions in and about Nazareth: it needs not that I tell you of the reputed work-shop of Joseph, the carpenter, where our Saviour is supposed to have wrought at the same trade; of the large block of stone, which report says was the table on which He ate with His disciples; of the garden in which He is said to have taken special delight when a boy; and many more: I shall pass them all over; and as my letter has already reached to a great length, I shall simply speak of one or two matters of real interest, and then close the present epistle. We have been privileged to spend the Lord's Day here in this interesting town, and as there was an English clergyman present, we had the services of the church quietly to ourselves, in the large room appropriated to the use of strangers and travellers. Later in the day, we visited the Church of the Annunciation, built over the supposed grotto† where the angel was sent to announce

* The population of Nazareth is about three thousand, perhaps more; of these three-fourths are Christians.

† The judicious Maundrell, to whose accuracy and fidelity I am happy to add

the tidings with which he was charged, to the trusting and faithful handmaiden of the Lord, even Mary, of the house and lineage of David. We were struck more with the evident fervor and depth of devotion manifested by many of the congregation, during the mass, than with the grotto itself; for, though it is possible that this cave may be the scene of that event which it is said to commemorate, I am not disposed to place much reliance upon the tradition respecting it; and am vastly more interested in the Christian state and condition of the people who here worship God, and here call upon His name. The excessive devotion of those who went down the steps into the cave, and prostrate, kissed the bare stones, with tears of emotion in their eyes, was rather painful than otherwise to my feelings; but I was, I confess, touched with sympathy, when I saw how well the young joined in the service, and how, notwithstanding the manifest errors and superstitions of the Romish creed, they seemed to me to be influenced by the spirit of that Gospel, of which, indeed, they know little or nothing, compared with the privileges of this kind which

my feeble testimony, has some pertinent remarks in connection with the frequent attributing of holy events and scenes to caves and the like, which I beg to quote: he is speaking of some grottoes on Tabor, and says, "I cannot forbear to mention, in this place, an observation which is very obvious to all that visit the Holy Land, viz., that almost all passages and histories related in the Gospel are represented by them that undertake to show where everything was done, as having been done most of them in grottoes, and that even in such cases where the condition and the circumstances of the actions themselves seem to require places of another nature. Thus, if you would see the place where St. Anne was delivered of the blessed Virgin, you are carried to a grotto; if the place of the Annunciation, it is also a grotto; if the place where the blessed Virgin saluted Elisabeth; if that of the Baptist's, or that of our blessed Saviour's nativity; if that of the Agony, or that of St. Peter's repentance, or that where the Apostles made the Creed, or this of the Transfiguration, all these places are also grottoes; and, in a word, wherever you go, you find almost everything represented as done under ground. Certainly, grottoes were anciently held in great esteem, or else they could never have been assigned, in spite of all probability, for the places in which were done so many various actions. Perhaps it was the hermits' way of living in grottoes from the fifth or sixth century downward, that has brought them ever since to be in so great reputation."—Maundrell's "*Journey*," &c., April 19th.

we enjoy. It is charity, I trust, to hope that God may bless them even in their ignorance,—not for their ignorance, but for the docile and humble spirit, which, even in their ignorance, they manifest.

Late in the afternoon of the Lord's Day, we rode up the lofty hill, on the side of which Nazareth is situate. We noticed more than one place, as we ascended, where the precipitous rocks are striking, and fearful enough to have been the very spot spoken of by the Evangelist, on that memorable occasion, when our Lord's words of truth and power so exasperated the people of Nazareth, that they "were filled with wrath, and rose up and thrust Him out of the city, and led Him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong."* In a country like this, where the passions of the people are very quick, fierce and vindictive, it is not difficult to imagine a scene such as that was, when their rage was disappointed and the blessed Saviour passed through their midst and went His way, leaving the ungrateful citizens of Nazareth to the just deprivation of the inestimable privilege of having Him in their midst. After a circuitous but pleasant ride, we reached the summit of the hill, and were more than repaid for any fatigue in the ascent by the beautiful panoramic view which we there enjoyed. Toward the north and east lay the hill country of Syria and Galilee, with the snow-clad Hermon towering up grandly over all, and the lovely valley of the Jordan, Mount Tabor in the distance, and the lesser hills and heights which bound the plain of Esdraelon; to the south the magnificent plain itself stretched away in the distance, incomparably beautiful as it lay encircled amid the distant hills and mounts which bound it on every side: in the west were plainly visible Carmel's lofty range, and the Mediterranean's bright deep blue mirror; while almost at our very feet the picturesque village of Nazareth formed, as it were, our home, on which

* Luke, iv. 28, 29.

we loved to gaze with a fondness that home only can inspire. It was near sunset when we first looked upon this splendid panorama, and we could not forbear standing in silence near the neglected wely of Neby Ismail and watching the glorious orb of day as gradually it sank behind Carmel's Mount and kissed the blue waters of the Great Sea. Nay, so attractive was this spot, and this hour, when the heavens were illumined with gorgeous magnificence, changing too at every few moments; and so full of thought was the place where we may not doubt our Lord Himself often came to meditate and to pray, during the days and years when He was subject unto His parents; that I could not for a long time tear myself away. How full of inspiring thoughts is every spot in and about Nazareth; for here our Lord passed the days of His childhood and youth, and manhood, even until He was thirty years old. How often must He have wandered about these hills, and rambled over these plains; how frequently must He have trodden the streets of Nazareth, drunk of the sweet water at the well-known fountain, eaten of the fruits of the garden and the field, rested under the palms, and looked upon the glorious sunsets from off this lofty hill; how sweetly submissive and tender His obedience; how entire His yielding to the authority of His mother and reputed father; how lovely and of good report His every word and act! Ah, most blessed Saviour of my soul, on my bended knees I adore Thee; prostrate on the earth I supplicate Thee, that I may be enabled to follow in the steps of Thy most holy life, and may ever seek to do Thy will only, even as it was Thy good pleasure ever to do the will of Him who sent Thee; unto whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, one eternal JEHOVAH, both now and ever, be all honor and glory, world without end. Amen.

It is enough; words cannot image forth the deep and fervent emotions of a penitent sinner's soul, when he is permitted to tread the very sacred spots where his Redeemer's holy feet once touched the earth: speech cannot convey the longing

desires of the devout pilgrim to know, in all its richness, the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, as he kneels and prays near the very places hallowed by our Lord's presence in the days of His flesh: O how weak and very nothingness is mortal man! how inexpressibly great and glorious the Lord our God! Yes, most true is it,

——"I lose
Myself in Him, in Light Ineffable!
Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise."

LETTER XXI.

Mount Carmel—St. Jean d'Acre—Tyre.

The Value of the Hospices at Nazareth and other Points in the Holy Land.—Country between Nazareth and Carmel.—Cross the Kishon.—Not Large River.—Haifa.—In Depressed Condition.—Ascent of Mount Carmel.—Two Days Sojourn at the Hospice.—Excellence of the Accommodations.—Brother Clement.—Brief Notice of Giovanni Battista, the Architect and Founder of the Present Edifice.—His Labors and Success.—Exploration of the Building.—The Chapel, Library, &c.—Scriptural Recollections of Carmel.—Departure on the 25th inst.—Cross the Kishon.—Amusing Scene.—The River Belus.—Akka as it now is.—Excursion through the Town.—Mosk of the Butcher Pasha.—Recollections of the Past connected with Akka.—Departure.—Ez-Zib.—Plain to the North.—Ras en-Nakura.—Encamp on the Hill.—Ruins of Scandalium.—Promontorium Album.—The "Ladder of Tyre."—Picturesque View.—Ras el-Ain.—Description of the Reservoirs from Maundrell.—Approach to Sûr or Tyre.—Its Desolate Appearance.—Striking Fulfillment of Prophecy.—Present Condition of the Town.—The Ruins of the Cathedral of Paulinus.—Ichnography of the Ancient Church.—Description.—Abstract of the History of Tyre.—The Certainty of Retribution.

TYRE, April 26th, 1849.

MY DEAR S.,

IT would be equally unjust and unbecoming not to express the kindly feelings which we, in common with all travellers in Palestine, entertain towards the hospitable monks of the convent at Nazareth; and while I am deeply sensible of the errors and corruptions of that Church which claims supremacy over the Christian world, I have a settled conviction that there are many noble illustrations of the power of Divine grace in its midst; there are many beautiful examples within its pale of the brotherly love, the kindness, the hospitality, and other virtues of our holy religion. The monks at Nazareth, as at Bethlehem and Mount Carmel, make it a duty to entertain strangers and travellers, if

poor, without money and without price; if rich, leaving it to them to bestow what they choose in furtherance of the charity which they are enjoying. No one, except he has been in the East, and experienced the entire absence of all public accommodations for the traveller, and been thrown entirely upon his own resources, especially in the hours of sickness and pain, can fully comprehend, not only the great value, but the peculiarly grateful and cheering character of the hospitality thus extended to all alike, the rich, the poor, the noble, the peasant, the protestant, the infidel,—in short, to men of all religions and all classes. Be assured that we shall ever entertain the most kindly recollections towards the good fathers of the Latin convent at Nazareth, for we enjoyed their hospitality and witnessed their charitable attention to the sick and distressed, during the two days and nights that we spent under their roof.

Very early on the morning of the 23d inst., we bade adieu to the venerable monk who had at that time the Casa Nuova in charge, and turning our faces westwardly set off in the direction of Mount Carmel. For some considerable time, we rode over the hills and through the valleys and meadows which lie in the neighborhood of Nazareth: at six o'clock, just as the sun began to illumine with its glory the surrounding scenery, and came into full view over the hills which were between us and the village we had just left, we entered again upon the north-westerly portion of the great plain of Esdraelon, which reaches even to the base of Carmel's range. The prospect was very beautiful at this early hour of the morning, when the dews and mists which enveloped the summits of the hills and mounts gradually disappeared, and settling in the gorges and ravines, brought out into bold relief the mountain-tops which were in sight on either hand. As we advanced, we frequently crossed rivulets and streams of some little size and depths, showing the abundance of water in this part of the plain, and adding

very greatly to the fertility and attractiveness of the scene. Occasionally we passed a village or two, but they were small and of no account, so that I did not note their names; and every little while we would mount some low hills and come to some lovely spot, where almost involuntarily we would pause a few moments and gaze in silence at what was spread out before us. By and by, we reached a portion of that long plain which stretches away far to the north, and reaches from the sea-shore backward for some distance till it meets the hills again. Between nine and ten o'clock we crossed the river Kishon, that ancient river, whose waters at this season were quite deep, so much so as to prevent our fording it on horseback, without getting our feet and legs wet: we were nearly an hour riding, not far from the base of Carmel, through the high grass and weeds, and making our way as best we could through the marshy, wet, soft ground which is met with at present about a mile from the mouth of the river: in the wet season, the Kishon becomes a stream of size and force, being supplied from so many tributary rills in every direction; and it is very easy to perceive how that the slaughter of Sisera's host might have taken place at this season of the year, and that the river being full and strong might well have done all that the song of victory attributes to it;—"The river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon."

At half-past ten o'clock we reached Haifa, the ancient Sycaminum, a town situate on the deep indentation of the shore of the Mediterranean north-east of Carmel, but of no great size or importance. The walls and castle are in a very bad condition, having been seriously injured during those troublous times when England saw fit to interfere in Eastern affairs, and to help the imbecile Turk to regain his provinces from the ambitious pasha of Egypt. Haifa as well as Akka was bombarded and nearly destroyed, and it has never recovered from the shock, notwithstanding the

consular flags and some other indications of activity in the town seem to point to a revival of its former commercial importance. Passing directly through the town, we rode over the beautifully verdant and fertile plain between it and Mount Carmel, with the sea as its north-eastern border. A steep pathway leads to the summit where the convent is situate, and it took us fully twenty minutes to make the ascent:* as you approach the lofty stone hospice, it looks grandly and imposingly down upon the hill-sides and the blue Mediterranean; and when you draw near to it, and when actually you are on the platform of Carmel's north-easterly foreland, on which it is built, you are both astonished at the size, extent, and architectural beauty of the edifice, and at the patient labor and skill which succeeded against all obstacles in erecting a house for the wayfarer, the sick, and the weary traveller. We spent two days here, enjoying the hospitality of the good brother Clement, whose attentions were marked by courtesy and consideration which we can never forget, especially as one of our party was quite ill with an attack of fever. We felt, as all who have been here must feel, that there is no more delightful place in the world than this elevated, airy, and picturesque spot. The building devoted to the uses of travellers is very large; it is most admirably furnished with all that can cheer or gratify, as sofas, French bedsteads, bureaus, soft beds, &c., &c.; the pharmacy is of good size and well supplied with medicines, one of the brothers being instructed in medical science so as to minister in all ordinary cases; the walks about the mountain-top are very pleasant; one always has a fresh breeze from the sea, and from every point there is always a lovely view of the surrounding country, or of the broad, deep sea whose waters ever wash the base of Carmel's Mount. I fear that I shall appear to be making too much of such

* Dr. Wilson, following Schubert, gives the height of Carmel as rather more than 1200 ft. above the sea.

things, if I tell you of the excellent fare which brother Clement provides, the coffee, the eggs, the fish, the meat of different sorts, the vegetables, &c.; or if I tell you particularly of the delicious wine which the good monk regularly invites the traveller to partake of, both morning and evening, at the same time not forgetting to join you in the cheerful glass: I may not dwell upon matters of which I am almost entirely ignorant; but I can assure you, that I have never tasted of anything so perfectly superb in the way of wine as that wine of Mount Lebanon in which brother Clement regularly pledged us, and in the drinking of which we most heartily wished prosperity to both him and the noble establishment on Mount Carmel. Believe me, we are not likely soon to forget the hospitalities of these two days, and we shall cherish the recollections of all whom we met there, at the hospice, as among the brightest in our whole oriental experience.

There is something so honorable to a venerable monk (whom we are sorry to say we did not see, he being absent at the time) in connection with this edifice, that I cannot but occupy your attention a few moments in recording the main facts respecting the Hospice on Mount Carmel. At the time of the French occupancy of the Holy Land, now a little more than fifty years ago, the Carmelite monks kindly attended to the sick and wounded who were brought here; but when Bonaparte was repulsed at St. Jean d'Acre, the Turks, exasperated against the monks, and all connected with it, massacred the wounded French, drove away the monks, broke up the convent, and left it in almost entire ruin. In 1819, Giovanni Battista, the monk whose name will ever be associated with the present edifice, made a visit to the mountain, by order of his superior, for the purpose of seeing if it were not possible to restore it to its former use. Unfortunately the notorious Abdallah Pasha interfered, and being full of hatred to the Christians, and just at that time full of angry desires on account of a revolt of the Greeks under his dominion, he easily

got permission from the Sultan to undermine and blow up the remnants of the previous building. This was in 1821, and as nothing could then be done, Giovanni returned to Rome. But he did not forget the desolation of Carmel, nor relinquish his desires to rebuild the monastery and hospice. In 1826, he went to Constantinople, and through the French ambassador obtained a firman authorizing him to rebuild the monastery. On reaching Haifa he found the last monk dead; so alone he went to the mount, and there laid the plan for erecting a new edifice on its summit; yet, he had no means, and his plan contemplated an outlay of 350,000 to 500,000 francs: this he was determined to get together, and as is well related in a paper given us by brother Clement, he *did*, in the course of time, obtain. For year after year, he went hither and thither to beg for Mount Carmel. Though at an advanced age, he set out and returned to the mount eleven times; now extending his journeyings to Jerusalem, Cairo, Alexandria, Algiers, Gibraltar; now visiting Beirut, Damascus, Mount Lebanon, Smyrna, Constantinople; and now going through the whole of Italy, Sardinia, Spain, part of England, and finally France; and he *did* succeed, he did gather together his $100,000; and here are the evidences of it to the whole world. Honor be to his name, monk though he be; honor be to the good old man, though he be in subjection to Rome and her corrupt creed! The sick and the wounded, the weary and the way-worn, the poor and distressed, all find here a resting-place; and here meet with the sympathies and kindnesses of a home. May it ever be thus!

We went over the entire hospice in the course of our visit. From the flat roof we enjoyed a magnificent view; and in the chapel or church, built over the cave of Elijah,* we were at

* "Besides Elijah, his disciple Elisha had also his cavern upon Carmel; it is believed to be still recognizable. The number of caves and caverns, however, upon Mount Carmel approximates closely to 2000; this labyrinth of cavities would seem the passage to the spirits of the lower region. It may thence be

full liberty to muse over the eventful history of the great prophet and his intimate connection with Carmel. We looked into various chambers or cells of the monks (the number of whom at present is very small) and made a visit to the library, which the attendant brother took a good deal of pride in showing to us. It is a good-sized room, well arranged with cases for the books, and very tolerably filled with theological works. I noticed in the collection a Greek Testament; a Hebrew Bible; the Vulgate, with commentaries of Maldonatus, Bossuet, &c. in twenty-eight vols.; most of the Fathers, as Irenæus, Chrysostom, Gregory Nazianzen, Basil, Cyril of Jerusalem, Laetantius, Tertullian, Jerome, Augustine, &c.; Bellarmine's works; Baronius's Annals; Pallavinci's Council of Trent; Labbé and Cossart's General Councils: controversial works; Jesuits' Bodies of Divinity; Lives of the Saints; &c., &c. I fear, however, that the library is more of a show-room than anything else, and that the books are not kept for use or study, so much as to be able to say that they have such and such volumes. I may be wrong, but I believe that the present race of monks everywhere do not trouble books much anyway. In the dining-room, we amused ourselves with looking over the "Travellers' Book," which contains some very odd, some very silly, some very proper things, and which lets one into the real characters of visitors more perfectly than by any other process. During the evening, we had a pleasant party of friends, who unexpectedly came in upon us; and we kept up an animated conversation with Brother Clement, on various matters of public interest, which even in a monastery stir up the curiosity of the occupants.

It was a source of much pleasure, and we trust profit also, to read over the various portions of Holy Writ relative to

understood how this mountain became a favorite place of resort for anchorites, and of refuge for the persecuted."—Tischendorff's "*Travels in the East*," p. 245.

Carmel; and we hope that the impressions made upon our minds by this exercise will never fade away. We read about David, and that churlish person Nabal, whose possessions were in Carmel; about the sheep-shearing, and the uncivil answer which Nabal sent to David's respectful message; about the anger which was roused up in him, and the judicious intervention of Abigail, who prevented David from shedding blood in his wrath; about Elijah, the prophet of Jehovah, as narrated in the eighteenth and nineteenth chapters of the first book of Kings; and such like. O, it must have been a grand and imposing sight when all Israel were gathered unto Mount Carmel; on the one side, the zealous servant of the Lord; on the other the eight hundred and fifty mocking prophets of the idol Baal and of the groves. With what power did Elijah lift up his voice and cry unto the people, "How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him;" and what dread silence was there amid that mighty mass when the people answered him not a word. What a day was that when the votaries of Baal were so signally disgraced in the eyes of the children of Israel; when at the prayer of Elijah the Lord manifested His power; when the people fell on their faces and exclaimed, "The Lord, He is the God; the Lord, He is the God;" and when, at the command of the zealous avenger of God's truth, the prophets of Baal were seized every one of them, and their blood mingled with the waters of the Kishon, that ancient river, which some four hundred years before had been sanguine with the overthrow of Sisera's host.

Yesterday morning, the 25th inst., we bade adieu to our friends in Carmel, and took our departure for Tyre. The day was cloudy and windy, and when we had descended the hill-side, crossed the fertile plain, and reached the sea-shore, the white-capped surges beat upon the bank with a ceaseless, and, to my ear, not unmusical roar. At half-past eight, we reached the mouth of the river Kishon, which enters the Med-

iterranean at no great distance from Carmel. At present it is not a large stream, although the water is rather deep: our luggage and our various articles and equipments were carried over in a large scow-boat; the horses, mules, and donkeys, were expected to swim across; but they seemed to have no disposition to do so: the horses and mules snorted and plunged about, and refusing to enter the water, dashed off in a regular stampede over the plain; the donkeys brayed, and, with the peculiar obstinacy of the brute, even when they were pushed into the water, they would not swim to the other side. It was an amusing, though vexatious scene, to witness the efforts made by the noisy Arabs, and the singular want of tact and skill in getting the animals over a petty stream of water. After an hour's delay, we all, men and donkeys, succeeded in getting across, just in time to be caught in a tremendous shower, and to gallop over the sandy beach in a storm. Saving the unpleasantness of a wet ride, it was rather grand to see the heavy, black clouds hanging over the hills and mountains in the distance, and the Mediterranean surging up with more and more violence, and dashing its white foam far up on the beach. We followed the line of the shore, and at half-past eleven, arrived at the river Belus, which enters the Mediterranean near St. Jean d'Acre: on its banks, according to Pliny, glass was first found:* we managed to ford it on horseback, though not without dipping our feet in the water, and in a few minutes rode into the city.

The present city of Akka bears evident marks of what it has suffered in past years; for on riding into the city and going through it somewhat in detail, we found that considerable portions of it is in ruins; the terrible bombardment which it underwent in November, 1840, knocked down all the minarets, the entire ranges of houses near the sea on the west, and pretty much all the massive wall; nothing could stand against the iron hail which fell thick and fast upon the

* Plin. *Nat. Hist.* lib. xxxvi. 26.

city of Akka; nothing could be more frightful than the explosion of the powder magazine, when not less than two thousand of Mohammed Ali's soldiers were almost instantaneously destroyed: and though since the peace, the citizens and government have been endeavoring to repair the breaches and make good the damages which the city sustained, they have only partially succeeded, and it is still a shattered and not pleasant-looking town.* .It is very true, however, that its importance in a commercial point of view has not been materially injured, and under a better government, when Syria shall be under the sway of some Christian power, Akka will necessarily assume a high rank commensurate with its natural advantages and facilities for trade. We trust that the day may not be far distant, when the crescent shall no longer wave over a solitary post in the Holy Land; until then, we need look for no prosperity, no life, no activity, no energy in Palestine. The domination of Mohammedanism over Christianity must be regarded as a judgment sent by God for the punishment of the corrupt and wicked churches of the East; when the days of vengeance are fulfilled, it will sink into nothingness and oblivion, and the cross will once more resume its victories and its rightful supremacy in the East.

As our time was somewhat limited, we did not spend more of it than we could help in the city of Akka, contenting ourselves with observing such things as fell under our notice during the brief visit of a couple of hours.† Most of the pub-

* "Akka is the most regularly and strongly fortified town in Syria, the key to which it has been long esteemed; and its appearance is formidable both at a distance and in its immediate vicinity. It stands upon an angular promontory jutting into the sea. The walls are in many places double, and those on the land-side are protected by strong out-works of mounds with facings of stone, which we observed were undergoing a process of repair or completion. We entered the town by the land-port, which is at its south-east corner, passing the soldiery on watch, and various guard-houses and public buildings."—Dr. Wilson's "*Lands of the Bible*," vol. ii. pt. 233.

† I have seen the population of Akka rated by some as high as 20,000: probably, at the extent it does not exceed 10,000. Of these, Dr. Wilson (in 1843)

lic buildings we passed by without examination, as the castle, the mosks, the hospitals, storehouses, &c.; and on one or two occasions, when we purposed looking at matters a little more closely, we were very unceremoniously ordered away by the Turkish officers in command. As we were walking through one of the streets, we came upon the monument of Lieutenant-Colonel Walker, who served in the defence of Akka, in 1840, and lost his life in consequence of his great zeal and excessive devotion to the cause of the unworthy allies of England on that occasion: we felt indignant to notice the defilement and insult which had been heaped upon this marble cenotaph, by the bigoted and fanatical soldiery and others, who could thus forget and treat with indignity the monument of one who fought in their behalf. Among the mosks, the most curious one, in our eyes, was that of the notorious Jezzar Pasha; it contains the tomb of the pasha, and Dr. Wilson has copied and translated the inscription on it, as follows:—

"He is the Living One the Immortal.

This is the tomb of him who requires mercy, who is needful of the forgiveness of the one forgiver, the Haji Ahmad Basha, the Butcher (Jezzar). On him be the mercy of the dear forgiver. A. H. 1219 (=A.D. 1804), on the 17th Muharram."

It was a strange fancy, but from this it appears that the wretch, whose cold-blooded cruelties obtained for him the name, actually rejoiced and gloried in the title of "Butcher." What a singular ambition was his!

Early in the afternoon, we took our departure from Akka, leaving it, and all its reminiscences of the past, with considerable regret. We should have liked to have gone over in de-

was informed that some thirty families, or about 150 persons, were Jews: one of their number told him that they were "merchants, oil-men, dressers of cotton, pedlars, pipe-head manufacturers, fishermen, and confectioners." The number of the Christians of all sects is about 1000 or 1500.

tail its history, and on the spot called up the events to which its name points; we should have been glad to have looked away back to the period when it was called Accho, and when the tribe of Asher did not succeed in expelling its inhabitants; to have mused over its history under the Roman sway, after it had received the new title, Ptolemais, and was visited by the great Apostle to the Gentiles; to have given play to the enthusiasm which the Crusaders' chivalrous deeds excite, when the possession of Acre was esteemed so all-important, and contended for so many years: but the present was not the fitting time for these things, and so we turned away from Akka and resumed our journey. As we rode over the fertile plain which extends back some distance from the sea, we noticed a pretty country palace of the pasha, situate amid the trees, and very attractive in appearance, as well as many other rural residences, gardens, &c. The well-built and extensive aqueduct which supplies Akka with water was a very interesting object, and occupied our attention for some time; as much so, at least, as the rain would permit. With occasional sunshine, and noticing here and there villages in the distance, we rode along not far from the sea-shore; passed Ez-Zib, situate on an ascent by the water's side, and probably identical in site with the Achzib mentioned in Joshua, xix. 29, and the Book of Judges, i. 31, and called afterwards Ecdippa; had a good view of the village of Bussah, a little to the right, at the base of the hills, and in the midst of fertile fields and abundance of trees; were struck with the lone appearance of a large column on the hill-side, but too far off for us to distinguish its object or character; and arrived at Ras en-Nakura, about four o'clock, where the plain of Akka may be said to terminate, and the hills almost to touch the very sea-side. We mounted the lofty and rugged hill, and though it was early, determined to pitch our tent, and pass the night in this airy position. The prospect was very fine from the point we had chosen, and it afforded us no little pleasure to look back

toward Carmel, Akka, the plain, the hill-sides, the sea, and other points which lay spead out before us.

The next morning, that is, the present one on which I am writing, we were in the saddle by six o'clock, the weather being cloudy, damp, and showery. In about an hour's time, we came to a small stream, gaily rushing toward the sea, and having its banks covered with oleanders and other shrubs and plants. Soon after crossing it, the rain came down in torrents, and gave us a thorough drenching. We stopped a little while at Khan en-Nakura, to get a cup of coffee, and were well stared at by some Turkish soldiers lounging about. In less than an hour, we came to a heap of rubbish, near the sea, which Maundrell thinks indicates "the ruins of the castle of Scandalium, taking its name from its founder, Alexander (the Great), whom the Turks call Scander. The ruin is one hundred and twenty paces square, having a dry ditch encompassing it; and from under it, on the side next the sea, there issues a fountain of very fair water." A little while after this, noticing as we advanced the evident remains of a Roman road and aqueduct, we came to the Promontorium Album, a high, rocky mount, jutting out into the sea, and very conspicuous to the eye, even at a distance. Its name is derived from "the color of its cretaceous slopes and strata, the rock here, as in other promontories, jutting into the Mediterranean on the south, being the upper white chalk." We rode up the lofty hill, and were gratified with a very fine view towards the north, where a part of the long, narrow plain of Phœnicia, and its proudest cities, greet the eye of the beholder, and excite his imagination with thoughts of the antiquity and greatness of that remarkable people, who once here exercised dominion. We had found the ascent rugged and difficult, but not dangerous; and we supposed that the descent, or passage down into the plain beyond, would be no more difficult, to say the least: but in this we were decidedly wrong; for after a little space, we reached the edge of a precipice, looking down some hun-

dred feet into the sea, dashing against its base, and almost necessarily cutting off the further progress of the traveller. Were it not that the patient labor of man had here been put forth to surmount obstacles apparently too great for removal, there could be no roadway over this striking promontory; but if the tradition be correct, Alexander the Great caused to be cut in the solid rock a broad way for horses and camels, which has become known and renowned by the title of the "Ladder of Tyre," and by which, though on the very edge of the precipitous rocks, he descends the long and winding line of steps made in their sides, as well without fear as in perfect safety. You will believe me, that the road over this famous rock-hewn way was not without its excitement; and we felt all the force of that sublimity which attaches to positions such as this in which we were placed. "The shrieking of the sea-birds, that wing their way in mid air between the brow of this mountain and the deep sea it overhangs, whose waves are heard moaning faintly in the depths below, and whose high horizon blends itself with the sky, adds vastly to the bewildering grandeur of the scene;" and when, besides, you recollect that the dark clouds were hanging over our heads, and occasionally pouring out their contents upon us, you will not wonder that the scene is vividly impressed upon our memories.

Crossing Wady Ain-Tineh, which, at this season is usually dry in most of its course, and riding over the level tract by the sea-side, we arrived, at a quarter past ten o'clock, at Ras el-Ain, one of the most interesting spots in this part of Syria. The size and extent of the reservoirs, the abundant supply of water, the vicinity to Tyre, the remains of a large aqueduct, and other matters of this sort, render them well worthy a visit. We dismounted, and spent some little time here; and while looking about, were surrounded by a troop of children and beggars, who were utterly unable to give us any information, or answer any, even the simplest questions. I have just been reading over Maundrell's account of this

locality, and though it may appear to you rather long, yet as it is much better and more accurate than any description which I could furnish, I shall beg your permission to quote it at length. "Ras el-Ain is a place where are the cisterns called Solomon's, supposed, according to the common tradition hereabouts, to have been made by that great king, as a part of his recompense to King Hiram for the supplies of materials sent by him toward the building of the Temple. They are, doubtless, very ancient, but yet of a much later date than what this tradition ascribes to them. That they could not be built till since Alexander's time, may be conjectured from this, amongst other arguments: because the aqueduct, which conveys the water from hence to Tyre, is carried over the neck of land by which Alexander, in his famous siege of this place, joined the city to the continent; and as the cisterns cannot well be imagined to be more ancient than the aqueduct, so one may be sure that the aqueduct cannot be older than the ground it stands upon. Of these cisterns there are three entire at this day, one about a furlong and a half distant from the sea, the other two a little farther up. The former is an octagonal figure, twenty-two yards in diameter. It is elevated above the ground nine yards on the south side, and six on the north; and within, is said to be of an unfathomable deepness, but ten yards of line confuted that opinion. Its wall is of no better a material than gravel and small pebbles; but consolidated with so strong and tenacious a cement, that it seems to be all one entire vessel of rock. Upon the brink of it you have a walk round, eight feet broad, from which, descending by one step on the south side, and by two on the north, you have another walk twenty-one feet broad. All this structure, though so broad at top, is yet made hollow, so that the water comes in underneath the walks, insomuch, that I could not, with a long rod, reach the extremity of the cavity. The whole vessel contains a vast body of excellent water, and is so well supplied from its fountain, that, though

there issues from it a stream like a brook, driving four mills, between this place and the sea, yet it is always brim-full. On the east side of this cistern, was the ancient outlet of the water, by an aqueduct raised about six yards from the ground, and containing a channel one yard wide, but this is now stopped up and dry, the Turks having broken an outlet on the other side, deriving thence a stream for grinding their corn. The aqueduct now dry is carried eastward about one hundred and twenty paces, and then approaches the two other cisterns, of which one is twelve, the other twenty yards square. These have each a little channel, by which they anciently rendered their waters into the aqueduct; and so the united streams of all the three cisterns were carried together to Tyre. You may trace out the aqueduct all along by the remaining fragments of it. It goes about one hour northward, and then, turning to the west, at a small mount, where anciently stood a fort, but now a mosk, it proceeds over the isthmus, into the city. As we passed by the aqueduct, we observed in several places, on its sides and under its arches, rugged heaps of matter, resembling rocks. These were produced by the leakage of the water, which petrified as it distilled from above, and by the continual adherence of new matter, were grown to a large bulk. That which was most remarkable in them, was the frame and configuration of their parts. They were composed of innumerable tubes of stone, of different sizes, cleaving to one another like icicles. Each tube had a small cavity in its centre, from which its parts were projected, in form of rays, to the circumferences, after the manner of the stones, vulgarly called, thunder-stones. The fountain of these waters is as unknown as the contriver of them. It is certain, from their rising so high, that they must be brought from some part of the mountains, which are about a league distant, and it is as certain that the work was well done at first, seeing it performs its office so well at so great a distance of time."*

* Maundrell's "*Journey*," March 21st.

As we draw near to Sûr, or all that remains of once proud Tyre, we could not but be struck with the remarkable fulfillment of prophecy, which declared so plainly its coming ruin and desolation; and as we thought upon its past history, and contrasted with it its present degraded position, we felt again, as often indeed one must feel in the East, the truth, power, and exactness of the Word of God. Tyre, at one period, was unrivalled throughout the world; its commerce, its resources, its wealth, its power, its glory, its magnificence, its splendor, its luxury,—ah! where are they? and is this which our eyes look upon, this mean and petty village of Sûr all that remains of Tyre the renowned? It is even so; and the just judgments of Almighty God have fallen heavily upon it indeed. During the whole time that we have been here, the thought has pressed upon our minds of the past and the present, and we cannot resist the conviction that Tyre is one of the most startling as well as most striking monuments of Divine vengeance which the world anywhere presents. We have ridden over the sandy beach, as we drew nigh to it, in wonder at its silence and desolation; we have looked at the supposed causeway made by Alexander the Great; the old castle deserted and falling into decay, near the entrance of the town; the heaps of ruins in every direction; and we have wandered, by the hour, amid scenes which my feeble pen can not at all adequately describe. We have thought, that so far as appears at the present day, Tyre might always have been joined to the main land; but doubtless, the small island on which it was built was at some distance from the shore in ancient times; and the glorious city reached out far beyond what we now see, and enclosed a space where now the waves of the deep blue Mediterranean dash over the remnants of broken columns and fallen palaces. While thus engaged, and while thus receiving fresh evidences of the truth of prophecy, we have seen the dark, threatening clouds hanging over our heads, the winds rising and lashing into foam the waves of the sea,

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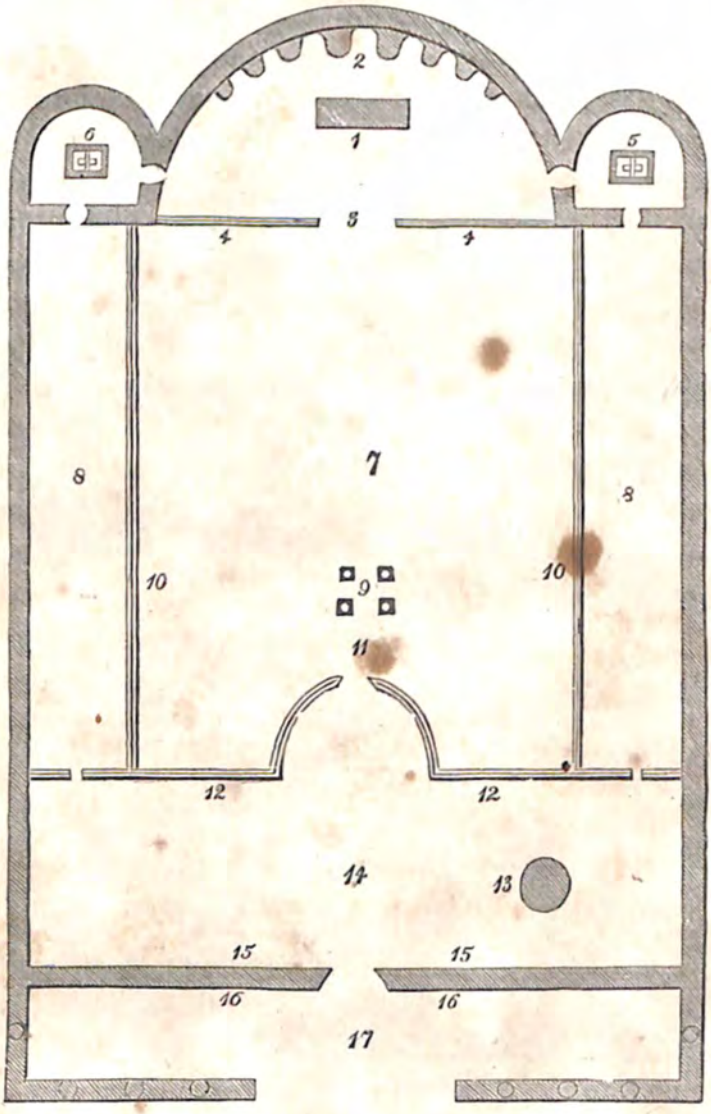
and the whole aspect of nature lowering and gloomy; and though it be fanciful to associate such things with the ruin of ancient cities, we have felt at least that they were no unmeet accompaniments to a scene of unmitigated desolation.

It is quite impossible in the brief space which I have allotted to me in the present letter, to pretend to enter at all at large into the many deeply interesting questions respecting Tyre and its history, which are suggested by its name and importance in past ages. At present I can only speak of two or three matters, hoping at some future period that I may be able to take up the subject again, and treat it more fully and satisfactorily. The present town is small, lying on the north-east side of the peninsula, and evidently in a depressed and miserable condition: the south portion of the island (as it once was) is literally a mass of ruins; and the western and southern sides are occupied by a few hovels amid the rocks, and used, in accordance with prophetic language, as places to spread nets upon. We walked through many of the narrow, crooked lanes, and thought that we had never in any oriental town witnessed greater filth, misery and degradation; notwithstanding, here and there is a palm tree, and occasionally the dreariness of surrounding objects is relieved by some of the beautiful Pride of India trees in retired portions of the village. A few boats of fishermen were lying listlessly in what is now the harbor on the north-east, near the causeway which joins the island to the main land; and as is evident, there is little or no commerce or trade, and no sort of activity or life in the town of Sûr.* While exploring the portion of the ruins near the present southern wall, we came unexpectedly upon the remains of an ancient church, which was all the more interesting to us, from our recollections of Eusebius's statements in regard to the famous cathedral erected or existing here in

* Recent travellers estimate the population of Sûr as high as 3000 or 4000, of whom about half are Christians. If I may venture to guess, having no data on which to base an opinion, I should say that the population did not exceed 1500 in all.



EXPLANATION OF THE FIGURES USED IN THE PLAN.

1. Ἁγία τράπεζα, the Holy Table or Altar.
2. The Bishop's Throne or seat; on either hand are the seats of the Presbyters.
3. Ἅγιαι πύλαι, or gate of entrance to the Chancel.
4. Cancelli or Railings.
5. Prothesis, or closet for keeping the offerings of the people, and the bread and wine for the elements.
6. Diaconicum, or recess for the Vessels for the Altar, Vestments of the Clergy, &c.

the fourth century. Unhappily, it is now one mass of ruins, having only a small portion of the eastern end, or circular chancel recess remaining, and having besides, within the enclosure once covered by the church, some huts and sheds of peasantry and pieces of broken columns and stones, mixed up with trees, shrubs and piles of rubbish. I spent some little time in examining these ruins, and was much impressed with the change which time has wrought in everything connected with Tyre, even in the church devoted to the worship and service of God our Saviour: it was curious too, to see lying prostrate amid the ruins two immense columns of Syenite granite, and to speculate upon their possible connection with either the grand temple or church near by, or with some one of the gorgeous edifices which once adorned this great city. I dare not pretend to affirm positively that the ruins of a church which we visited are of so early a date as the fourth century; yet as there is nothing impossible or improbable in the supposition that they may date thus early, I prefer to think that they are indeed the remains of that splendid cathedral which was built by Paulinus, bishop of Tyre, and honored by the presence of Eusebius, who preached the consecration sermon. If you will turn to the tenth book of the author's Ecclesiastical History, you will find in the fourth chapter the "Panegyric on the Splendor of our Affairs,"

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7. The Naos or Nave of the Church.
8. Porticoes for the men, with Galleries above for the women.
9. Ambo or Reading Desk, where the Holy Gospels were read.
10. Place of the Faithful and the Consistentes.
11. Place for the Prostrators (ὑποπίπτοντες), or those who knelt or prostrated themselves to receive the Bishop's blessing.
12. Railings, with the ὡραῖαι πύλαι, or Gate of Entrance into the Nave: near by was the place of the hearers.
13. Κολυμβήθρα, the baptisterium or font.
14. Narthex, pronaos or ante-temple.
15. Place of the Catechumens.
16. Place of the Mourners.

I. Great Porch or Vestibule in front of the Church proper, and open to the sky.

addressed by Eusebius, on the occasion above alluded to, "to one who was the best and most pious of bishops, and by whose zeal, principally, the temple in Tyre, by far the most noble in Phœnicia, was built." It is well worth perusing. I have thought, also, that you might like to have the Ichnography of the ancient temple or church of Tyre, which, if it answers no other purpose, will serve to illustrate the arrangements of the church in the fourth century, and to make more plain some points in Christian antiquities, not always clearly understood by the readers of ecclesiastical history.

It was a deeply interesting occupation to sit down, as we did, near the gate of the city, under a shady tree, and read the various portions of Holy Writ respecting Tyre, particularly the passages out of Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Zechariah; not less interesting was it to call to mind the history of the past, and to note how exactly the judgments denounced against it have been fulfilled. Perhaps you will give me your attention to a brief abstract of the history of Tyre. It was a very ancient city, undoubtedly, being mentioned in the book of Joshua (xix. 29) as "the strong city Tyre;" and Josephus says that it was built two hundred and forty years before the temple of Solomon. The best authorities are not agreed whether it stood originally on the island or on the main land, though the latter is the more common opinion. Bishop Newton supposes—and I think not unreasonably—that while old Tyre stood on the main land, the island at the same time was occupied, and formed in fact an integral portion of the city as a whole. It is termed by the prophet Isaiah (xxiii. 12) the "daughter of Sidon," in allusion to the fact that it was founded by a colony from that city, though ere long it outrivalled that very ancient home of the Phœnicians, and became the most celebrated place in the world for trade, commerce, and wealth: hence it is termed "a mart of nations, the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth." In consequence of

its pride, arrogance, luxury, and vices of various descriptions, and because of its insults and injuries towards God's people, it was denounced by the prophets of Jehovah, and its destruction foretold in the plainest terms. More than a hundred years after Isaiah wrote his prophecy, Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, laid siege to Tyre, and after a long, toilsome, and excessively fatiguing siege of thirteen years, took it and laid it in ruins. This, as is probable, was the city on the main land, the Tyrians having mostly withdrawn to the island while the siege was going on, and thus in measure escaped the severity of the enraged conqueror, who does not appear to have captured the island likewise: this was in the year B.C. 573; and after this date Palae Tyrus does not seem to have held any rank or importance in history. After the fall of the Babylonian monarchy, about seventy years from the date of its capture, the city resumed its pristine power and greatness; but continued on the island, and is the Tyre spoken of in the early writers; the former city was never rebuilt. Its destruction was foretold again by Ezekiel and the other prophets: and accordingly Alexander the Great laid siege to it, and after incredible labor and enterprise, constructing a causeway out of the ruins of Palae Tyrus and assaulting the city with engines, in seven or eight months he succeeded in taking the proud metropolis of commerce. Most bitter was the punishment inflicted on it for resisting the great conqueror; he burnt it down to the ground, destroyed or enslaved all the inhabitants, and barbarously crucified two thousand of the captives: this was about B.C. 332. Notwithstanding this terrible blow, Tyre gradually rose again from its ruins, and after Alexander's death, was a strong fortress in possession of the Seleucidae: subsequently it fell under the dominion of the Romans, and appears to have been a place of some note and importance. Our Lord visited this section of country; and at a later date St. Paul landed here, and finding some disciples, tarried in Tyre seven days. 'Though not what it once was,

the city seems to have enjoyed a large commerce under the empire, and St. Jerome speaks of it as the noble and beautiful city of Phenicia. It was taken by the Saracens about A.D. 639, during the khalifate of Omar, and is said to have possessed a considerable trade under the Mohammedan rule. It was taken by the Crusaders, A.D. 1124, and continued in the hands of Christians a city of importance and strength, until A.D. 1291, when the Mamelukes seized upon it, plundered it of everything valuable, and left it in a dreadful state of misery and degradation. In 1516 it fell into the hands of the Turks under Selim; and ever since that date it has been sunk in ruin and deprived of all its wealth, grandeur, and importance. So that, though the vengeance of God is sometimes long delayed, it is none the less certain; and His word is exactly and literally true, and has been for hundreds of years, when He said of Tyre, "They shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers; I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock. It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea: for I have spoken it, saith the Lord God:"—"I will bring forth a fire from the midst of thee, it shall devour thee, and I will bring thee to ashes upon the earth in the sight of all them that behold thee. All they that know thee among the people shall be astonished at thee: thou shalt be a terror, and never shalt thou be any more."*

As we finished reading the prophetic word, and noting its precise fulfilment, we turned away from the scanty remains of haughty Tyre with mingled emotions of sadness, sorrow, and self-abasement; and we breathed an earnest aspiration that our beloved city and country may take warning, and remember always that "righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."†

* Ezek. xxvi. 4, 5; xxviii. 18, 19. † Prov. xiv. 34.

LETTER XXII.

Sidon—Beirut and its Vicinity.

Uncertainty of our Future Plans.—Route from Sûr.—Leontes Flumen.—Adlun or Ornithonpolis.—St. George's Khan.—Mound and Ruins of Zarephath.—Village of Surafend.—Passed the Night on the Mound.—Scriptural Recollections.—Heavy Rain Storm.—Cloudy, Damp, Wet Weather.—Columns and Roman Mile-stones.—Syrian Sheep.—Saida as one approaches it.—Its Situation.—Place of rather more Consequence than Tyre.—Excursion through the Town.—Its History.—Vicinity.—Road Northwardly not of much Interest.—Cross the Bostrenus.—Khan Neby Yunas.—The River Tamyras.—Mountains and Villages.—Sandy Cape of Beirut.—Enter it Late in the Afternoon.—Pleasant Environs.—What we have been Doing.—The Mission of Americans here for Syria.—Their Press.—Sentiments as to their Course and probable Success.—Avowal of Opinion on this Point.—Who only can meet with Success among Eastern Christians.—Concluding Remarks on the Holy Land in General.—Hope for the Future.—A Word or two to the Reader.

BEIRUT, May. 5th, 1849.

MY DEAR S.,

IT is now more than a week since I addressed you in a previous letter, written while we were musing over the fallen greatness of Tyre, the proud metropolis of the commercial world in ancient times. Since then, we have extended our journey northwardly, even to the point where I am now writing, and whence, probably, we shall embark again for Europe. Our plans are not perfectly matured, and sickness has interfered materially with our wishes and hopes. Mr. P., as well as myself, is very anxious to visit Damascus, which, independently of its being the oldest city in the world, has attractions to the lover of oriental things not surpassed, if equalled, by any city in the East. We should be delighted, also, to visit the cedars of Lebanon, and go over the monumental wonders of Baalbeck: but it may be, that circumstances over which

we have no control, may prevent our accomplishing our purposes in these particulars. I will, however, advise you of the result at as early a date as possible. Meanwhile, allow me to tell you of what has transpired since we left the vicinity of Tyre.

We took our departure from Sûr on the afternoon of the 26th of April, and following the road not far from the shore, in a north-easterly direction, and leaving the high, broken arches of the ancient aqueduct on our right, we reached the Nahr el-Kasimieh in the course of an hour and a half. We had been riding through the rain, which at times fell very copiously; and we were not surprised to find the river swollen and turbid. We crossed this stream, identical with the ancient *Leontes Flumen*, over a bridge of one arch, apparently constructed on the remains of a more ancient bridge, the river being some seventy or eighty feet in width near the sea, and quite unfordable. Dr. Robinson says, that "it is the same stream which, under the name of el-Litâny, drains the great valley of el-Buka'a, between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, and then breaks down through the sea, by a mountain gorge at the south end of Lebanon."* The learned author notices also the baseless tradition, that it was in this river that the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa was drowned, in June, 1190; the fact being, that this distinguished warrior lost his life in a river in Cilicia, at the date above mentioned. We met with numerous wadys or beds of rivulets, which just at present were swollen by the rain, but all of them were shallow and easy to ford. About an hour and a half from the Leontes, brought us to the site of Adlan, which is now a confused mass of ruins on the sea-shore, and several old walls. It is marked, on Robinson's map, as identical with the Ornithonpolis of Strabo; but that is merely conjectural. As we rode along close by the water's edge, we were much interested in watching an Arab, wading out among the rocks, and searching for

* "*Biblical Researches*," vol. iii. p. 409.

sponge, if I mistake not. The fishery of this article, I may mention, according to Bowring's report, extends along the Syrian coast to the north, from Tripoli to the Latakia jurisdiction, and is a branch of commerce not unworthy attention. Passing the villages in sight on the heights above the road, which here runs near the base of the hills, and noticing a number of grottoes cut in the rocks, which, however, we did not stop to examine, we came, in less than half an hour, to Khan el-Khudr, or St. George's Khan, a saint, by the way, whom we find very often in the East, and who is revered nearly as much by the Mohammedans as by the Christians. A few minutes later, we reached a spot more interesting, though offering but few traces of antiquity on which to build the opinion usually entertained by travellers respecting its name and character; and as it was already very late, we determined to pitch our tent here for the night. We accordingly ascended a large mound, which is about midway between the shore and the hills on our right, and which has some remains of foundations and walls, indicating the site of an ancient town. On the southern slope of the adjacent hill is a village of good size, with two or three welys, and termed by the Arabs Surafend, which seems to point to the ancient Zarephath or Sarepta of the Bible. Maundrell, speaking of this locality, says, "The place shown us for this city (Sarepta) consisted of only a few houses on the tops of the mountains, within about a half a mile of the sea; but it is more probable the principal part of the city stood below, in the space between the hills and the sea, there being ruins still to be seen in that place, of considerable extent." In the lapse of time, it is not unlikely that the cultivation of the ground, and the gradual accumulation of soil, may have covered up some of the remains which Maundrell saw in his day—about a hundred and fifty years ago. While here, we carefully perused the portions of Holy Scripture relative to Zarephath, particularly that interesting chapter which tells us about Elijah, the

great prophet, the widow of Zarephath, the barrel of meal and the cruse of oil, the sickness and death of the widow's son, the raising him again to life, &c. We read also, in this connection, of our Lord's visit to this section of country, and the miracle which He graciously performed upon the Syro-Phenician woman's daughter. Our tent was pitched in the middle of a large ploughed field, and, saving occasional ruins of other days, and the knowledge of the fact that Zarephath was certainly somewhere near this spot, we should have passed over all these remains as not needing examination. During the evening and night, it rained in torrents; and had not our tent been a very excellent one, we should have suffered severely from the superabundance of wet and damps. As it was, the rain came in a little, and the ground under foot was rendered soft, very adhesive, and very disagreeable. I hardly know how the poor Arabs stood it; but excepting some additional streaks of dirt, and a rather more than usual cadaverous expression of face, they seemed, the next morning, to be as well as ever, and bustled about with uncommon activity. Probably, the prospect of *bakhshish*, which they hoped soon to receive, had a soothing effect upon their tempers and feelings.

We did not wait for our luggage on the morning of the 27th, but at a very early hour, before sunrise, were in the saddle, intending, if possible, to reach Beirut that day. The weather was cloudy, damp, and rather unpleasant, and the roads were wet and muddy. Our course lay principally over the plain between the sea and the hills, and for several hours before arriving, we had the city of Saida in full view; at a distance, it looks very picturesque and beautiful, in the midst of a thick grove of trees. Passing the fountains noticed by Dr. Robinson, and a number of small wadys fringed by oleanders in bloom, at half-past seven we came to the Nahr ez-Zaherâny, a stream just now quite deep and turbid, but not difficult to ford. We saw here the remnants of a bridge, and not far off lay a Roman mile-stone. Between this and Saida we met

with a number of ancient pillars and Roman mile-stones at intervals. Maundrell has copied the inscriptions on two of them, which fix the date to the time of Septimius Severus and Pertinax. I had half a mind to see what I could make out of the inscriptions, being something of a dabbler in that sort of vexatious literature; but I spare you any account of what I undertook, which is by far the wisest course, since I need not confess, that I utterly failed in doing anything worth mentioning. As we approached Saida, we rode through a very pleasant avenue of large acacias and tamarisks; saw a number of gardens and pretty rural residences; and were much interested in looking at some Syrian sheep, with their immense broad tails; since they served to call up most forcibly recollections of our school-boy days, when we used to read out of old Herodotus, that passage which speaks of these same sheep of Syria. Little did I think, then, that I should ever behold them in reality, on their native plains!

The city of Sidon is situate on a small promontory, which stretches out rather to the north-west, for a little way into the sea. As I have said, its appearance is rather striking at a distance, and the venerable castle of ancient days, and the square tower, or citadel, with several mosks and public buildings, give it an air of importance perhaps beyond what it really deserves. We entered the town by the gate near the north-east corner, where the guard of soldiers for the quarantine is stationed, and near to which are some rude cafés for the troops and others who wish to smoke or lounge away their time in the listless idleness of an oriental life. The streets are narrow and crooked of course, but the houses are better built, and the lanes better attended to, in most respects, than in Tyre. The port is small, and contains only some boats; though a little farther out, were some two or three vessels of larger size, riding at anchor. Many of the best houses in the town are built immediately over or on the wall which is on the eastern side of the promontory, on which Saida stands.

We found the bazaars very fairly supplied with the usual commodities; and on the whole, considerable bustle and activity seemed to pervade them. In the course of our exploration, we visited several khans, or wekâlehs, as the Arabs termed them. Dr. Robinson says, that there are six of these in Saida, for the use of merchants and travellers. We went into the court of the largest khan, and looked about us with much interest: it formerly belonged to the French factory and consulate, and still goes by the name of its former owners. It is a large square building, about a hundred and fifty feet in length on its sides, and has within the quadrangle a fountain and basin in very good taste, and covered galleries all around. It owes its erection to the celebrated emir, Fakhr ed-Din, the prince of the Druses, about the beginning of the seventeenth century; he was the patron of European commerce, and particularly well-disposed towards the French; but instead of going into details, I must refer you to old D'Arvieux's *Mémoires* for full particulars. The result of our examination of Saida led us to the conviction, that it is a place of more consequence than at first appears; though Beirut will probably prevent its ever assuming any position of consequence in a commercial point of view. Its population is probably about five thousand; two-thirds of these being Mohammedans, the remainder made up of Christians and Jews.

Sidon undoubtedly ranks among the most ancient cities of the world, and is mentioned in the Pentateuch, as well as in the Iliad and Odyssey.* Its history is marked by the usual incidents of times of peace, prosperity, luxury, vice, indolence, war, and subjugation. About B.C. 350, it was taken and sacked by Ochus, King of Persia: subsequently, when it had

* Gen. x. 19; xlix. 13; *Il.* vi. 289; xxiii. 743; *Odyss.* xv. 415; xvii. 424. Justin (xviii. 3) gives the Hebrew name the signification, "fishery" or "fish-town;" Josephus (*Antiq. Jud.* i. 6. 2) derives its name from Sidon, the eldest son of Canaan (Gen. x. 15).

regained some of its former glory and wealth, it opened its gates to Alexander the Great, and thereby escaped the fate which fell so heavily upon its daughter, Tyre. Under the Romans it was an opulent city; and it enjoyed large trade and commerce in the time of our Saviour, who visited the regions of Tyre and Sidon (Matt. xv. 21; Mark, vii. 24). St. Paul also found some brethren here, on his way to Rome (Acts, xxvii. 3). Early Christian writers speak of it as an important city. During the times of the Crusaders it fared variously, being sometimes in the hands of the Saracens, and sometimes in those of the Christians. Since the end of the thirteenth century it has been mostly in ruins, and of little consequence, notwithstanding Fakhr ed-Din gave a new impulse to its trade, and in some degree revived its ancient importance. Jezzar Pasha drove out the French in 1791; since which date the Arabs have managed its trade in their own way,—and that, from what you know of their characters and habits, is a wretched way, indeed.

We left Saida between nine and ten o'clock, and bent our steps towards Beirut: I have already alluded to its pleasantness of appearance and the character of its environs; but Dr. Robinson expresses all that need be said on this subject so well in the following passage, that I beg to quote it for your gratification: "The beauty of Saida," he says, "consists in its gardens and orchards of fruit trees, which fill the plain and extend to the foot of the mountains. The city and tract around are abundantly supplied with water, by aqueducts and channels which conduct it from the Auly and other smaller streams as they issue from the mountains. The environs exhibit everywhere a luxuriant verdure, and the fruits of Saida are reckoned among the finest of the country. Hasselquist enumerates pomegranates, apricots, figs, almonds, oranges, lemons and plums, as growing here in such abundance as to furnish annually several ship-loads for export; to which D'Arvieux adds also pears, peaches,

cherries, and bananas, as at the present day. At the foot of the mountains are many ancient excavated sepulchres."*

The road between Saida and Beirut does not offer many points of interest: I shall, therefore, pass it over with a brief notice of the few things needful to record. In less than an hour's time we reached the Nahr el-Auly, identified by Dr. Robinson with the ancient *Bostrenus:* like the other streams we had met with, it was considerably swollen with rain and brought down a large volume of water to the sea. Its vicinity is full of oleanders, lilacs, fig-trees, &c., which add very much to the interest and beauty of this "graceful" river. Soon after this, the lofty peaks of Lebanon began to loom up very grandly as we advanced, and the Phœnician plain may be said here to terminate, inasmuch as the hills now draw close to the sea-side, and the road beyond passes over a sandy beach and rocky points jutting out into the Mediterranean. For several hours we skirted along the sea-shore; passing over some remains of an ancient Roman road; stopping a little while at the Khan Neby Yunas, near to which is the white-domed wely of the prophet Jonah, who, say the Arabs, was here cast out of the fish's belly upon the dry land; crossing the Nahr ed-Damûr, the ancient *Tamyras* or *Damouras;* and about three o'clock arriving at the broad sandy cape of Beirut. On our right, we saw a large Maronite Convent on a lofty hill, which in the distance appeared well; indeed, the range of hills which extend along this region some few miles from the sea is not wanting in picturesqueness, so far as the view is concerned, and many a village on the slopes or heights of the hills attracted our notice, inducing us to believe that they must be superior to those which we had seen and entered in other parts of the country: the facts of the case would not warrant this opinion, since these towns and villages are neat, pretty, and thriving, only as seen in the distance, and not in

* "*Biblical Researches*," vol. iii. p. 420.

reality. While traversing the cape of Beirut, we were struck with the contrast between the hills and heaps of sand, driven up by the winds and waves, and the vast olive grove not far to the right between us and the mountains beyond. Beirut itself appeared in sight, between four and five o'clock; and together with the very numerous villages on the plain and the neighboring mountain-sides, the suburban residences, villas, and gardens, the groves of mulberry trees, etc., presented a scene of no little beauty and interest. We entered the city, and passing through several streets, we took up our quarters at the Hotel D'Europe, on the sea-shore, and not far from the American Consulate.

The next day we paid off and discharged our muleteers, having been on the whole satisfied with their deportment and fidelity, and not having met with any losses, so far as we know, from any fault of theirs. Since then we have been occupied in various ways, making excursions in the vicinity of Beirut, visiting some friends and countrymen, and making preparations towards our ultimate departure for Europe. Of Beirut itself I need not say much; we have found it a pleasant place in many respects, though rather hot and sultry; the environs are particularly agreeable, and most of the Franks have their dwellings outside the walls of the city; and it is a thriving and bustling city of some twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants. One or two matters in conclusion are all that I shall venture to trouble you with.

Beirut is the central point of operations for the American missionaries in Syria. They form a band of active, acute, energetic men, and by many years' labor and care have acquired an influence which seems destined to tell with great force upon the future prospects of this land. On various accounts, I have taken some pains to cultivate the acquaintance of such members of the mission as are resident in Beirut; have visited their press and mission-house here; and have made many inquiries respecting their success and their

hopes for the future. Most of my intercourse has been with the Rev. Mr. Thompson, whom I have found to be an open, straightforward man, well acquainted with Eastern life and character, and capable of judging in points of difficulty with clearness and decision. I have attended one of their religious services, and am informed that the congregation, composed of natives converted to Protestantism, is flourishing and gives promise of abundant harvest. The press establishment is very interesting, and it afforded me no little pleasure to go over it in detail, under the pilotage of Mr. Thompson. It is quite large, has a very excellent supply of Arabic type of different sizes, which are made by the head-workman in the office; and all their printing and binding are done under the same roof. Mr. Thompson very kindly presented me with a few specimens of their workmanship, which, I assure you, is far superior to anything done elsewhere in the East, and quite equal to the books issued in Paris and London. The press has been in operation about ten years, and there have been printed, besides portions of the Bible, a number of controversial works translated from the English into Arabic, several native and other grammars, arithmetics, &c. &c. Just at present, Mr. T. assured me that, as one of the fruits of their long and severe labors, there is an active spirit of inquiry afloat among the young men of the city, who are determined to submit no longer to the dictation of ignorant priests and a corrupt Church; and not only do they mean to throw off all allegiance to the Church itself, but they intend to carry the war into the enemy's country by getting up a newspaper, which shall be the organ of their sentiments and the means of breaking down the influence of the clergy in general over the people. You will readily understand what a powerful means this may prove in the hands of competent persons to attain the end desired. It is a further question whether this be really

desirable, or whether the influence of the mission can in this way best be exerted.

For my own part, I frankly avow my opinion that missions from the various religious bodies who contribute to the support of the gentlemen laboring in Syria can never be productive of permanent results. I was astonished to learn how little had, after all, been done, notwithstanding the efforts of wise and learned and faithful men in Syria; and when to this I added the conviction that the system which denies the constitution of the ministry to be in three orders, bishops, priests and deacons, must labor under immense disadvantages among persons devoted to this dogma as an essential of faith, and must effect a radical change in a people whose every author and every institution points to this threefold constitution of the ministry, as much as to the most important doctrine in the Creed, I felt that the labors of my countrymen were in considerable measure without effect, and would never accomplish the end on which their hearts are set. I believe, most honestly, that no laborers in that field can be successful, permanently and effectively, who are not to some extent agreed with the Eastern Christians, and more particularly in this very matter of the organization of the Church; for being myself convinced that the Eastern branch of the Catholic Church is, notwithstanding its many corruptions and its schisms and dissensions, right in this one article, viz.: the constitution of the Church, I am confident that they who begin with a denial of this, and seek to convert the Orientals to Protestantism, in its very simplest form, cannot ultimately succeed: to seek to remove the corruptions, to wipe away the stains, to cut off the diseased parts, to breathe soundness and vigor into the whole body, is indeed a noble work; and I doubt not the Oriental Churches are open to labors for this end, as much so as could be wished or expected. Yet, if there be not an agreement with them as to the foundation on which the Church rests, and as to what it is, immense will be the

difficulty, and almost nothing the result in the end. And it deserves to be well weighed by Protestants at home, that no mission of theirs to the Oriental Christians has succeeded to any extent commensurate with the means, the men, the time devoted to their conversion or restoration to the purity and simplicity of Gospel truth: may it not properly be asked,—are we ever likely to succeed any better? are our efforts bestowed upon a field of labor from which we shall reap any harvest? are we really and truly doing God's work in thus seeking to effect a change in the corrupt Churches of the East, from their ancient Apostolic constitution to the system known only among us Protestants? and shall we not have to abandon the field to those who, agreeing with the Orientals in their views of the ministry, are ready to carry to them the words of exhortation, the truths of Holy Scripture in all their depth and fulness?

I venture to throw out these remarks for your consideration, my dear S., as well as for the benefit of some of our Presbyterian and Congregationalist friends, who have desired my opinion, being willing to trust to my candor: they are penned in no spirit of unkindness, nor with any of that narrowness of bigotry which refuses to acknowledge good anywhere but among ourselves. I repudiate and abhor such a spirit. I acknowledge, and beg particularly to state, that much good has been done in Syria by the American mission; Beirut and all this district feel and know how much has been done for the cause of education, and for the benefit of the poor both bodily and spiritually; and the community in general are deeply indebted to the quiet but firm influence for good order, sobriety and religious truth, exerted by our countrymen in the city and neighboring mountainous districts. For these things I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice; but I hold it to be no more than my privilege to say frankly, and yet decidedly, that I am apprehensive that with the good they have done are mingled the seeds of evil, which will spring up yet to trouble

the peace of the Church and produce harm instead of good. The unsettling of the minds of a body of people; the insensibly leading them to undervalue and despise the authority and office of the priesthood; the setting them afloat on the sea of private judgment, exposed to shoals, rocks and quicksands; the exciting of hatred on the part of the constituted ministers of the Church; the giving Orientals our learning without their having naturally or by education our checks and balances: the rendering them prone to doubt, if not disbelieve, because they find so many points which others regard as settled and sure, utterly baseless, as they now think; and such like; appear to me to be grave and serious things, and almost necessarily resulting out of the attempts to convert the Orientals to Protestantism, instead of striving to purify and remove the corruptions of the Eastern churches, on the basis of the Episcopal constitution of the body of Christ. Time will at least show whether these sentiments be wrong or not; meanwhile I trust that our own Church will not be negligent of her duty in these matters; for I am thoroughly persuaded that it must be mainly through her agency and that of the Church of England, that error shall be removed and corruption taken away from the Eastern Churches; and the Scriptures be brought to light, studied, read, understood, acted upon; and the clergy be rendered duly alive to their sacred office and duly fitted for their sacred functions, in this interesting portion of the one body of Christ Jesus our Lord. God grant that the day of renewal may not be far distant!

I shall not, at this time, undertake to tell you of our excursion to the Nahr el-Kelb, or Dog River, the *Lycus* of the ancients, with its interesting mementoes of other days—its inscriptions, caves, sculptures, &c.; neither shall I enlarge upon general matters connected with our stay in Beirut; but with a word or two as to the impressions left upon our mind by our visit to Palestine, I shall close the present letter. Whether it shall be my privilege to write any more after this

date, is quite uncertain, and depends upon some contingencies over which I have no control. One thing, however, is certain, that I can never forget the profound and solemn interest of the last few months, during which we have looked upon so many scenes, and beheld so many things, which must ever move the sympathies and deepest emotions of the Christian's heart. The Holy Land will be to me, henceforth, like a thing of life, a real, veritable experience of God's justice, long-suffering, and compassion, and a perfect demonstration of the truth and exactness of His Holy Word. The lights and shades of our pilgrimage, the aspirations of our souls, the many, many recollections of the past—our dangers, our preservation, our enjoyments—all will now be sacred in our estimation; and we shall cherish the memory of the weeks and months thus spent as among the choicest and best of our whole lives. The suggestive intimations of the "sure word of prophecy," like a light shining in a dark place, will henceforth be clearer than ever to my mind, and have a greater significancy in my eyes than they have heretofore assumed; and I verily believe, that God is intending, in His wise Providence, to effect the return of His people to the Holy Land, to pour out again upon it His choicest blessings, and to make it once more the glory of all lands, when the chosen descendants of Abraham shall acknowledge their guilt, turn and cling to the Messiah, the Lord Jesus Christ, and become the preachers of His Gospel unto the ends of the earth. The way—if we may venture to speak thus of the future—is preparing for such a result. The imposture of Mohammed is fast sinking into ruin and disgrace; the Turks are losing their power and influence; and the Christian nations of the West, as they are but agents in the hands of the Supreme Ruler of the universe, so they are, unconsciously it is true, yet only waiting the time when He shall see fit to sweep away every vestige of Mohammedanism, and plant anew the banner of the cross on every hill-top and tower of the Holy Land. The door has been opened, too, for labor among

the decayed and corrupt Churches of the East; and I doubt not that the influence of intercourse with the pure branch of the Church in the West, education, science, the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures, the elevation of the people in a political, social, and moral point of view, the training of the clergy in the sound doctrines of the Church in its best days, will produce the effect so much to be desired; and God, in His mercy, will revive these long-decayed and almost lifeless branches; will pour out His Spirit anew, and will render His Church in the East as glorious for its soundness, obedience, purity, and power of godliness, as it ever was in the days of its Apostles, martyrs, and holy men of old. O, that I might live to see such results as these! and that I might be permitted to behold the contrast between the trodden-down and well-nigh destroyed inheritance of the father of the faithful, as it is now, and the once more glorious and restored land and people of God!

But let us not be "ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." Our eyes may never see the change which we daily pray for, but it will, nevertheless, certainly take place; for every word of Holy Scripture is true, and cannot fall to the ground; every promise therein contained will and must have its exact fulfilment. Whether it please God to hear the cry of His people now and send deliverance, or whether it be ages hence, it is none the less sure and steadfast that deliverance will be sent, retribution will come upon the enemies of God's truth, and the whole world will see and know that it is the Lord who rules in the affairs of men, and that He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Wherefore, let us comfort one another with these words, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in our hearts. Let us hope in God, who never faileth them that put their trust in Him; and let us commit our souls to Him, in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator. Amen.

Such, gentle reader, were the concluding words of the last letter written in the Holy Land. Our wanderings extended no further than to the neighborhood of Beirut; Damascus, Lebanon, Baalbeck, and other points of interest which lie along the shore of Palestine, we were compelled to omit. Imperative circumstances called Mr. P. and myself homeward, and within a day or two after the above was written we left Beirut in the French steamer for Alexandria. For six days, we lay in the harbor of that city waiting for the Overland mail; and on the evening of May 16th, we arrived at Malta, in company with our friends, Dr. Wainwright and Mr. Minturn; here we performed five days' quarantine in the pleasant and well-provided lazaretto attached to this important naval station. On the 22d ult., we embarked again, and parting with our friends at Civita Vecchia, we visited Rome, crossed the Alps, went through Switzerland, down the Rhine, and so to England. Mr. P. took the steamer and reached home sooner than I did. On the 2d of July, I embarked from London, in the packet ship Westminster, and after a rather long passage, on Friday, the 10th of August, I was restored in safety, and with renewed health and vigor, to my family and friends. To God's Holy Name be ascribed all the praise and glory for this and all other instances of His compassion and goodness.

APPENDIX.

It may be convenient to have, in a concise shape, the views of the ablest chronologers, on the points involved in the discussion on page 60, and the following pages; it will be useful also for various portions of the preceding volume.

	Hebrew, Vulgar Account.			Hebrew, Usher's Acc't.			Samaritan.			Septuagint, Alexandrine.			Josephus, as cor. by Hales.		
	A. M.	B. C.	Inter	A. M.	B. C.	Inter	A. M.	B. C.	Inter	A. M.	B. C.	Inter	A. M.	B. C.	Inter
Creation, . . .	1	3760	—	1	4004	—	1	4305	—	1	5508	—	1	5411	—
Deluge, ...	1656	2104	1656	1656	2348	1656	1307	2998	1307	2262	3246	2262	2256	3155	2256
Call of Abraham, .	2018	1742	362	2083	1922	426	2384	1921	1077	3469	2039	1207	3318	2093	1062
Exodus, ...	2448	1312	430	2513	1491	430	2814	1491	430	3894	1614	425	3704	1648	445
Founding of the temple of Sol'n.	2928	832	480	2992	1012	480	3294	1011	480	4495	1013	601	4184	1027	621
Destruction of do.	3338	422	410	3396	588	424	3718	587	424	4919	589	424	4825	586	441
Birth of Christ, .	3760	—	422	4004	—	588	4305	—	587	5508	—	589	5411	—	586

NOTE TO PAGE 61.

"It is hardly credible, that Josephus meant seriously to maintain that the Jews are the Hyksos, for not only is he altogether silent on this subject in his Jewish history, but the supposition itself is irreconcileable with the historical truth of the books of Moses. It is not impossible, however, that he may have surmised a certain connection between the Hyksos and the Jews, and their wanderings,—a connection which we believe capable of being now so clearly demonstrated, that we may anticipate the probability of there being not a few persons who will be disposed to return to the opinion of Josephus. In our judgment, there is no better grounded hypothesis, than that of the affinity of race between the Hyksos and the Jews—but none more inadmissible than that of an identity between the expulsion of the one, and the Exodus of the other."—Bunsen's "*Egypt's Place in Universal History*," vol. i. p. 193.

NOTE TO LETTER IV., p. 71, &c.

During our voyage up and down the Nile, I made regular thermometrical observations every day; as they are of some interest, I have copied them off, and insert them in the Appendix.

Tuesday, December, 26th, 1848.

On board the "Ibis," at Bulak, 9 P. M., 65° Fahrenheit.

Wednesday, December 27th.

8 A. M.	52°	weather partly clear.
12 M.	60°	cloudy.
4 P. M.	59°	do.
8 P. M.	57½°	do.

No wind to-day,—made only six miles from Cairo.

Thursday, December 28th.

8 A. M.	55°	clear and pleasant.
12 M.	69°	cloudy.
4 P. M.	68°	rainy.
8 P. M.	60½°	cloudy.

No wind,—made seven or eight miles.

Friday, December 29th.

8 A. M.	48°	a little cloudy.
12 M.	58°	showery.
4 P. M.	58°	do.
8 P. M.	55°	cloudy.

Head wind; 11½, met an American boat; afternoon, a side wind for two hours.

Saturday, December 30th.

8 A. M.	44°	mostly clear.
12 M.	57°	do. do.
4 P. M.	56°	cloudy.
8 P. M.	48°	do.

Strong head wind all day.

Sunday, December 31st.

8 A. M.	52°	slightly cloudy.
12 M.	58°	clear.
4 P. M.	62°	do.
8 P. M.	58°	do.

Head wind again to-day.

Monday, January 1st, 1849.

8 A. M.	52½°	cloudy.
12 M.	61°	do.
4 P. M.	58°	clear
8 P. M.	53°	do.

Head wind in general; met an English boat at 1 P. M.; passed the false pyramid.

Tuesday, January 2d.

8 A. M.	45°	clear nearly all day	
12 M.	61°	do.	do.
4 P. M.	65°	do.	do.
8 P. M.	59½°	do.	do.

No wind in general.

Wednesday, January 3d.

8 A. M.	47°	clear weather.	
12 M.	62°	do.	do.
4 P. M.	66½°	do.	do.
8 P. M.	56°	do.	do.

Light head wind all day; at 7¼ P. M., arrived at Benisooef, 77 miles from Cairo.

Thursday, January 4th.

8 A. M.	48½°	clear, light wind.
12 M.	66°	do. do.
4 P. M.	78°	do. and very warm.
8 P. M.	59°	do.

Made about 12 miles; stopped at sunset at the village of Malahieh.

Friday, January 5th.

8 A. M.	48½°	clear, no wind.
12 M.	68°	do. side do.
4 P. M.	70°	do. fair do.
8 P. M.	56°	do. wind died away.

Made about 25 miles to-day; laid up at Meghagá on W. bank wind sprung up in the night; after two hours' sail, brought up on a sand bank, and were enveloped in thick fog.

Saturday, January 6th.

8 A. M.	42°	dense fog, no wind.
12 M.	67°	clear, do.
4 P. M.	71°	do. light wind.
8 P. M.	58°	do. do.

Fog rose at 9 A. M.

Sunday, January 7th.

8 A. M.	45°	clear, no wind.
12 M.	58½°	do. head do.
4 P. M.	69°	do. no do.
8 P. M.	56°	do. do.

Laid up at a village 10 miles N. of Minieh.

Monday, January 8th.

8 A. M.	55°	clear, no wind.
12 M.	66°	do. light head wind.
4 P. M.	67°	do. do.
8 P. M.	58½°	do. do.

Arrived at Minieh at evening, 160 miles from Cairo.

Tuesday, January 9th.

8 A. M.	47°	clear, no wind.
12 M.	63°	do. head do.
4 P. M.	69°	do. westerly wind.
8 P. M.	57°	do. do.

Left Minieh at 11 A. M.; passed Beni Hassan at 4½ P. M.

Wednesday, January 10th.

8 A. M.	52°	clear, head wind.
12 M.	66°	do. do.
4 P. M.	68°	do. westerly wind.
8 P. M.	49°	do. light do.

Made only about 6 miles to-day.

Thursday, January 11th.

8 A. M.	49°	cloudy and misty, no wind.
12 M.	69°	clear, head wind.
4 P. M.	69½°	do. do.
8 P. M.	60°	do. do.

Rain during night and this morning; laid by several hours because of head winds.

Friday, January 12th.

8 A. M.	49°	clear, no wind.
12 M.	66½°	do. do.
4 P. M.	69°	do. do.
8 P. M.	59°	do. do.

Nights damp and rather chilly.

Saturday, January 13th.

8 A. M.	50°	clear, head wind.
12 M.	64°	do. do.
4 P. M.	66°	do. do.
8 P. M.	61°	do. do.

Progress very slow against head wind and current.

Sunday, January 14th.

8 A. M.	52°	clear, head wind.
12 M.	68°	do. westerly do.
4 P. M.	70°	do. do.
8 P. M.	58°	do. do.

Passed Manfalut at 2 P. M.; arrived at Es-Siout at 5 P. M., 254 miles from Cairo.

Monday, January 15th.

8 A. M.	47½°	misty, and westerly wind.	
12 M.	64°	do.	do.
4 P. M.	65°	do.	do.
8 P. M.	58°	clear,	do.

The Reis chose this as his day for baking bread; so remained all-day at Es-Siout.

Tuesday, January, 16th.

8 A. M.	55°	cloudy, light wind.	
12 M.	61°	do.	do.
4 P. M.	63°	do.	do.
8 P. M.	61½°	do.	do.

Left Es-Siout at 10½ A. M.; made about 15 miles.

Wednesday, January 17th.

8 A. M.	57°	cloudy and misty.	
12 M.	64°	clear, a little wind.	
4 P. M.	68°	do.	do.
8 P. M.	48°	do.	do.

Made about 24 miles to day; evening very raw and chilly.

Thursday, January 18th.

8 A. M.	41°	clear, good wind.	
12 M.	57°	do. strong	do.
4 P. M.	63°	do.	do.
8 P. M.	51½°	do. no wind.	

Passed Girgeh at 4 P. M.

Friday, January 19th.

8 A. M.	49°	clear, no wind.	
12 M.	64°	do.	do.
4 P. M.	68°	do. fair wind.	
8 P. M.	50°	do. light	do.

River very winding to-day; saw the first crocodile at 3 P. M.; exchanged salutes with an English boat.

Saturday, January 20th.

8 A. M.	48°	clear, light wind.
12 M.	69°	do. no do.
4 P. M.	67°	do. light do.
8 P. M.	57°	do. no do.

Made about 10 miles to-day.

Sunday, January 21st.

8 A. M.	48½°	clear, fair wind.
12 M.	73°	do. do.
4 P. M.	71°	do. do.
8 P. M.	58°	do. do.

Arrived at Kineh at 10 A. M., 416 miles from Cairo; left at 2 P. M.

Monday, January 22d.

8 A. M.	49°	clear, no wind.
12 M.	62°	cloudy, wind S. W.
4 P. M.	61°	do. head wind.
8 P. M.	51°	clear, do.

Lay aground from 12 till 6 P. M.; strong head wind blowing.

Tuesday, January 23d

8 A. M.	50°	clear, N. W. wind.
12 M.	69°	do. do.
4 P. M.	66°	do. do.
8 P. M.	56°	do. no wind.

Arrived at Luxor at 10 A. M., 464 miles from Cairo; stopped only two hours.

Wednesday, January 24th.

8 A. M.	48°	clear, light wind.
12 M.	64°	do. no wind.
4 P. M.	74°	do. do.
8 P. M.	56°	do. fair wind.

Arrived at Esneh at 4 P. M., 496 miles from Cairo.

Thursday, January 25th.

8 A. M.	58°	clear, fair wind.
12 M.	73°	do. do.
4 P. M.	66°	do. do.
8 P. M.	57°	do. do.

Passed Edfoo at 5 P. M., 526 miles from Cairo.

Friday, January, 26th.

8 A. M.	51°	cloudy, light wind.
12 M.	70°	clear, strong do.
4 P. M.	66°	cloudy, do. do.
8 P. M.	56°	clear, light do.

Passed Hagar Silsilis at 1¼ P. M., 548 miles from Cairo; showery during the day; laid up some time at Kom Ombo and visited the ruins.

Saturday, January, 27th.

8 A. M.	48°	clear, no wind.
12 M.	70°	do. good do.
4 P. M.	80°	do. do.
8 P. M.	64°	do. do.

Aground from 8 A. M. to 12 M.; arrived at Aswan at 10 P. M., 590 miles from Cairo.

Sunday, January 28th.

8 A. M.	50°	clear, very hot day.
12 M.	78°	do. (105° in the sun).
4 P. M.	76°	do. do.
8 P. M.	65°	do. do.

Laid up at Aswan to-day; no boats at the place.

Monday, January 29th.

8 A. M.	50°	clear and hot.
12 M.	—	do. do.
4 P. M.	—	do. do.
8 P. M.	58°	do. do.

Spent the day at Philae and the Cataracts.

Tuesday, January 30th.

8 A. M.	51°	clear, light N. wind.
12 M.	69°	do. do.
4 P. M.	75°	do. do.
8 P. M.	62°	do. do.

Left Aswan at 11 A. M., on the way downward; got aground in the night.

Wednesday, January 31st.

8 A. M.	60°	clear, no wind.
12 M.	75°	do. do.
4 P. M.	76°	do. head wind.
8 P. M.	62°	do. do.

Hagar Silsilis at 10 A. M.; spent two hours there; Edfoo at 7 P. M.; visit to the temple by moonlight.

Thursday, February 1st.

8 A. M.	54°	clear, no wind.
12 M.	77°	do. strong ahead.
4 P. M.	76°	do. do.
8 P. M.	64°	do. do.

Esneh at 11 A. M.; spent the day there.

Friday, February 2d.

8 A. M.	55°	clear, strong head wind.
12 M.	68°	do. do.
4 P. M.	66°	do. do.
8 P. M.	58°	do. do.

Lay up by the shore all day, on account of the strong head wind; got off at evening, and arrived at Luxor at 2 A. M. next day.

Saturday, February 3d.

8 A. M.	52°	clear and hot.
12 M.	70°	do.
4 P. M.	67°	do.
8 P. M.	60°	do.

West bank, Medinet Habu, &c., to-day.

Sunday, February 4th.

8 A. M.	50°	clear, westerly wind.	
12 M.	69°	do.	do.
4 P. M.	70°	do.	do.
8 P. M.	62°	do.	do.

Col. Outram and Mr. R. S. Poole took tea with us this evening.

Monday, February 5th.

8 A. M.	48°	partially overcast.
12 M.	—	do.
4 P. M.	72°	do.
8 P. M.	60°	do.

Visited the tombs, &c., on west bank.

Tuesday, February 6th.

8 A. M.	49°	clear and hot, N. W. wind.	
12 M.	—	do.	do.
4 P. M.	63°	do.	do.
8 P. M.	50°	do.	do.

Three American and four English boats now at Luxor.

Wednesday, February 7th.

8 A. M.	48°	clear, pleasant, &c.	
12 M.	—	do.	do.
4 P. M.	67°	do.	do.
8 P. M.	50°	do.	do.

Spent the day at Karnak.

Thursday, February 8th.

8 A. M.	51°	clear, N. W. wind.	
12 M.	64°	do.	do.
4 P. M.	61°	cloudy,	do.
8 P. M.	57°	clear,	do.

Again at Karnak; got off at 9 P. M., down the river.

Friday, February 9th.

8 A. M.	53°	cloudy, head wind.
12 M.	57°	do. do.
4 P. M.	54°	do. do.
8 P. M.	51°	clear, do.

Made very little to-day, on account of the head wind; Kineh at 2 A. M., next morning.

Saturday, February 10th.

8 A. M.	42°	clear, no wind.
12 M.	—	do. do.
4 P. M.	62°	do. do.
8 P. M.	53°	do. do.

Visited Dendera to-day; got off at 9½ P. M.

Sunday, February 11th.

8 A. M.	43°	clear, head wind.
12 M.	63°	do. do.
4 P. M.	65°	do. do.
8 P. M.	48°	do. do.

Monday, February 12th.

8 A. M.	48°	cloudy, head wind.
12 M.	63°	rainy, do.
4 P. M.	60°	cloudy, do.
8 P. M.	51°	clear, do.

Severe blow between 9 and 12 M.; lay up by the bank all day, and got off at 6 P. M.; passed Girgeh at 7 P. M.

Tuesday, February 13th.

8 A. M.	44°	clear, no wind.
12 M.	62°	do. head wind.
4 P. M.	64°	do. do.
8 P. M.	54°	do. do.

Aground frequently.

Wednesday, February 14th.

8 A. M.	44°	clear,	head wind.
12 M.	64°	do.	do.
4 P. M.	60°	do.	do.
8 P. M.	49°	do.	do.

Passed Es-Siout at 9 A. M.; much impeded by head wind all day; passed Manfalut in the night.

Thursday, February 15th.

8 A. M.	45°	clear,	strong N. wind.
12 M.	58°	do.	do.
4 P. M.	61°	do.	do.
8 P. M.	50°	do.	do.

Severe blow all day; made but little progress.

Friday, February 16th.

8 A. M.	46°	cloudy,	no wind.
12 M.	64°	do.	do.
4 P. M.	62°	clear,	do.
8 P. M.	54°	do.	do.

10 A. M., Beni Hassan; Minieh at 3 P. M.

Saturday, February 17th.

8 A. M.	44°	clear,	no wind.
12 M.	67°	do.	light wind.
4 P. M.	68°	do.	do.
8 P. M.	52°	do.	do.

Benisooef, about 1 in the night.

Sunday, February 18th.

8 A. M.	48°	clear,	light wind.
12 M.	63°	cloudy,	do.
4 P. M.	62°	rainy,	do.
8 P. M.	50°	cloudy,	do.

Met Dr. Wainwright's and Mr. Minturn's boat going up to Thebes; also, another American boat; head wind all day; rained considerably between 4 and 6 P. M.

Monday, February 19th.

8 A. M.	46°	cloudy and disagreeable.	
12 M.	50°	do.	do.
4 P. M.	49°	do.	and strong N. wind.
8 P. M.	48°	do.	do.

Wind came up about 9 A. M. and blew us up against the bank; could not move at all; very uncomfortable day; got off at evening, and some time early on the next morning, February 20th, we arrived at Bulak, after nearly two months' absence.

NOTE.—The thermometer hung in the open air, in the alcove in front of the cabin, exposed to the winds which blow more or less all the time on the Nile. On shore, the temperature was much warmer (as a general thing), and some days the mercury rose to 110° and 115° in the sun, during our excursions. The evenings, on the whole, were damp and chilly; and sometimes even when the mercury indicated 65° to 70°, the air was raw and disagreeable on the water. But, with these exceptions, the trip is one of the most delightful and instructive which can be imagined. The total expense, including *bakhshish* (an indefinable but important portion), amounted, for our party of three persons, to a little over $500.

NOTE TO PAGE 399, 400.

A PILGRIM'S CERTIFICATE.

I subjoin the original, more as a curiosity than for any value belonging to it. The Latinity is rather crabbed, though on the whole quite respectable for the monks of *Terra Santa*.

IN DEI NOMINE AMEN.

Omnibus, et singulis præsentes litteras inspecturis, lecturis, vel legi audituris fidem, notumque facimus Nos Terræ Sanctæ Custos, R. JESÆUM AMES SPENCER, PRESBYTERUM ECCLESIÆ CATHOLICÆ AMERI-

CANÆ, Jerusalem feliciter pervenisse die 5 Aprilis Mensis, 1849, inde subsequentibus diebus præcipua Sanctuaria, in quibus Mundi Salvator dilectum populum suum, imo et totius humani generis perditam congeriem ab inferi servitute misercorditer liberavit, utpote Calvarium, ubi Cruci affixus, devicta morte, Cœli januas nobis aperuit; SS. Sepulchrum, ubi Sacrosanctum ejus corpus reconditum, triduo ante suam gloriosissimam Resurrectionem quievit, ac tandem ea omnia Sacra Palestinæ Loca gressibus Domini, ac Beatissimæ ejus Matris Mariæ consecrata, a Religiosis Nostris, et Peregrinis Visitari solita, visitasse.

In quorum fidem has scripturas officii nostri sigillo munitas per Secretarium expediri mandavimus.

Datis apud S. Civitatem Jerusalem ex Venerabili nostro Conventu SS. Salvatoris.

Die 12 Mensis Aprilis, Anno D. 1849.

{ Locus Sigilli }

De Mandato Reverendiss. in Christo Patris,
FR. ANTONIUS A TRANSFIGURATIONE,
TERRAE S'TAE PRO-SEC'S.

NOTE TO PAGE 405.

I subjoin an interesting passage, from a distinguished oriental scholar, respecting the miracle wrought by Joshua, which, if it have no other purpose, will show how the Jews interpret the passages of Holy Writ, relative to this wonderful display of Divine power.

"We will now proceed to investigate another most important point of this period of Jewish philosophy; one which, through the ignorance of translators and commentators, has bid fair to eclipse its whole system, and to throw all the science of the ancient Hebrews into shade: it is no less than the sun, according to our translators, standing still at the command of Joshua. I shall proceed to show you, that the text of this important passage says no such thing; and that the error has crept in through the unphilosophical conceptions which its translators have formed of their original."

After quoting the original words, the author goes on to say:

"Our translators have expressed this,—'Then spake Joshua to the Lord, in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the Children of Israel; and he said, in the sight of Israel, "*Sun*, stand thou still *upon* Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon." And the *sun* stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged

themselves upon their enemies. Is not this written in the book of Jasher? So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day.'

"Now, it is essential to our rightly understanding this passage, to examine both the Hebrew and the English word for *sun*. The Hebrew language, in accordance with strict philosophical principles, has *three* names for *sun*. The English has also three, but they are compound terms, thus—solar orb, solar flame, solar light; yet we unphilosophically use the word *sun* in all these senses: we say the sun is round, the sun is powerful, the sun is obscured, though we *mean* the solar *orb* is round, the solar *flame* is powerful, the solar *light* is obscured. This philosophical accuracy exists, however, primarily in Hebrew. The solar orb is expressed by no compound term: the word חוּס expresses this signification; so חמה the solar flame or fire; so likewise, שמש, the word used by Joshua, the *solar light*. This is also extended, as far as philosophical propriety demands, to the *moon*. We find, in Hebrew, two names applied to this planet, לבנה the 'disc' orb 'or,' and ירח the light reflected from it: heat not being one of its qualities, we find no word expressive of the lunar flame or fire. That the sense of שמש and ירח is solar and lunar *light*, is only evident from a multitude of places in Scripture, where these words occur, but also from the passage of Joshua itself: for, if we translate שמש, 'solar orb,' 'solar flame,' or 'sun,' or ירח, 'lunar orb' or 'moon,' the one must have rested *upon* Gibeon, the other in the valley of Ajalon. This indeed would be an extraordinary system of philosophy—the *sun* resting upon a mountain, and the *moon* in a valley. All this, however, is fully explained by following the philosophical idea of the original, in which the solar and lunar *light* is stayed from advancing and receding upon the opposite hemispheres of the globe, not by the agency of the sun, but by that of the earth itself."—"*Lecture on the Philosophy of the Jews*," by ARTHUR LUMLEY DAVIDS. Lond. 1833, p. 9.

THE END.

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